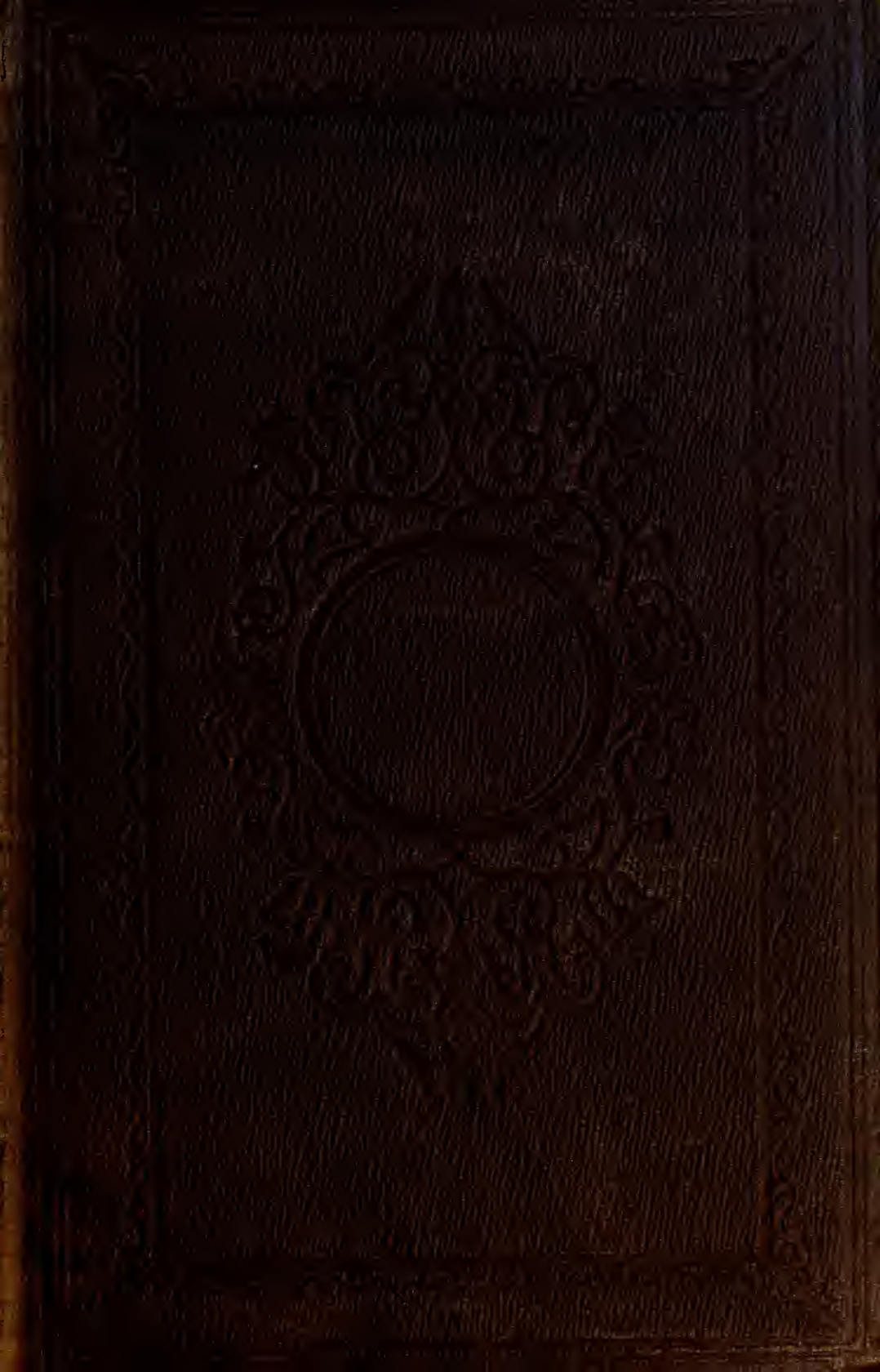

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CHRONICLES

OF

FASHION,

FROM THE TIME OF ELIZABETH TO THE EARLY PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,

IN MANNERS, AMUSEMENTS, BANQUETS, COSTUME, &c.

BY MRS. STONE,

AUTHORESS OF "THE ART OF NEEDLEWORK," "THE COTTON LORD," "MISS PENN AND HER NIECE," "THE YOUNG MILLINER," ETC.

"LORE WHICH WIG-CROWNED HISTORY SCORNS."

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CHRONICLES OF FASHION.

CHAPTER I.

MANNERS.—PART I.

"In England's happy land
Fashion and Fame go always hand in hand."
J. B. Freeman.

Fashion, who had found a haven and a home in the Court of Charles the Second, fled from its precincts during the occupation of his successors, the stern and unattractive William and Mary, the homely and indolent Anne, and the heavy and uninteresting German Elector. They had not any of them a spark of that brilliancy whose coruscations in the chambers of Whitehall had dazzled the eyes of beholders, and almost blinded them to the real nature of the orgies carried on within. We have seen that virtuous and irreproachable as Mary's personal character was, she won none to her circle; she beguiled none of the votarists of the very questionable code of manners of her uncle's and father's day to imitate the purity and

propriety of her own. It was not because she was virtuous, but because she was cold and repulsive, that Fashion fled away.

Queen Anne, whose personal character was unimpeachable, and whose conjugal faith and affection were always unquestionable, was even less calculated than her sister to be a leader and exemplar of *ton*. She was good-tempered, but so indolent and inert, as to become a mere puppet in the hands of her favourites and ministers. By personal example, to the utmost of her power, she endeavoured to promote propriety and morality in her Court; but it was the arena of politics, not fashion: her ministers waged battle even in her presence, and their partizans or opponents carried on their manœuvres even in her sight. In some particular matters of etiquette, Anne was precise and particular even to absurdity; but, generally speaking, her eyes were open to few changes and her ears awakened to few sounds but those which displayed the variations, or echoed the cabalistic words of WHIG and TORY. Could Fashion abide there?

No. Still less could she seek habitually a Court where its elderly, heavy-looking, un-English head hid behind his mistress at an obscure box at the theatre, or found his greatest delight in a sober homely rubber at whist with a quiet unchanging small circle.

Of George the Second, Walpole says, "He had the haughtiness of Henry the Eighth, without his

spirit; the avarice of Henry the Seventh, without his exactions; the indignities of Charles the First, without his bigotry for his prerogative; the vexations of King William, with as little skill in the management of parties; and the gross gallantry of his father, without his good-nature or his honesty:—he might, perhaps, have been honest, if he had never hated his father, or had ever loved his son."*

By no means acceding to this sweeping censure of our second Hanoverian monarch, we may at once admit that few kings have cultivated the graces less, or been less qualified as an arbiter elegantiarum than he. Nor did his excellent queen give her attention much more to the fashionable frivolities of life. Her Court, indeed, in such persons as Miss Lepel and Miss Bellenden, pre-

* Memoires.—This son, had he lived to ascend the throne, would, in all probability, have been more unpopular than either his father or grandfather. Some of the doggrel lines cried about the streets on his death, sufficiently testify the contempt in which he was held. As *e. g.* amongst others:—

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been his brother,
'T would have been better than any other.
But as it 's only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Why, there's nothing more to be said."

sented to the world some engaging examples of high-toned fashion; but the Queen herself had not only a strong *penchant* for a kind of literature which sometimes carried her beyond her depth, but also for polemics, in which she decidedly foundered. Moreover, she was most influentially, though unconspicuously, political; and the most earnest endeavours of her life were devoted to ruling the King—unknown, however, to himself—and through him the country. She had, in truth, little time to devote to the "petits riens" of fashion.

It is not, therefore, at Court that we must seek for exemplars of fashionable manners during the reigns succeeding that of Charles the Second. Of course the wonted ceremonies of the Court were performed with the wonted state, propriety, and frequency; and, of course, all those entitled to *entrée* there paid their respects with scrupulous regularity; but still this was done as a matter of etiquette and duty to the sovereign, and not from any peculiar attraction which the Court itself possessed.

It is therefore to the wanton and lascivious Court of Charles the Second that we must look for the origin of that general demoralization which tainted the manners of the fashionable world during great part of the last century, and which seemed to increase until the prevailing tone of manners appeared like what has been called "a general moral intoxication."

The two young ladies whose names we have incidentally mentioned as connected with the Court of George the Second, are cited rather as peculiar ornaments of the fashionable world of that period than as examples of its prevailing character. They were both beautiful, both accomplished, both undeviatingly pure and excellent in conduct. Miss Bellenden, whom Walpole calls "exquisitely beautiful," was the youngest daughter of John, second Lord Bellenden. She was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, and married Colonel John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to the King. It is said that she had strength of mind to contemn the highest temptations which the King, who was enamoured of her, could offer her.*

Her contemporary and friend, Mary Lepel, has been still more widely celebrated. Equally fashionable with Mrs. Campbell, perhaps indeed more so, for her frequent residence abroad, and acquaintance with French life gave to her manners a foreign tinge which, grafted on English propriety, is often considered very captivating; she was more staid and reflective than Miss Bellenden, who was extremely vivacious. "All the talents" were enlisted in her praise. Pope complimented her, Gay celebrated her, Walpole praised her, Voltaire eulogised her, and Lords Chesterfield and Bath united

* Suffolk Correspondence.

their powers to immortalise her in a humorous ballad, from which we quote a few lines. *

"The Muses quite jaded with rhyming,
To Molly Mogg bid a farewell;
But renew their sweet melody, chiming
To the name of dear Molly Lepel!

"Bright Venus yet never saw bedded,
So perfect a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepel!

"Old Orpheus, that husband so civil,
He followed his wife down to hell;
And who would not go to the devil,
For the sake of dear Molly Lepel?

"Her lips and her breath are much sweeter,
Than the thing which the Ladies call *mel;*
Who would not thus pump for a metre,
To chime to dear Molly Lepel?" &c., &c.

Amidst a host of rivals, John, Lord Hervey, the friend of Lady M. W. Montagu (the "Sporus" and "Lord Fanny" of Pope, and first the friend, and afterwards the bitter antagonist of the English satirist), was fortunate enough to become the husband of this celebrated and excellent lady. She became the mother of several children. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Phipps, afterwards Lady Mulgrave, seems to have much resembled her in character, and more than equalled her in dignity of manner.

* These stanzas are taken from Jesse's "Selwyn and his Times," where the ballad is given at length.

Walpole says of her,

> "Majestic Juno shall be seen
> In Hervey's glorious awful mien:"

and in a letter to Sir H. Mann (1741—2) he speaks of her as a belle and a beauty, "a fine black girl, but as masculine as her father should be." One of Lady Hervey's sons was married to Miss Chudleigh. During her long widowhood she lived in almost total retirement with her father-in-law, the Earl of Bristol, to whom, in his declining years, she was a most duteous friend and companion; and it was during this period, when she gave her attention much to literature, that the letters published as her Correspondence were written. She died in 1768.

Both she and Miss Bellenden were intimates and correspondents of Mrs. Howard, Countess of Suffolk.

A very marked and influencing circumstance in the fashionable world, at the commencement of the last century, was the ignorance of its members. The love of literature of however light and superficial a kind, and the pride of authorship, though only of a sonnet or an epigram, which marked, and in some degree graced the time of Charles the Second, had quite disappeared. A contempt for literature became a mark of gentility; gentlemen scorned it, ladies never dreamt of it. Steele and Addison were perhaps the first who ventured to broach the then unaccustomed idea that a lady

might read intelligibly, write legibly, and spell correctly, without foregoing the more peremptory duties of life which her station might require, or more important still, without forfeiting her place in the enchanted realm of fashion. That the latter part of the reign of Anne should have obtained generally the character of the Augustan age of literature, testifies strongly to the darkness which had shrouded the preceding quarter of a century. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu complains bitterly of the injustice done to women in their education,* and yet it does not appear at that time that literature was much more widely extended amongst men. All authors, with very few exceptions, were so by profession; and how exceedingly low that profession was held for many a long year, the annals of Grub Street and Paternoster Row will abundantly testify. Addison might lead the more thoughtful and reflective to literature, and doubtless he paved the way for its cultivation, as a fashion, as some-

* In 1710, Lady M. W. Montagu writes: "Folly is reckoned so much our proper sphere, that we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted, without reproach, to carry the custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and, by disuse of reflections, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with."

thing new, amongst those who were not remarkable either for thought or reflection. A few years later, ballads, squibs, lampoons, *boutsrimes*,

> "Love strains and all poetic matters,
> Lampoons, epistles, odes, and satires."

all the "light artillery" of literature swarmed as the caricatures of H. B., and all his hosts of imitators, do now. There was no approach to such stern exercise of the intellect as we read of soon after the revival of learning, when queens studied Greek, and highborn dames turned from the details of housekeeping to converse with Plato, or trifle with Horace; but the stream, though superficial, was bright, though less deep, was more sparkling. The wit of the day, too, was not restrained by those decencies which none dare now lightly violate; and as time wore towards the middle of the century, literature, or at any rate the power to pen a letter fluently, or to hit off a few stanzas with grace, was decidedly a fashion. Indeed so early as 1723, Lady M. W. Montagu writes thus:

"This is, I think, the whole state of love; as to that of wit, it splits itself into ten thousand branches; poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, even in embroidered coats and pink-coloured top-knots; making verses is become almost as common as taking snuff, and God can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets, and offer

to all their acquaintances, and you know one cannot refuse reading and taking a pinch."

But that our readers may judge of what *had* been the extent of female mental cultivation, we quote the following letter. Exaggerated a little it possibly may be, yet it affords no very unfair specimen of the literary acquirements of ladies generally of the upper classes during the early part of the century, and the close of the preceding one, when to copy receipts of economy and cookery legibly in a housekeeping book was all that it was thought a lady could possibly require.

"To Mrs. Gwyllim, Housekeeper at Brambleton Hall.

"Mrs. Gwyllim,

"When this comes to hand, be sure to pack up in the trunk male that stands in my closet, to be sent me in the Bristol waggon without loss of time, the following articles, viz., my rose collard neglejay, with green robins, my yellow damask, and my black velvet suit with the short hoop; my bloo quilted petticot, my green manteel, my laced apron, my French commode, Macklin head and lappets, and the litel box with my jewels. Williams may bring over my bum-daffee, and the viol with the easings of Dr. Hill's dock water, and Chowder's lacksitif. The poor creature has been terribly constuprated ever since we left huom. Pray take particular care of the house while the

family is absent. Let there be a fire constantly kept in my brother's chamber and mine. The maids, having nothing to do, may be sat a spinning. I desire you'll clap a padluck on the wind-seller, and let none of the men have excess to the strong bear—don't forget to have the gate shit every evening before dark.—The gardnir and the hind may lie below in the landry, to partake the house, with the blunderbuss and the great dog; and I hope you'll have a watchful eye over the maids. I know that hussy, Mary Jones, loves to be rumping with the men. Let me know if Alderney's calf be sould yet, and what he fought—if the ould goose be sitting; and if the cobler has cut Dicky, and how the poor anemil bore the operation.—No more at present, but rests yours,

"TABITHA BRAMBLE."*

"Glostar, April 2."

With this great and unfailing resource for unoccupied time closed, we must now inquire how those ladies whose position placed them above the necessity of personal superintendence of their households, passed their hours whilst the senate, the coffee-rooms, (greatly frequented) cockpits and gaming-houses occupied their husbands and brothers.

* "Humphrey Clinker."—It may be said that this is a piquant caricature meant for an imaginative work, and that our sample ought to have been taken from real correspondence. We think not. The truth of Dr. Smollett's portraitures has never been questioned; it is that indeed which gives his works their sterling value. The real correspondence of that age, published,

The "Spectator" satirically but not quite untruly says, "The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribands is reckoned a very good morning's work: and, if they make an excursion to a mercer's

is that of women as much superior to their sex in general in mental powers in that day, as Mrs. Somerville and Joanna Baillie are in this. Who would have thought any thing of Lady M. W. Montagu's letters, if those of her contemporaries had been equally clever? The sterling excellence and good sense of the widely-famed correspondence of Lady R. Russell, is disfigured by many a homely expression and awkward phrase, which would cause a modern reader who sought it only for its literary superiority, to throw it aside in disgust. Yet far from being a fair example of the general literary talent of her contemporaries, Lady R. Russell towers at an unapproachable height above them—almost—all.

The following sketches referring to characters of common existence about the time of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, are so admirable, that we transcribe them here, albeit they are descriptive of personages not recognized within the circle of fashion.

(*From Grose's Olio, pub.* 1793.)

SKETCH OF SOME WORN-OUT CHARACTERS OF THE LAST AGE.

When I was a young man, there existed in the families of most unmarried men or widowers of the rank of gentlemen, residents in the country, a certain antiquated female, either maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress I have now before me: it consisted of a stiff-starched cap and hood, a little hoop, a rich silk damask gown with large flowers. She leant on an ivory-headed crutch cane, and was followed by a fat phthysicky dog of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, occasionally biting their heels with impunity.

By the side of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys,

or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats."

One infallible resource in that day, as in this,

securing, in different closets and corner cupboards, all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's Elixir, a rich seed cake, a number of pots of currant jelly and raspberry jam, with a range of gallipots and phials, containing salves, electuaries, jalaps, and purges, for the use of the poor neighbours. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys, and assist at all lyings-in that happened within the parish. Alas! this being is no more seen, and the race is, like that of her pug dog and the black rat, totally extinct.

Another character, now worn-out and gone, was the country squire; I mean the little independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town, with the attorneys and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantelpiece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch garnished with a toast of nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these

was shopping, but oh! how different. Now, a lady has only to drive the short lengths of Regent Street or Bond Street and see every thing of every sort accumulated that the skill of the nation and the commerce of the world can produce. She has only to express a wish, and what she wishes is laid before her with a celerity and promptitude unequalled, except by the far-famed slaves of the lamp. There is no merit in shopping now; and certainly little excitement and less variety. There seems little attraction in things which are procured so easily, and, moreover, which everybody else may

men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaister striped with timber, not unaptly called callimanco work, or of red brick, large casemented bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with hollyhocks. Near the gate a horse-block for the convenience of mounting.

The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantelpiece with guns and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partizan, and dagger, borne by his ancestor in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against the wall was posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanack, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in his window lay "Baker's Chronicle," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Glanvil on Apparitions," "Quincey's Dispensatory," "The Complete Justice," and a book on farriery.

In a corner, by the fire side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here at Christmas he entertained his tenants

procure as easily as yourself, and which you cannot for the life of you, in the present multiplication of rarities, keep unique.

But how different once! When the India ships arrived in the Thames laden with the most costly and soul-subduing paraphernalia of china, silks, muslins, cabinets, fans, &c., &c.; oh, what excitement was there then amongst the fashionables of the West End. A various assortment these ships had, but not an endless accumulation; not a power of reproduction like a tradesman of to-day, who will sell you a costly article at a *very* costly price, as

assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the meantime the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors; the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full suits and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armour, or buff coats, playing on the bass viol or lute. The females likewise as shepherdesses, with lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes.

Alas! these men and these houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, and become the humble dependents on great men, to solicit a place or commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion in the meantime is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house; till, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob, contractor, or limb of the law.

alone in its class, and by some strange accident become possessed of its very counterpart on the morrow. No, this was not the case—at least, it was not the case to any material extent with the India ships: and then, of what infinite consequence it was to a leader of *ton*, and arbitress of fashion, to have the first view and the first selection from the new importation of fashionable luxuries. It was at one time no uncommon thing for ladies to visit the ships themselves and make purchases on board; but the more customary way was to attend the India houses, *i. e.* warehouses in the neigbourhood of the shipping, where these articles were usually displayed. Tea-parties were arranged for them, and tea prepared there, in back rooms, for such persons as wished to taste this luxury before purchasing it. There were frequent raffles for the better disposal of scarce articles, and these, as they have since been at Watering Places, were most exciting amusements for persons of both sexes.

> " Strait then they dress, and take their wonted range
> Through India shops, to Motteux's, or the 'Change,
> Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,
> With antic shapes in China's azure dy'd;
> There careless lies a rich brocade unroll'd,
> Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold."

But if the shopping of that day was much more *naïve* and exciting than it is found in our own, what a fund of delight must it have opened to the fair sex

as compared with the restrictions imposed upon the fancy, the taste, the liberty, and the purses of their great-grandmothers, when the steward of the household, or of the wardrobe, purchased materials for his lady's gown (probably when he laid in the half-yearly store of salt-fish and sea-coal), and meted her out so many yards by his ell-wand, whenever she produced her husband's written warrant for the same. Shocking!

No zephyr crapes, fanciful tissues, and sprigged muslins of India then, to dispute the palm with japanned skreens and Indian cabinets, or to set a woman's heart aching between love of dress and taste for *virtù* — the purse not being weighty enough to sustain both: to say nothing of loves of monkeys, darlings of parrots, dear delightful macaws, and heavenly china, which attract the longing gaze on every side, until, like the celebrated animal of classical antiquity, the ass between two bundles of hay, she knows not which to choose.

The universal attachment of the ladies of those days to monkeys, lapdogs and parrots is remarkable, or rather is notorious; for remarkable it is not, if we remember the utter inanity of their minds, their total want of mental cultivation, and the *unfashionableness* then, as now, of being active house-keepers or personal superintendents of their nurseries. Playthings became great resources, and their overflowing affections were lavished on monkeys and china. Squirrels were often among the domestic pets, but

being of native production were not so highly treasured as exotic parrots, macaws, and monkeys. It was as usual in those days for a lady to take her monkey a drive, or to promenade for its health or satisfaction, as it is now to carry a lap-dog; the only difference being that instead of the animal being attached to its fair guide by a ribbon, the mischievous propensities of the monkey rendered a chain desirable. And the expeditions to obtain, and the excitement of purchasing these foreign luxuries formed very important items in the diary of a lady of fashion:

> "Oh! Mr. Churchill, where d'ye think I've been?
> At Margus's, and there such fire-works seen,
> So very pretty, charming, odd, and new;
> And I assure you they're right Indian too!"

Margus's was an Indian warehouse of repute; Corticelli's was probably another; at least it was a celebrated raffling place, which was one marked characteristic of an Indian house. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in her "Town Eclogues," speaks of a brilliant snuff-box that had been won there.

But more attractive than the enamelled fans, rich silks, and splendid tissues, nay, more loveable than even the monkeys and the parrots, were the stores of splendid China that were displayed at these India houses before the longing eyes of the fair fashionist.* It was not in human nature, at

* At Margate, on one occasion, one thousand five hundred china bowls were seized by the Custom House Officers.
Gent. Mag.

least not in female human nature of that day,* to resist the temptation; and the drawing-rooms of the last century, of a very considerable portion of it, resembled more a china show-room than the social assembling hall of rational people. No mansion possessing the least claim to fashion, or even to superiority, was considered furnished without a vast accumulation of china, often of grotesque appearance, "loves of monsters," and in great measure utterly useless from its form, ranged over doors and windows, along book-cases and chimney-pieces, or on slabs or ledges in every possible and impossible place. Even the peerless Sir Charles Grandison would have been imperfect if he had not had a fine arrangement of china in the state-rooms at Grandison Hall; but he forgot nothing, and he did not forget this, as his biographer Richardson most laudably records.

Addison has an admirable satire on this universal mania in "The Lover;" and as that work now, unlike the "Spectator," is little known, we shall venture to quote nearly the whole article.

"There is no inclination in women that more surprises me than their passion for china. When a woman is visited with it, it generally takes possession of her for life. China vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an Indian

* The fashion, however, was not introduced by a woman, but by the Duke of Argyle.

mandarin, as her great granddaughter is in dressing her baby.

"The common way of purchasing such articles, if I may believe my female informers, is by exchanging old suits of clothes for this brittle ware. The potters of China have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast clothes and superannuated garments. I have known an old petticoat metamorphosed into a punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a teapot. For this reason my friend TRADEWELL in the city calls his great room that is nobly furnished out with china, his wife's wardrobe. In yonder corner, says he, are above twenty suits of clothes, and on that scrutoire above one hundred yards of furbelowed silk. You cannot imagine how many nightgowns, stays, and manteaus, went to the raising of that pyramid. The worst of it is, says he, a suit of clothes is not suffered to last half its time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality this is but a more dexterous way of picking the husband's pocket; who is often purchasing a great vase of china, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head or a silk gown for his wife. There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for china, namely, that it administers to them great matter for wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear countrywomen, by the breach of this frail furniture! Some of them pay half their

servants' wages in china fragments, which their carelessness has produced. 'If thou hast a piece of earthenware, consider,' says Epictetus, 'that it is a piece of earthenware, and by consequence very easy and obnoxious to be broken: be not therefore so void of reason as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass.' In order, therefore, to exempt my fair readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their tempers at the fall of a teapot or a china cup. I shall further recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars: first, that all china ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, that the fashion of it is changeable; and, thirdly, that it is of no use. And first of the first. The fragility of china is such as a reasonable being ought by no means to set its heart upon, though at the same time I am afraid I may complain with SENECA on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes more valuable the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason I have often wondered that our

ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable; which brings me to my second particular.

"It may chance that a piece of china may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it is so ordered that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself remember when there were few china vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many at present which are capable of holding half a hogshead. The fashion of the teacup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape, and size.

"But, in the last place, china is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of china? The furniture of a lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd: you see jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses and herds of cattle in

this fine porcelain, not to mention the several Chinese ladies, who, perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

"Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our British potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture; but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions, to be employed in service of the family; besides that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting."

This passion for china continued, modified indeed in some measure, even to our own days. But the china of China had experienced very formidable rivalry in the beautiful and far more tasteful and elegant porcelain of Dresden and Seve,* and was, ere long, not insignificantly approached by the manu-

* For some time past (1748) the Government had ordered attempts to be made to produce in France china similar to that of Saxony. These attempts had been successful. The Marchioness (of Pompadour) determined the king to establish a manufactory of this kind at the Castle of Vincennes, and afterwards to transfer it to Seve, where a vast and magnificent building was erected within reach of Versailles. The two lovers (the king and Pompadour) went there often, encouraged the works by their presence, and gave birth to those chef d'œuvres of a paste more vitrifiable indeed than that of China, but infinitely superior to it, as well as to the European china,

factures of our own country. Our first attempts were probably homely enough as compared with the exquisite porcelain manufacture to which the eye was accustomed. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams thus satirizes it.

" The monkey, parrot, lap-dog, and her Grace,*
Had each retired from breakfast to their place,
When, hark! a knock! 'See, Betty, see who 's there!'
'Tis Mr. Bateman, ma'am, in his new chair;'
Dickey's new chair! the charming'st thing in town,
Whose poles are lacker'd, and whose lining's brown!
But see, he enters with his shuffling gait;
'Lord!' says her Grace, 'how could you be so late?'
'I'm sorry, madam, I have made you wait,'
Bateman reply'd; 'I only stay'd to bring
The newest, charming'st, most delightful thing!'
'Oh! tell me what 's the curiosity!
Oh! show it me this instant, or I die!'
To please the noble dame, the courtly 'squire
Produced a *teapot* made in Staffordshire.

'Such work as this,' she cries, 'can England do?'
It equals Dresden, and outdoes St. Cloud:
All modern china now shall hide its head,
And e'en Chantilly must give o'er the trade:
For lace let Flanders bear away the bell,
In finest linen let the Dutch excel;

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in the elegance of the forms, the regularity of the designs, and the liveliness of the colouring. To support this manufacture, which was very dear, and to procure a vent for it, his majesty caused the produce of it to be brought every year into his palace, where the pieces were displayed and the courtiers invited to purchase them.—*Private Life of Louis the Fifteenth.*

* The Duchess of Manchester.

For prettiest stuffs let Ireland first be nam'd,
And for best fancy'd silks let France be fam'd;
Do thou, thrice happy England! still prepare
This clay, and build thy fame on earthenware.'"

The Indian houses, though originally *bona fide* shopping places, and frequented wholly or chiefly by ladies, soon came to be places of assignation, and notoriously immoral. William the Third, on hearing that his Queen had been to one, applied the most shocking of all names to them; and whether his sharp rebuke to her was joke or earnest, as has been doubted, it shows that the character of the places themselves was even then unquestionably bad. Lady M. W. Montague writes from Adrianople that the places of intrigue there are Jews' shops, "which are as notoriously convenient as our Indian houses." But the facilities to intrigue which they afforded by no means lowered them in the estimation of the high fashionables of the last century.

Gallantry, says a writer of that day, was never in so elevated a figure; and there was a club existing, with the Duke of Wharton at its head, who met three times a-week for consultation on that subject only.* Masquerades were very rife, and many were

* This talented, fashionable, accomplished, witty, but most profligate nobleman, for whose eccentricities it seems impossible to account without attributing to him some degree of insanity, was also a member of the horrible club called the "Hell-fire Club," which was abolished by order of the Privy Council in 1721. He was a friend and companion of Lady M. W. Montague, was born about 1700, married at the im-

the occasions in which women of high rank and fashion availed themselves, under shelter of their masks, of the license of these places; and in not a few instances were ladies of character and conduct

mature age of sixteen, and died in 1731. Were we to write pages on his character they could be but a mere paraphrase of the following graphic lines, in which Pope with a masterly hand has touched every salient point of his character.

"Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He 'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too;
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more a wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves,
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And harder still! flagitious yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool."

deeply and perhaps irretrievably defamed by being personated in these places by their own maids, or by some one who owed them a grudge.* And it requires no very intimate acquaintance with the literature and domestic history of the times to know that this *gallantry*, as fashion politely designates the breach of virtue, religion, and honour,† prevailed to

* "The high constable of Westminster went, about twelve o'clock, to a private masquerade near Exeter Change, where several ill persons of both sexes were assembled, most of whom were apprehended and carried before Justice Fielding, who sat up all night to examine them; and several of them being found to be *persons of distinction under twenty*, the Justice not thinking proper to expose them, after a severe reprimand dismissed them all."—*Gent.'s Mag.*

† The following illustration of this remark is from a pen no less important than that of Bishop Berkeley. "Oh!" said Euphranor, who heard this discourse, (the Usefulness of Vice,) with great attention, "You, Lysicles, are the very man I wanted, eloquent and ingenious, knowing in the principles of your sect, and willing to impart them. Pray tell me do these principles find an easy admission into the world?"

Lysicles. — They do among ingenious men and people of fashion, though you will sometimes meet with strong prejudices against them in the middle sort, an effect of ordinary talents and mean breeding.

Euphranor.—I should wonder if men were not shocked at notions of such a surprising nature, so contrary to all laws, education, and religion.

Lysicles.—They would have been shocked much more if it had not been for the skilful address of our philosophers, who, considering that most men are influenced by names rather than things, have introduced a certain polite way of speaking, which lessens much of the abhorrence and prejudice towards vice.

Euph.—Explain me this.

Lys.—Thus, in our dialect a vicious man is *a man of plea-*

a frightful extent among the high people of the land —far more amongst them perhaps than the happier lower class, whom fashion does not so greatly influence. Addison declares plainly that no man had a chance of becoming a favourite with the fair sex unless he were a man of intrigue. The celebrated Marchioness of Townshend is confessedly the original of the disgusting Lady Bellasis in the once celebrated novel of Tom Jones. Her "eccentricities" were also painted as Lady Tempest in "Pompey the Little," a work which gives a most degrading view of the inanity and immorality of fashionable life, but of which Lady M. W. Montague writes thus:

"Pompey the Little has diverted me more than any of the others. It is *a real and exact representation of life as it is now acted in London*, as it was in my time, and as it will be (I do not doubt) a hundred years hence, with some little variation of dress, and perhaps of government. I found there many of my acquaintance; Lady T. and Lady O.

sure: a sharper is one who *plays the whole game:* a lady is said to have *an affair:* a gentleman to be *gallant:* a rogue *one that knows the world.* By this means we have no such things as sots, debauchees, whores, rogues, or the like in the beau monde who may enjoy their vices without incurring disagreeable appellations.

Euph.—Vice, then, it seems, is a fine thing with an ugly name

Lys.—Be assured it is.

Minute Philosopher, Dial. 2.

are so well painted, I fancied I heard them talk; I have heard them say the very things there repeated."

This lady, commonly known as the Dowager Viscountess Townshend, mother of the celebrated Marquis of Townshend, was distinguished for her wit, her talent, and her gallantry. "In the empire of mind," says Wraxall, "she might be said to have occupied the place left vacant by Lady M. W. Montague, and Lady Hervey. At Lady Townshend's house at Whitehall, George Selwyn, and a number of other men eminent for wit and talent, were usually to be found, who constituted her evening society."

She attained her eighty-sixth or eighty-seventh year, and her acuteness of observation and brilliancy of expression were as remarkable at this advanced age as at an earlier period of her life, when her society was cultivated by the first wits of the time. She was the daughter of Edward Harrison, Esquire; was married in 1723, and died 1788.

The "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," in the novel of "Peregrine Pickle," are really what they profess to be, the memorials of a lascivious and wanton woman, lost to every feminine sense of delicacy, glorying in her shame, publishing the history of her amours, and triumphantly detailing the number of her lovers.

She was the daughter of a highly respectable

country gentleman, and married, in 1732, Lord William Hamilton, brother of the Duke of that name. She was, unhappily for herself, extremely beautiful, very highly accomplished, and the finest minuet dancer in England. Queen Caroline used to call her and her first husband "the handsome beggars." She very soon became a widow, and married, in 1735, Lord Viscount Vane, and soon after commenced her life of abandonment and profligacy.

Did we depend on negative evidence for proof of the glaring immorality of fashionable life, we might quote the unquestionable authority, as to the manners of his age, of Horace Walpole, who, in 1742, writes to Sir Horace Mann,

"So little gallantry is stirring, that I do not hear of so much as one maid of honour who has declared herself with child by any officer, to engage him not to go abroad."*

Of the very particular adventures of one maid of honour, who was, however, patronized, as the phrase goes, "through thick and thin," we shall speak farther in our sketch of this star of fashion.† It was the patroness of this lady, the Princess of

* An anecdote given by Walpole at a later period, makes a curious pendant to the foregoing one. "There has happened a comical circumstance at Leicester House; one of the Prince's coachmen, who used to drive the maids of honour, was so sick of them, that he has left his son three hundred pounds, upon condition that he never *marries* a maid of honour."

† See infra. Sketch of the Duchess of Kingston

Wales, who said, when expressing her anxiety regarding the companions of her son, afterwards George the Third,—

"Such was the universal profligacy, such the character and conduct of the young people of distinction, that she was really afraid to have them near her children. She should even be in more pain for her daughters, than for her sons, if they were private persons; for the behaviour of the women was indecent, low, and much against their own interest, by making themselves so very cheap."*

It was only in accordance with this state of morals that the holy ordinance of marriage should be regarded as a mere legal tie of convenience. It was often made by parents for their children, without the least regard to the inclinations of the young people, and not unfrequently realized, in every point, the remark of Squire Western, that Sophia, his daughter, must choose a husband to please him, and *then may please herself about her lover.*

We learn from the "Spectator," that in Addison's time it was not *bon-ton* for husband and wife to be seen together; a piece of refinement as false as fashionable, which has continued—we will not say how long; but at an advanced period of the last century, General Burgoyne, in his comedy of "The Heiress," an admirable picture of the manners of the day, insinuates, as a gross and unpar-

* Bubb Doddington's Diary.

donable infringement of the manners of fashionable life, that "more than one Duchess has been seen in the same carriage with her husband—like two doves in a basket in the print of Conjugal Felicity."

Under the mask of affected censure, he likewise alludes to another circumstance.

Lady Emily.—And another (Duchess) has been detected—I almost blush to name it.

Mrs. Blandish.—Bless us! where? and how, and how?

Lady Emily.—In nursing her own child!

Miss Alscrip.—Oh! barbarism! For Heaven's sake let us change the subject.

This alludes, doubtless, to the celebrated and beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, whose moral courage, or maternal affection, broke through the barriers even of Fashion, of which she was the brightest exemplar. How *that* fashion should be characterized, which prevents women from fulfilling a peremptory duty, incumbent on them in all stations, *save one*,* we leave to moralists to decide.

Lady Wallace, too, (the sister of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon) who wrote the comedy of "The Ton, or the Follies of Fashion," and knew

* The first duties of a Queen-regnant are to her people, and the cares of maternity cannot but clash with these; therefore, in so far as it is possible, the duties of the mother should be performed by proxy. But surely there was deep wisdom, the wisdom of nature, and experience, and propriety, in the constitution of the Salic law.

well what she wrote, says, "You know a man of *ton* thinks his *wife* fair game for every one; but to seduce a *mistress* whom he loves would be *rather dishonourable*."

In such a state of things, we cannot wonder that marriage itself was entered into more as a convenient contract, than from any impulse of affection; much in the way described in the history of that sagacious animal, "Pompey the Little." "His Lordship married for the sake of begetting an heir to his estate; and married her in particular, because he had heard her toasted as a beauty by most of his acquaintance. She, on the contrary, married because she wanted a husband; and married him because he could give her a title and a coach and six."

And there can be no doubt, likewise, that the facility with which a marriage of the most indiscreet kind was accomplished, led, in numberless cases, to hasty, imprudent, and ill-assorted marriage, and inevitably to the abruption of the duties which it entailed. Marriages were celebrated in London then with the same degree of reverence that they now are at Gretna Green, and with infinitely less difficulty, since the expense, time, and risk of the journey were saved. The Fleet parsons and their whippers-in were notorious, and the way in which they drove the trade of matrimony is familiar to all. But this trade was not confined to the eastern world of London.

The "fair of May Fair" had a kind and accommodating parson of their own, and Mr. Keith had the honour of tying a great many hasty and ill-judged matrimonial knots amongst the aristocracy of the land, before the law, which he openly contemned, sufficed to restrain him. Walpole gives more than one instance. In 1748, a young man of fashion, called the "Handsome Tracy," was smitten with a butter-woman's daughter whom he accidentally met. Her mother, a shrewd woman, easily inveigled the young man to her house, made him drunk, and whilst he was thus unconscious, carried him and her daughter, at twelve o'clock at night, to the May Fair parson. He was in bed, and would not be disturbed, but referred them to a brother over the way. The marriage was completed, and within a week the deluded and repentant young man left the country.

The Duke of Hamilton's marriage in 1752 to Miss Gunning, although not a smuggled concern like the foregoing, for it had been a good deal talked off, was at length solemnized as hastily and almost as indecorously. He sent suddenly for a clergyman, who refused to perform the ceremony without license or ring; they repaired to May Fair chapel, and were married there at midnight, *a ring of the bed-curtain* being used for the ceremony.

If we do not mistake the allusion in the following letter, the Duchess of Manchester availed herself of the same facility. In fact the abuse was scandal-

ous and notorious, and peremptorily called for that parliamentary interference which Walpole thus refers to.

"TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

May 24, 1753.

"It is well you are married! How would my Lady Ailesbury have liked to be asked in a parish-church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds for ever, rather than have passed through so imprudent a ceremony! What do *you* think?—But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new bill, which, under the notion of preventing clandestine marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every dowager and her Hussey,* will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this bill, but had drawn it so ill, that the Chancellor was forced to draw a a new one; and then grew so fond of his creature, that he has crammed it down the throats of both houses—though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it."

* The Duchess of Manchester, an eccentric lady, who stood on the pinnacle of fashion, astonished her circle by marrying Mr. Hussey, an Irishman, unknown, or uncountenanced, by any of them, who was created Lord Beaulieu in 1762. She was a very beautiful woman. In the satirical poem quoted a few pages back, called "Isabella, or the Morning," the "Duchess" referred to is this lady. She was the granddaughter of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. She died in 1786.

Surely the leaven of Charles's day was still working, nor can the excessive indecency of manners which prevailed be traced to any other source. The "Spectator" was very severe, and justly so, on the fashion of ladies receiving their male callers in bed—a fashion which my readers will remember, though common in France, was first introduced in England by the notorious Lady Castlemain*—and still more severe on the disgusting practice of having male abigails, a fashion likewise derived from France. Conversation was in a style which well tallied with these manners. An *enceinte* lady would not hesitate, in a large mixed company, to call attention to her personal appearance and prospects, and the usual language of the time was gross, and what we should call disgusting. Lord Hervey, a polished and rather effeminate nobleman, and the husband of the beautiful, excellent, and celebrated Mary Lepel, writes to Lady Suffolk:

"I beg you will give my humble service to Miss Bellenden, and by the time I come to Court, she shall receive a vessel of the best *yall* (for we brew no ale in this country) that ever brought up air—I dare not say wind—to fair ladies."†

And this lady, the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, writes:

"O God, I am so sick of bills, for my part, I believe I shall never be able to hear them mentioned without casting up my accounts (*bills* are *accounts*,

* See vol i., page 197.

† Letters to and from the Countess of Suffolk.

you know). I am just a-going to the King's garden—I wish to God it belonged to my lord mayor, as the saying is." *

The language of their contemporary, Lady M. W. Montagu, is proverbially gross; nor was this great blemish confined to the early part of the century. Thirty years afterwards Horace Walpole tells of a lady of high rank who said at Court—

"This is not a place to be indecent, and therefore I shall *only* tell you that you are a rascal and a villain, and that if ever you dare to put your head into my house, I will kick you down stairs myself."

And again, from the same author, as a salient proof of cultivation of intellect as well as delicacy of manners—

"There was a vast assembly at Marlborough House, and a throng in the doorway. My Lady Talbot said, 'Bless me! I think this is like the *Straits* of Thermopylæ!' Lady Northumberland replied, 'I don't know what *street* that is, but I wish I could get my —— through.'"

But that what Walpole relates on another occasion should be tolerated in *any* civilized society seems almost incredible.

"He spit in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it

* It will be remembered that this lady was Miss Bellenden, remarkable for her feminine and lady-like propriety (see *supra*, page 5). What must those ladies have been who were not thus remarkable!

off on Friday." This is a new fashionable proverb, which I must construe to you. About ten days ago, at the new Lady Cobham's assembly, Lord Hervey was leaning over a chair, talking to some women, and holding his hat in his hand. Lord Cobham came up and spit in it—yes, spit in it!—and then, with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent, and said, "Pay me my wager." In short, he had laid a guinea that he committed this absurd brutality, and that it was not resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sensibility, asked if he had any further occasion for his hat?—"Oh! I see you are angry!"—"Not very well pleased." Lord Cobham took the fatal hat, and wiped it; made a thousand apologies, and wanted to pass it for a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun, and went to visit Lord Hervey; so did Nugent: he would not see them, but wrote to the Spitter, (or, as he is now called, Lord Gob'em,) to say, that he had affronted him very grossly before company, but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham wrote him a most submissive answer, and begged pardon, both in his own and Nugent's name. Here it rested for a few days: till getting wind, Lord Hervey wrote again to insist on an explicit apology under Lord Cobham's own hand, with a rehearsal of the excuses that had been made to him." *

* Walpole's Letters, vol. ii.

It is hardly possible to give our readers a better idea of the fashionable manners, or rather, the want of manners, which was considered fashionable, than in the following account of the visit of a party of high *ton* to Vauxhall, and the nonchalance with which they drew on themselves the notice of all around. Not the least rich feature is the undisguised disapprobation of the husband of the leader of the party—the handsome, highly fashionable, witty, and somewhat licentious Lady Caroline Petersham —afterwards Countess of Harrington.

We quote from Horace Walpole's letter to Mr. Montagu :—

"I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham, to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them.—We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just so many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. He mustered the Duke of Kingston, whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years; but alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf; Lord March, Mr. Whitfield, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very polished Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up

the Mall with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham, with his hose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on the outside, and repassed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called to him; he would not answer: she gave a familiar spring, and, between laugh and confusion, ran up to him, 'My lord, my lord! why you don't see us!" We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward, in expectation how all this would end, for my lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of any body; she said, 'Do you go with us, or are *you going anywhere else?*'—'I don't go with you, I am going *somewhere else;*' and away he stalked as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall: there, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel; for a Mrs. Loyd, who is supposed to be married to Lord Haddington, seeing the two girls following Lady Petersham and Miss Ashe, said aloud, 'Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company!' Miss Sparre, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel—a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky to see,—took due pains to make Lord March resent this; but he, who is very lively and agree-

able, laughed her out of this charming frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny's Whim ;* where he had dined with Lady Fanny Seymour, and left her with eight other women and four other men playing at brag. He would fain have made over his honourable love upon any terms to Miss Beauclerc, who is very modest, and did not know at all what to do with his whispers or his hands. He then addressed himself to the Sparre, who was very well disposed to receive both ; but the tide of champagne turned, he hiccupped at the reflection of his marriage (of which he is wondrous sick), and only proposed to the girl to shut themselves up and rail at the world for three weeks. If all the adventures don't conclude as you expect in the beginning of a paragraph, you must not wonder, for I am not making a history, but relating one strictly as it happened, and I think with full entertainment enough to content you. At last, we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petit partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing,

* A tavern at Chelsea, much frequented by people of rank.

and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries, from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland, who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Caroline, 'Madam, Miss Ashe desires you would eat this O'Brien strawberry:' she replied immediately, 'I won't, you hussey.' You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned. After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, 'Now, how any body would spoil this story that was to repeat it, and say, I won't, you jade!' In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth: at last, they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home. I think I have told you the chief passages."

We leave this choice *morçeau* to the consideration of our readers as a graphic picture of the delicacy and propriety of fashion at that day. A

lady of somewhat notorious fame engaging a party of pleasure, if with the privity, evidently not to the pleasure of her husband. His dissatisfaction so palpably displayed, that even the free and easy revellers felt abashed, and hardly knew how to advance. A rude remark made—and wanted to be turned to a duel. A drunken lord picked up, having left his betrothed bride, and making "hiccupping" love to two young ladies—and this not only tolerated, but seeming to add to the pleasure; the lady of the feast with her hat cocked, looking "gloriously jolly and handsome;" and finally, the fun so uproarious, that these fashionable revellers attracted the notice of all the occupants of the garden, gathered them round the booth, and seeming to enjoy doing so.

The presiding deity of this party was so conspicuous a star of fashion, that she may well claim a slight notice here. Horace Walpole, in his epistle to Eckardt, the painter, entitled, "The Beauties," describes her thus:

> "Where Fitzroy moves, resplendent fair,
> So warm her bloom, sublime her air,
> Her ebon tresses, form'd to grace,
> And heighten while they shade her face:
> Such troops of martial youth around,
> Who court the hand that gives the wound;
> 'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confess'd."

This description was written probably when she was in the full meridian of her beauty. In her earliest youth she must have given promise of great

personal charms; a promise fully realized. When only twelve years old the following eulogy on her charms appeared in the leading periodical of the time, the Gentleman's Magazine for 1734:—

"The smiles propitious of that blooming maid,
Are more to me than all the Muses aid.
If the sweet impulse I from her receive,
I'll not despair that ev'n these lines may live,
Which sketch, though faintly, those perfections rare,
That now distinguish the young sparkling fair.
In all her features so much sweetness dwells,
As to th' observer, her great lineage tells;
On sight of her 'tis needless to inquire,
Her every look proclaims her noble sire;
That condescension which in him is seen,
His courtly manners, and majestic mien,
Themselves already in her morn display,
The charms presaging of her fuller day." *

Though undoubtedly a woman of talent, her conduct in life hardly entitled her to the flattering appellation which Walpole applies to her. Her

* Is it possible that the following epigram could ever apply to the fair subject of the foregoing lines? They are the production of Mr. Chute, and Horace Walpole allows that he was much, though not causelessly, provoked.

WHO IS THIS?

Her face has beauty, we must all confess,
But beauty on the brink of ugliness:
Her mouth 's a rabbit feeding on a rose;
With eyes—ten times too good for such a nose!
Her blooming cheeks—what paint could ever draw 'em?
That paint, for which no mortal ever saw 'em.
Air without shape—of royal race divine—
'Tis Emily—oh fie—'tis Caroline.

Walpole, vol. ii., p. 331.

rank, her station, her beauty, her spirit, her wit and convivial qualities made her a star of fashion, a leader of *ton*, and a general acquisition to that world of which amusement is the great aim. But her career was marked by improprieties which even in those times rank and fashion did not justify, though they did not judge them harshly. She was notorious for her gaieties, indeed for her gallantries; and Walpole in his gossiping letters records from time to time some awkward circumstances regarding her.

She was the daughter of the Duke of Grafton, and born in 1722. There seems to have been some probability of a marriage between her and Marshal Conway, Walpole's friend, who afterwards married the Countess of Ailesbury; but the matter did not proceed, and in her twenty-fourth year Lady Caroline Fitzroy was united to Lord Petersham, afterwards Earl of Harrington. She died in 1784.

We will conclude this slight notice of her with the following anecdote, which gives a pointed illustration of her character. The circumstance which it records occurred at the coronation of George the Third, and is related by Walpole.

"My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance; she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig, and a stick. 'Pho,' said he, 'you

will only look as if you were taken up by the constable.' She told this everywhere, thinking the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth."

The assumption of somewhat of masculine style in the attire of the ladies which we have elsewhere noticed* as a fashion of this period, seems to be illustrative of the general character of the era. Ladies appear not to have had any of that delicacy of mind or manner which are now considered indubitably a type of good breeding, though they be not inseparably united with the glare of high fashion. The amusements of that day, nay, their very names — routs — drums — drum-majors, hurricanes—indicated a tone of manners as opposed as possible to the languid *insouciance* of fashion to-day. A Beau or a Maccaroni indeed did we find assume a languid nonchalance as a type of superiority, or rather as a mark of difference; but that it was assumed, and only by marked individuals, shews sufficiently its non-adoption then as a general fashion. Ladies seemed to pride themselves on a masculine tone of manners, and that they were most actively and perseveringly enterprising in the assertion of their privileges, or what they esteemed to be such, let the following strange incident testify. It surely places the stormy propensities of Duchesses and Countesses of the last age beyond question: highborn dames of this have more magnanimity, or at least more supineness; "it is *bon*

* See *infra*: the chapter on Costume.

ton to be tranquil."* The circumstance to which we especially refer took place in 1638, and is thus related by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

"At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to shew on this occasion, that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, (afterwards Whitfeldian,) the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmorland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G— he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by G— they would come in, in spite of

* Coningsby.

the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised the siege. These Amazons now shewed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing vollies of thumps, kicks, and raps, against the door, with so much violence, that the speakers in the House were scarcely heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence, (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave orders for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and shewed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks, (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempt; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably."

Lady M. W. M. adds, "You must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in any history, ancient or modern.

I look so little in my own eyes, (who was at that time ingloriously sitting over a tea-table), I hardly dare subscribe myself even, Yours."

Lady Hervey, a star of fashion, (see page 5,) yet distinguished from the galaxy by mental cultivation and unimpeachable propriety of conduct—by no means a *siné quâ non* of fashion in any age—Lady Hervey gives us a very fair definition of the usual characteristics of a *ton* lady in 1744, when she writes, "I will get a good deal of assurance, an equal quantity of scurrility, which, with the ignorance I am already mistress of, will fit me for the genteelest societies." It was modest and pretty in Lady Hervey to write thus; but the fact is, that fashionable women in general would have been astonished to find themselves possessed of a tithe of the information which distinguished her. Madame de Pompadour writes (1753) her regrets to the Duc de Mirepoix that he is doomed to live in the country of roast beef and insolence, adding, that the English can neither eat, live, nor work with taste. A sweeping censure! but perhaps at that time not altogether unjust.

It was no proof of the good taste or delicacy of the fashionable manners of this period that ladies of *ton* would sup at taverns, and invite "smart young fellows" to accompany and meet them there; a circumstance which in itself, without the indecorums sometimes practised, was sufficient to account for the mistakes occasionally made by foreigners,

one of which, in the case of the too celebrated Lady Harrington, has been recorded by Walpole (1755). This indecorous practice was not abolished, even among the highest classes, until after the accession of George the Third.

Gaming, to which we shall presently refer more particularly, horse-racing, betting, drinking, and the ever-fashionable and favourite occupation of "kicking up rows," distinguished the fashionable gentlemen of the early part of the last century.

"He who aspired to reputation in the circles of gallantry assumed that laxity of morals and looseness of manners which he had so frequently contemplated and admired upon the stage; whilst to be known to have devoted any leisure to the duties of devotion, to the study of the classics, or the acquisition of science, would have ruined him for ever in the estimation of the fashionable world. Nor after all these sacrifices at the shrine of dissipation and vice, were the accomplishments and address of these gentlemen entitled to the praise of either refinement or grace. On the contrary, their manners were coarse, their conversation obscene, and their amusements frequently so gross, that bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and prize-fighting were considered as appropriate recreations for the highest ranks." *

None of our readers can be unacquainted with the

* "Drake's Essays on the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' and 'Guardian.'"

frightful enormities of the Mohock Club, as detailed in the "Spectator;" a body of ruffians, who, however short-lived their sway, durst certainly not have appeared at all without the support and participation of the higher class.

"Pompey the Little," which is not a work of imagination, but of fact, drawn from the existing life of the day, describes two Peers spending their evening at a tavern—sallying forth for a spree—drinking champagne on the Horse at Charing Cross—fighting some hackney coachmen whom they discovered drinking and smoking in a cellar—losing their clothes in the scuffle—being seized by the watch and carried to the round-house—returning home in chairs next morning, when they "new dressed themselves, and then took their seats in Parliament to make laws for the good of their country." *

But the taste for literature and the fine arts which had been awakened, and was fast spreading and becoming more general, was paving the way for a better order of things; and if it required the working of a higher principle to extirpate immorality and profligacy, this was yet a most power-

* All gallantry and fashion, one would imagine, should rise out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail; but alas! in this kingdom gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasures and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are ready to practise crimes the most abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith.—*Guardian*, No. xx.

ful agent in repressing grossness of manners, and in exciting a taste for higher pursuits.

The fashionables of the time of which we have been treating seem as if they had adopted for their maxim the opinion of the lady who considered that God Almighty would think twice before he damned a person of good family.*

* The fashionable painter, Kneller, indulged in a contrary opinion. He once overheard a low fellow cursing himself: "God damn you! indeed," exclaimed the artist in wonder; "God may damn the Duke of Marlborough, and perhaps Sir Godfrey Kneller, but do you think that he will take the trouble of damning such a scoundrel as you?"—*Cunningham's Lives.*

Lord Hervey tells us of a lady who said of her femme de chambre, "Regardez cet animal, considérez ce néant, voilà une belle âme pour être immortelle."

CHAPTER II.

MANNERS.—PART II.

"In England's happy land
Fashion and fame go always hand in hand."
J. B. Freeman.

There can be no doubt that the tide of corruption in manners and morals received a vast check by the accession of George the Third, however little he was qualified by taste and education to establish in his Court a Presidency of Fashion. It cannot be said that immorality ceased, for it did not; but most certainly decency accrued. Three or four Royal courtezans could not now meet with shameless impunity at the Court of their Sovereign.* Queen Charlotte, with a pertinacity which has been blamed and ridiculed, but which certainly did equal credit to her pure taste and admirable judgment, established her Court on a basis of higher

* In the reign of George the First, the Countess of Dorchester, mistress of James the Second, met the Duchess of Portsmouth and the Countess of Orkney (mistresses of Charles and William), at the Drawing Room. "God," exclaimed she, "who would have thought that we three ——s should have met here!"—Jesse.

morality than it had ever been before. Access to it was impossible to numbers who would have had free *entrée* in the preceding reigns. There are few women who, at seventeen years of age, in a strange country, with the jealous eyes of thousands upon every look and action, could at once have established a rule and adhered to it, which militated directly against the habits and manners of the majority of those more immediately affected by it. The following lines are from a mock satire on her, written shortly after her arrival, and display, with much point, the tone of fashionable manners at the time.

"She hates the manners of the times,
And all our fashionable crimes;
And fondly wishes to restore
The golden age, and days of yore,
When silly, simple woman thought
A breach of chastity a fault;
Esteem'd those modish things, DIVORCES,
The very worst of human curses;
And deem'd assemblies, cards, and dice,
The springs of every sort of vice.
Romantic notions! all the fair
At such absurdities much stare;
And, spite of all her pains, will still
Love routs, adultery, and quadrille.'

Much and deservedly as the young King and Queen were respected and admired, it was soon evident to the votaries of fashion, that their goddess would not be enshrined at Court. The course of life which their Majesties at once adopted, was not that usually chosen by young people in the

opening of life, in the pride of health, of the highest rank, and in command of every accessary to enjoyment, which rank, wealth, and unbounded influence could bestow. Far otherwise. "As private individuals, they were blameless and exemplary; but they seem to have considered public business and public representation as a heavy tax imposed on their station, instead of their being the first and inalienable duties of it. This tax duly paid in two weekly Drawing-rooms and two yearly balls, the rest of their time was spent in a retirement which few of their opulent subjects were disposed to share with them.

"The Court, instead of being looked up to by the young as a source of gaiety, by the handsome as a scene of triumph, and by the fashionable as necessary to the confirmation of their pretensions, was soon voted by all a duty, which was performed with a sort of contemptuous reluctance. No fashions emanated from a Court itself an enemy to show, and avoiding all occasions of representation. To be distinguished by the Sovereign, and to form a part of their small domestic circle, was considered a sort of superannuation in the gay society of the metropolis."*

Again, therefore, we quit the Court to follow the wanderings of fashion.

There was a bright galaxy of stars now shining in the fashionable world. The day of the brilliant

* Social Life in England and France. 439.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was past; the interesting Lady Hervey was in retirement; but of those of the past day who now appeared, may be named the "ever fair and ever young" Duchess of Queensberry, the "Kitty" of Prior; the too celebrated Viscountess of Townshend; and the more, and more degradingly, celebrated Miss Chudleigh. The notorious Lady Harrington (see page 43) was now on the upper round of fashion; and the Earls of March (afterwards Duke of Queensberry and Carlisle, are both of fashionable celebrity The beautiful Duchess of Hamilton and Argyle, a personal attendant of the Queen, was now in her prime: her sister, the lovely Lady Coventry, had just sunk beneath consumption.* The Luttrells,

* They were two Irish girls of no fortune, granddaughters, by the mother's side, of Viscount Mayo, but of such extreme beauty that they could not walk in the Park, or go to Vauxhall, that they were not driven away by the mobs that followed them; nay, Walpole says, that "on the occasion of the Duchess of Hamilton's presentation at Court on her marriage, even the noble mob in the Drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her." Mrs. Montagu calls them "those Goddesses the Gunnings;" indeed it seems as if

> "So refined a *je ne sais quoi* was about 'em,
> For goddesses there was no reason to doubt 'em."

One of these young ladies married the Earl of Coventry, but soon died, a victim to consumption. The other married first the Duke of Hamilton (see *supra*, page 34); and secondly, the Duke of Argyle. She died in 1790. She was descended in the thirty-third generation from Charlemagne, and enjoyed sixty titles.—See *Gentleman's Mag.* for 1790.

one of whom was destined to be a royal bride, were fast winning their way to fame: the beautiful Lady Waldegrave,* who also married a Royal Duke, was now sparkling; and Walpole enumerates and admirably classifies many of those bright stars of fashion who glittered in the train of Queen Charlotte at her Coronation. One of the fashionables of this period was Lady Mary Coke, who is thus prettily characterized in some extemporaneous lines by Lady Temple:

> "She sometimes laughs, but never loud;
> She 's handsome, too, but somewhat proud:
> At court she bears away the bell;
> She dresses fine and figures well:
> With decency she 's gay and airy;
> Who can this be but Lady Mary?"

Walpole particularizes some of the fair and fashionable attendants on the Coronation as follows:†

Lady Pembroke, alone at the head of the Countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty; the Duchess of Richmond, as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her. Lady Spencer, Lady Sutherland, and Lady Northampton, were pretty figures. Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large.

* Horace Walpole's niece. Her daughter by the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester, died whilst these pages were in progress, 29th November, 1844. She was, of course, grand niece to Horace Walpole.

† The following "letter" to Eckhardt, the painter, in which several of the fashionable beauties of the day are recorded,

The ancient Peeresses were by no means the worst party:

Lady Westmoreland, still handsome, and with

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though referring to a period rather antecedent to the one under consideration, may not inaptly be republished here.

THE BEAUTIES.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. ECKHARDT, THE PAINTER.

In Britain's isle observe the fair,
And curious choose your models there;
Such patterns as shall raise your name
To rival sweet Corregio's fame:
Each single work shall be a test,
And Zeuxis' patchwork be a jest,
Who ransack'd Greece, and cull'd the age
To bring one goddess on the stage;
On your rich canvass we 'll admire
The charms of the whole heavenly choir.
Majestic Juno shall be seen
In Harvey's * glorious awful mein,
Where Fitzroy † moves, resplendent fair,
So warm her bloom, sublime her air;
Her ebon tresses, form'd to grace,
And heighten while they shade her face;
Such troops of martial youth around,
Who court the hand that gives the wound;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confess'd,
Tho' Stanhope's ‡ more than Paris bless'd.
So Cleveland § shown in warlike pride,
By Lilly's pencil deified:
So Grafton,|| matchless dame, commands
The fairest work of Kneller's hands:

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* Miss Harvey, now Mrs. Phipps. † Lady Caroline Fitzroy.
‡ Lord Petersham.
§ The Duchess of Cleveland, like Pallas among the beauties at Windsor.
|| Duchess of Grafton, among the beauties of Hampton Court.

more dignity than all. Duchess of Queensberry looked well, though her locks milk-white. Lady Albemarle very genteel.

The blood that warm'd each amorous court,
In veins as rich still loves to sport:
And George's age beholds restor'd
What William boasts and Charles ador'd.
For Venus's the Trojan ne'er
Was half so puzzled to declare:
Ten queens of beauty sure I see!
Yet sure the true is EMILY;*
Such majesty of youth and air
Yet modest as the village fair;
Attracting all, indulging none,
Her beauty, like the glorious sun
Thron'd eminently bright above,
Impartial warms the world to love.
In smiling CAPEL's† beauteous look
Rich Autumn's goddess is mistook,
With poppies and with spiky corn,
Eckhardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;
And by her side, in decent line,
Place charming BERKELEY,‡ Prosperine.
Mild as a summer sea, serene.
In dimpled beauty next be seen,
AYLESBURY§ like hoary Neptune's Queen.
With her the light-dispensing fair,
Whose beauty gilds the morning air,
And bright as her attendant sun,
The new Aurora, LYTTLETON.‖
Such Guido's¶ pencil beauty tip'd,
And in ethereal colours dip'd.

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* Lady Emily Lenox, now Countess of Kildare.
† Lady Mary Capel. ‡ Countess of Berkeley.
§ Countess of Aylesbury. ‖ Mrs. Lyttleton.
¶ Guido's Aurora in the Respiglioni Palace at Rome.

Nay, the middle age had some good representatives in Lady Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all.

A most engaging woman, not however men-

In measur'd dance to tuneful song,
Drew the sweet goddess, as along
Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet spread,
The buxom Hours she fairest led.
The crescent on her brow display'd,
In curls of loveliest brown inlaid,
With every charm to rule the night,
Like Dian, STRAFFORD* woos the sight;
The easy shape, the piercing eye,
The snowy bosom's purity,
The unaffected gentle phrase
Of native wit in all she says;
Eckhardt, for these thy art 's too faint:
You may admire, but cannot paint.
How Hebe smil'd, what bloom divine
On the young goddess loved to shine,
From CARPENTER† we guess, or see,
All beauteous MANNERS,‡ beam for thee.
How pretty Flora, wanton maid,
By Zephyr woo'd in noontide shade,
With rosy hand coquetly throwing
Pansies, beneath her sweet touch blowing;
How blithe she look'd, let FANNY§ tell,
Let Zephyr own it half as well.
Another goddess‖ of the year,
Fair Queen of Summer, see, appear;
Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,
Her panting bosom loosely bound,
Ethereal beauty in her face,
Rather the beauties of her race,

* Countess of Strafford. † Miss Carpenter.
‡ Miss Manners. § Miss Fanny Macartney. ‖ Pomona.

tioned by Walpole as present at the coronation, was the Countess of Essex. The following beautiful tribute to her character was penned about two or three years prior to the period of which we

---

Whence ev'ry goddess, envy smit,
Must own each Stonehouse meets in Pitt.*
Exhausted all the heav'nly train,
How many mortals yet remain,
Whose eyes shall try your pencil's art,
And in my numbers claim a part!
Our sister muses must describe
CHUDLEIGH,† or name her of the tribe;
And JULIANA‡ with the nine,
Shall aid the melancholy line,
To weep her dear Resemblance§ gone,
Where all these beauties met in one.
Sad fate of beauty! more I see,
Afflicted, lovely family!
Two beauteous nymphs, here, Painter, place,
Lamenting o'er their sister Grace; ||
One,¶ matron-like, with sober grief,
Scarce gives her pious sighs relief;
While t' other** lovely maid appears
In all the melting pow'r of tears;
The softest form, the gentlest grace,
The sweetest harmony of face;
Her snowy limbs, and artless move
Contending with the Queen of Love;
While bashful beauty shuns the prize,
Which Emily might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

Dodsley's Collection, vol. iii. 1763.

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* Miss Atkins, now Mrs. Pitt.
† M. Chudleigh.
‡ Lady Juliana Farmor.
§ L. Sophia Farmor, Countess of Granville.
|| Miss Mary Evelyn
¶ Mrs. Boone.
** Mrs. Elizabeth Evelyn.

treat, by her father, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and was written by him with no view of publication, or of blazoning her worth, but in the fulness and grateful joy of his heart, to an intimate friend. Fortunately, it has been preserved by the Editor of the recent edition of his works:—

"I leave you to imagine my happiness in seeing her ('my beloved Lady Essex') to behold what I love much the best in the world endowed with every exterior charm, and an inside that at least equals her beautiful person. Her knowledge of the Court and of the world is prodigious. She has many acquaintances among her own sex, and two of the most exemplary women we have in England for her friends—I mean, Lady Caroline Fox, and the Countess of Dalkeith. She is distinguished more than any woman that comes to Court by the King, and for good breeding and good sense has hardly her equal in England; but one thing, which perhaps you don't know about her, is that she shines full as much in the character of a good housewife as she does in the character of a fine lady; and that all the accounts of my lord's estates, and the expenses of his house, are neatly kept in books by her own hand. In short, she has exceeded all my hopes, and requited my fondest wishes about her."*

* Works of the Right Hon. Sir C. H. Williams. 1822. Mrs. Montagu's reference to this lady accidentally corroborates her father's eulogium. As to wanting the *bon ton*, perhaps no one struggled harder to obtain it than Mrs. Montagu herself.

The Duchess of Queensberry, with her "milk-white locks," must have looked remarkable in the train of the young queen. She was a very singular person; indeed, eccentricity was her pride and her failing, and often induced the disregard and contempt of those who possessed neither her strong sense nor excellent kindness of heart. Lady Bolingbroke gave her the title of "Sa Singularité," and her Grace was in raptures with the appellation. Lord Cornbury writes from Spa, in 1734, that, "she has been called *Sir* upon the road above twenty times;" this mistake was occasioned by the peculiarity of the dress she wore at that period. In her old age, it was her whim and habit to wear precisely the same style of dress to which she had been accustomed in her youth. Like the celebrated Duchess of Newcastle, she was often called "the mad Duchess," but, like her, she was a faithful and excellent wife, and a sincere and warm friend. She was the daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, and the wife of Charles Douglas, Duke of Queensberry, the kind friend and patron of Gay. The Duchess was fully as enthusiastic as her husband in esteem and regard for the

"I am glad I mentioned Lady Essex in my former letter, as I find people have said things to her disadvantage. She coquets extremely with her own husband, which is very lawful, and she has a general air of vivacity which, to those who are hérissées with prudery, may displease; but she is an amiable fine girl. She wants to have the *bon ton*, and you know the *bon ton* of 1756 is *un peu équivoque*."

poet, and was even forbidden the Court in consequence of her exertions in his behalf after the prohibition of the "Beggars' Opera."

Prior's lines on her are very characteristic, and were once very popular :—

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd.

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise Mamma ordain'd ;
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With abigails, forsaken ?
Kitty 's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must *she* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?

What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast ?

Dearest Mamma ! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
I 'll have my Earl as well as she,*
Or know the reason why.

I 'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall ;
They 'll grieve I was not loos'd before ;
She, I *was* loos'd at all.

* The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane Hyde.

Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And *set the world on fire.*

Half a century afterwards we read this commentary on the above in Walpole's Letters:

"1771. The Duchess of Queensberry is still figuring in the world, not only by giving frequent balls, but really by her beauty. Reflect that she was a goddess in Prior's days! I could not help adding these lines on her—you know his end:—

'Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire."

This was some fifty-six years ago, or more. I gave her this stanza:—

'To many a Kitty, Love his ear
Will for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Obtain'd it for an age!'

And she is old enough to be pleased with the compliment." *

* Walpole to Mann, Coll. Ser. vol. ii. p. 150. The following epigram occasioned by Mr. Walpole's impromptu on the Duchess of Queensberry appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine."

"When Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
The Strawberry bard inspir'd,
She who the world with Cupid's car
For a whole age has fir'd;

"'Guess why,' she cry'd, 'his praise I share
With Roman and with Greek,
Such connoisseurs admire the rare,
And prize the true antique.'"

Walpole gives some amusing instances of her eccentricities in regard to her own domestic entertainments. On one occasion (March, 1764) he says, 'The only extraordinary thing the Duchess did, was to do nothing extraordinary; for I do not call it very mad, that some pique happening between her and the Duchess of Bedford, the latter had this distich sent to her,

> 'Come with a whistle, and come with a call,
> Come with a good will, or come not at all.'

"I do not know whether what I am going to tell you did not border a little upon Moorfields. (*Old Bedlam stood on Moorfields.*) The gallery where they danced was very cold. Lord Lorn, George Selwyn, and I retired into a little room, and sat comfortably by the fire. The Duchess looked in, said nothing, and sent a smith to take the hinges of the door off. We understood the hint, and left the room, and so did the smith the door. This was pretty legible."

She died in 1777. The following remark, brief as it is, extracted from one of her letters to Lady Suffolk (from Edinburgh), in 1734, gives a tolerable idea of her odd, amusing temper:—

"I am tired to death with politics and elections; they ought in conscience to be but once in an age: and I have not met with any one in this country who doth not eat with a knife, and drink a *dish* of tea. This added to many other cutting things, you must own, makes a dreadful account."

But it is not to individual examples, but to the bias and practice of the multitude that we must look for the general tone of manners; for the flagrant immoralities we have still to point out would be very unjustly referred to some of those whom we have cited as bearing a high tone of fashion, but who were likewise models of propriety and conduct. We should be doing injustice to many of the most charming daughters of fashionable England at any time, but more especially since the accession of George the Third, did we identify them with all the immoral levities of the circle in which they moved.

The grossness of manners and of language which we have referred to as disgracing the fashionable tone of the earlier part of this century gradually disappeared after the accession of George the Third. His own good taste banished it from his Court, and others were quickly awakened to a sense of its impropriety and innate vulgarity. The great bulk of the nation, too, hailed with delight the unaccustomed sight of domestic virtue and conjugal fidelity in the Royal home of England, and licentiousness at least cloaked itself under the mask of decency;* an unfaithful wife "assumed a virtue

* "What if vice itself could be excused, there is a certain display of it, a certain outrage to decency, and violation of public decorum, which, for the benefit of society, should never be forgiven. It is not that he† kept a mistress at home, but

† The Duke of Grafton, brother to the Countess of Harrington.

though she had it not;" open adultery no longer sate enthroned in the high places of the land. There can be little doubt that from this period open licentiousness was held much in check, though at a later time an inundation of French republican principles, and at one still later, the sad example of a profligate King, with the licence of a Queenless Court, did for short intervals impede the course of amendment.

But there was one fashionable evil over which the Royal example had not a shadow of influence, and this was the widely-spread and most destructive vice of gaming. Brought in like a blighting fiend by Charles the Second and his profligate Court, its baneful progress had scarcely been impeded, certainly never stopped. It spread as much amongst the fair sex as amongst men, and was pursued by them with the same frightful avidity. The "Guardian" (No. 120) particularly calls attention to the prevalence of the vice amongst women, and earnestly warns them against it. But Lady M. W. Montagu only too truly paints the usual feeling

that he constantly attended her abroad. It is not the private indulgence, but the public insult of which I complain. The name of Miss Parsons would hardly have been known, if the First Lord of the Treasury had not led her in triumph, even in the presence of the Queen. When we see a man act in this manner, we may admit the shameless depravity of his heart, but what are we to think of his understanding?"

The above letter was published about 1768-9: ten years earlier, the conduct which it censures would hardly have excited so much reprobation.

which indulgence in this vice inspires, and which did then prevail to a frightful extent—in her "Town Eclogues:"

> But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
> To gaze on Bassette, and remain unwarm'd?
> When *Kings, Queens, knaves,* are set in decent rank,
> Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank—
> Guineas, half guineas, all the shining train,
> The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain;
> In bright confusion open *rouleaus* lie,
> They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
> Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
> My passions rise, and will not bear the rein:
> Look upon Bassette, ye who reason boast,
> *And see if reason must not there be lost.*

There are records about this period (1739) of meetings for whist for young people of quality, of both sexes, of whom the oldest was not above fourteen, and who would lose with the most perfect nonchalance several guineas a-night. The writer of the account to which we refer (Gents. Mag., June, 1739) cites a remark of one of those precocious spirits, a young lady (*under fourteen*, remember, reader) who said, after having lost considerably over her rubber, that there was much "more spirit in games of chance, and desired to know whether the late ridiculous act against gaming would prevent betting upon things."

A few years later (1755) the prevailing mode of polite assemblies is thus described:—

"Polite assemblies neither aim at wit and honour, nor make the least pretence to cultivate

society. Their whole evenings are consumed at the card-table, without the least attempt at any other conversation, but the usual altercations of partners between the deals. Whist has destroyed conversation, spoilt society, and murdered sleep. This kind of good company is as ridiculous, and more insipid than either the society of witlings or hard-drinkers. Tossing of bumpers is as rational, and an employment infinitely more joyous than shuffling a pack of cards a whole night; and puns, jokes, and mimickry, however stale and repeated, furnish the company with conversation of as much use and variety as the odd trick, and four by honours.

"Such are the agreeable evenings passed at White's and the other coffee-houses about St. James's. Such is the happiness of routs, drums, and hurricanes; and without gaming and intrigues, what insipid things are even masquerades and ridottos! At such meetings, the man who is good company plays the game very well, knows more cases than Hoyle, and often possesses some particular qualifications, which would be no great recommendation to him any where else. Instead of meeting together like other companies, with a desire of natural delight, they sit down with a design upon the pockets of each other; though indeed it is no wonder, when one has stripped another of two or three thousand pounds, if the successful gamester thinks the person he has fleeced very good company."*

* The Connoisseur. No. 57.

The manner in which it is recorded that George the Second reconciled his love of hazard with his love of economy is amusing. Before he began to play he always declared aloud on whom or on what he would bestow his winnings, and thus he frequently portioned off old servants, thus he made bequests to favourite charities (as, e. g., 1000*l.* to the Foundling Hospital), and boasted on these occasions that he did not burden his country, but made his friends provide the needful.

The Lady Elizabeth Luttrell (sister of the Duchess of Cumberland) has obtained an unenviable notoriety from her passion for gaming. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire has the same stigma on her name; but Miss Pelham, the daughter of the Minister, though amply endowed, rendered herself penniless by gaming, and became, necessarily, dependent on her sister. But few fashionable women can be mentioned who did not, more or less, adopt this fashionable vice.

Bassette, however, which Lady M. W. Montagu especially celebrates, and which emptied so many coffers, and agitated so many hearts in Charles the Second's reign, and brag, and crimp, and hazard, and ombre, and quadrille, seem to have yielded to the universal "dynasty" of whist; and this, in many circles, gave way to the more exciting and gambling amusement of loo, introduced originally, it is said, by William the Third, though we fancy we have seen a notice of it earlier. This game,

when "unlimited," for there were two modes of playing it, was as pretty and speedy a way of ruining a man, as can easily be conceived. To loo succeeded faro, which maintained its ascendancy at aristocratic tables until rouge-et-noir and écarté distanced all competition as the speediest mode of mortgaging acres. In "The World," of Jan. 1, 1787, there is a notice of the introduction of a rouge-et-noir table at Bath, which the writer of the paragraph estimates as "nearly equal to sudden death." It has indeed been the cause of many an actual as well as moral death.

Walpole tells us of a curious fashion which obtained, about 1759, relative to the loo-table. This was the custom of a set of loo-players to meet at the house of a lying-in lady. "Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one or two in the morning. We played at Lady Hertford's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her Lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. Fitzroy's, whose child the town calls *Pam-e-la.* I proposed that, instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in a morning to Dr. Hunter's, the man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening."

We learn from the same source that the young men of fashion were in the habit of losing five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening at Almack's, which then (1770) seems to have taken the lead of White's. Lord Stavordale, he says, not

one-and-twenty, lost eleven thousand pounds there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard: he swore a great oath,—"Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions." *

This young gentleman was cousin to Charles Fox, of gambling and other—higher—celebrity. It is needless to dwell here on the gaming propensities of this great man; indeed, they were in early life excusable, for they had been fostered by his father, who, from his very childhood, had been in the daily habit of giving him money with which to speculate at the gaming table. His friends Sheridan and Burke, are known to have looked to the gaming-table as a constant resource. Nay, even women, fashionable women, of rank and title, condescended to keep gaming-tables in their houses as a means of supplying their own extravagances. Walpole writes from Paris, 1739—

"You would not exactly guess their notions of honour. I'll tell you one: it is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the King's service, as they call it; and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming houses: there are at least a hundred and fifty people of the first

* "The play at Watier's, which was very deep, eventually ruined the club, as well as Brummell, and several other members of it. A certain Baronet, now living, is said to have lost 10,000*l.* there at *écarté* at one sitting: but play ran high at all the clubs. 'Pay 1,500*l.* to Lord * * *,' said the Marquis of H. one night to the croupier at White's—it was for one rubber of whist."—*Life of Brummell.*

quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, faro, &c. The men who keep the hazard-table at the Duc de Gesvres, pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the Princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses."

And in time this became also the custom in England. The Duchess of Cumberland kept one, and towards the close of the century, the principal gaming-tables, or faro-banks in London, were kept by titled ladies. One kept by the Honourable Mrs. Hobart, afterwards Countess of Berkshire, was much frequented by the Prince of Wales. Probably we may refer to Madame de Mazarin* as offering the first example of this degrading custom in England.

Walpole gives some astounding instances of the excess of this fashionable vice of gaming. Lord Foley's sons, he says, borrowed money so extravagantly, that the interest alone amounted to 18,000*l.* per annum. A more touching circumstance is that of the highly accomplished Mrs. Damer, who was ruined in early life by the extravagant propensities of her husband. This gentleman, the son of Lord Milton, was unable to cope with his self-created necessities, and committed suicide. His beautiful wife was left to struggle more nobly with her ill-deserved misfortunes.

* Vol. i., chap. ii.

Extravagance was by no means confined to gaming, though it found in that its most prolific outlet. Dissipation, says Walpole, without object, pleasure, or genius, is the only colour of the time. Money was squandered in a way that is almost incredible: those who had it threw it about like dirt—it was the fashion to do so: those who had it not, affected to spend as freely, and incurred enormous debts, which they were guiltless of the slightest intention of ever attempting to liquidate. Lord Wharncliffe tells us that the grandsons of the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, "Jack Spenser and the Duke," had a rule "never to dirty their fingers with silver;" and as they, like all other gentlemen at that time, went about in hackney-chairs, the chairmen used to fight for the honour of carrying them, in hopes of picking up the guinea sure to be flung instead of a shilling when they were set down: and Walpole names one of his acquaintance, a younger brother, who was in the daily habit of giving a flower-girl half-a-guinea for roses for his button-hole.

But these were natural, nay, pardonable modes of spending money, compared with the wanton gambling which characterized the young men of fashion, towards the close of the century, with a high personage, the Prince of Wales, at their head.

Then nothing was too trivial, too ridiculous, or too insignificant to be made the medium of squandering money. The utmost excitement would pre-

vail—for ruinous sums were in abeyance—as to which of two drops of rain coursing down the window-pane would soonest reach the bottom; or which of two maggots would achieve in a certain given time the greatest distance across the cheese-board; or which of two aspirants should pull the longest straw from a rick. In the play of "The Ton, or the Follies of Fashion," a publication which we have before quoted as affording a correct picture of the times, Lady Wallace has a hit at these fashionable and expensive puerilities:

Lord Bonton.—Come, come; let us settle our match for 5,000*l.* on the race between the two earwigs.

Lord Raymond.—I bet my brown against your black for a thousand.

Lord Bonton.—Done.

Macpharo.—I take the same bet, Raymond.

Lord Raymond.—Done.

Macpharo, (*aside.*)—'Pon my soul, then, I'll put a little wax on his road, that will stiffen his legs a bit.

But can any wager named in the annals of fashionable folly, be more outrageously absurd than the one in which it is recorded that the Prince of Wales (George IV.) lost several thousand pounds? It was on a race of twenty turkeys against twenty geese, for a distance of ten miles. The Prince ignorantly betted on the turkies, induced to do so by the *apparent* example of a shrewd gambling friend,* whose present secret object was to make a

* George Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine, an eccentric character, who usually wore a silk handkerchief round his neck, a club under his arm, and divided his time between the palace and the public-house. He died in 1817.

pigeon of his Royal Highness. An ennobling sight, in truth, it must have been to see the heir apparent to the British throne urging his turkies on with a pole, having a bit of red cloth tagged to it; or strewing barley along the ground with his own royal hands, in the vain endeavour to coax his most rebellious lieges from their frequent roost in the branches of the trees that skirted the way.

Walpole tells an excellent story of a waiter at Arthur's Club House being committed to prison for a robbery, and a member of the Club saying on the occasion, "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

Walpole means but to commemorate his friend, (George Selwyn's) witticism; but a reflecting person even of that unreflecting day might find as much truth as humour in the remark.

Pass we, however, the vices, to survey briefly the fashionable follies of the day. The "business of dissipation" was now in very full working. Indeed it was very fairly commencing at an early period of the century, when the "Tatler" informs us of a fashionable lady calling on him, and plainly expressing her hope of not finding her acquaintance.

"Mr. Bickerstaff," said she, "you cannot imagine how much you are obliged to me in staying thus long with you, having so many visits to make; and indeed, if I had not hopes that a third part of those I am going to will be abroad, I should be unable to dispatch them this evening."—"Madam," said I, "are you in all this haste and perplexity, and only

going to see such as you have not a mind to see?" "Yes, sir," said she, "I have several now with whom I keep a constant correspondence, and return visit for visit punctually every week, and yet we have not seen each other since last November was twelvemonth.*

This certainly savours infinitely more of the business of dissipation than the pleasure of social life; the claims of friendship, which in the old world might have found a place, are here totally unrecognised. We have an intimation of the same tone of feeling thirty years later:

Lord Plausible.—I would not have my visits troublesome.

Manly.—The only way to be sure not to have 'em troublesome is to make 'em when people are not at home; for your visits, like other good turns, are most obliging when made or done to a man in his absence. Pox, why should any one, because he has nothing to do, go to disturb another man's business?†

Later still, the fashionable Mrs. Montagu was of opinion that "it is very unreasonable to expect

* How solemn a business the observance of punctilios is among the female sex, their set visiting days, and all the peculiarities which belong to them, may well testify. Among persons of any fashion, it is the sole employment of one man to register the visits paid, the how-dye's sent, the messages left; that the lady may repay the same visits, return the same how-dye's, and send a servant to leave the same messages. Thus, to preserve them from any the least breach of punctilios, the whole state of the visitant account is placed by way of debtor and creditor, and the lady supervises her ceremonial ledger every morning, lest she should leave any debt of honour unpaid, and a commission of ill-manners be issued out against her, to the loss of her credit and acquaintance.—*Universal Spectator.* 1736.

† Plain Dealer; Act I, Sc. I.

one should be at home, because one is in the house."

Lady M. W. Montagu records, in 1723, that there is not a street in the town free from assemblies, and that spirited ladies go to seven in a night. Surely this was making dissipation a business, and a laborious one too. "A succession of stimulants," says a modern writer, "appears necessary to the upholding of social existence;"—had he said of *fashionable* existence, his assertion could not have elicited a question: the mind was constantly called forth from itself by outward excitements; and it seemed as if it might be a sin against the great autocracy of Fashion, that one of its votaries should have time to reflect or be drawn for one thoughtful hour from the vortex of dissipation. Horace Walpole's day, as he describes it,* is quiet and sober compared to the occupation in those of persons who

* "To Lady Hervey. June, 1765. My resolutions of growing old and staid are admirable: I wake with a sober plan, and intend to pass the day with my friends. Then comes the Duke of Richmond, and hurries me down to Whitehall to dinner. Then the Duchess of Grafton sends for me to loo in Upper Grosvenor-street,—before I can get thither, I am begged to step to Kensington, to give Mrs. Anne Pitt my opinion about a bow-window; after the loo, I am to march back to Whitehall to supper,—and after that, am to walk with Miss Pelham on the terrace till two in the morning, because it is moonlight and her chair is not come. All this does not help my morning laziness; and, by the time I have breakfasted, fed my birds and my squirrels, and dressed, there is an auction ready. In short, Madam, this was my life last week, and is, I think, every week, with the addition of forty episodes."

revelled in the full flush of fashion, for he was really fond of his books and his pen, really fond of his country retreat; and by no means alarmed, as a legitimate fashionist ever would be, of spending a few hours or days alone. But it was otherwise with the slaves of fashion. Their days were spent in a round of occupations succeeding each other with such close rapidity, that it was a perfect hurry scurry to get from one in time for another. Whatever the objects of their guest it mattered not, so that they were sufficiently notorious and sufficiently exciting. Whether to see Punch enact his pantomime, whether to hear sentence of an ignominious death passed on a degraded peer,* to attend an auction of china, or to see a ghost;† all were equally enchanting and killingly attractive, if but marked with the mystic symbol of fashion. Nature must have endowed them, too, with nerves and sinews of iron to enable them to bear their multitudinous fatigues. But it has been often noticed, and is a very remarkable and still unexplained circumstance of physiology, that a fashionable lady, who would faint with the exertion of walking half a mile, and could never survive the fatigue of a little domestic occu-

* See the trial of Lord Ferrers, on which occasion Mrs. Montagu says the ladies crowded to the House of Lords.

† "You scold me for going to see the ghost, and I don't excuse myself; but in such a town as this, if a ghost is in fashion, one must as much visit it, as leave one's name with a new Secretary of State."

Walpole to *Mann*. Coll. Ser., vol. i., p. 74.

pation, will yet go through a suite of crowded hot rooms, and the alternations of atmosphere necessarily attendant on such a progress, not only with marvellous fortitude and wonderfully little fatigue, but without derangement to the health, which she usually represents as so fragile, so frighfully delicate. However, it is not every one, even of the most devoted and practised fashionables who could emulate the activity of the Duchess of Gordon. Her day may give us a not inapt idea of the general routine of a fashionable day in 1791 :

" One of the empresses of fashion, the Duchess of Gordon, uses fifteen or sixteen hours of her four-and-twenty. I heard her journal of last Monday. She first went to Handel's music in the Abbey; she then clambered over the benches, and went to Hastings's trial in the Hall; after dinner, to the play ; then to Lady Lucas's assembly ; after that to Ranelagh, and returned to Mrs. Hobart's faro table ; gave a ball herself in the evening of that morning, into which she must have got a good way ; and set out for Scotland the next day. Hercules could not have achieved a quarter of her labours in the same space of time." *

This lady was one of the celebrated trio on the *haut pas* of fashion and *ton* towards the close of the last century—the Duchesses of Rutland, Devonshire, and Gordon, on whom the following epigram was written :—

* Walpole, vol. vi. p. 431.

"Come, Paris, leave your hills and dells;
You 'll scorn your dowdy goddesses,
If once you see our English belles,
For all their gowns and boddices.

"Here's Juno Devon, all sublime,
Minerva Gordon's wit and eyes;
Sweet Rutland, Venus in her prime;
You 'll die before you give the prize."

The Duchess of Rutland, daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Beaufort, was, as the lines declare, superlatively beautiful, and was a model of grace and elegance, but somewhat inanimate in manner, and not gifted in intellect. Her demise is recorded in 1831, after a widowhood of nearly fifty years.*

The Duchess of Gordon was daughter of Sir John Maxwell, of Monteith, and sister of Lady Wallace, authoress of a comedy frequently quoted in these pages. In Wraxall's Posthumous Memoirs we read the following description of her:—

"She was not feminine in person, manners, or mind. Her features, however, noble and regular, always animated, constantly in play, never deficient in vivacity or intelligence, yet displayed no timidity. They were sometimes overclouded by occasional frowns of anger or vexation, much more frequently lighted up with smiles. Her conversation bore a very strong analogy to her intellectual formation. Exempted by her sex, rank, and beauty, from those

* The beautiful Duchess of Rutland, better known to this generation, was the Lady Elizabeth Howard, wife of the fifth Duke of Rutland (son of the lady recorded in the text) and died suddenly in 1825.

restraints imposed on woman by the generally recognised usages of society, the Duchess of Gordon frequently dispensed with their observance."

Such characteristics, however detracting from our interest in her as a pattern of feminine life, were in the highest degree desirable to the leading political powers of the day, who were most eager to avail themselves of the influence which her personal attractions, high mental powers, and lofty station gave her against their more feminine, but most potent rival, the Duchess of Devonshire. Whilst the latter won the hearts of coal-heavers to Fox and the Opposition, the former acted as "whipper-in" to Pitt and the Ministry. Her elegant mansion in Pall Mall, crowded with every refined incitement to pleasure, was rendered quite subservient to political purposes; and, by the energetic aid of its mistress, was made to render her political friends good service. An ambitious mother, we may fairly suppose her own ends were furthered at the same time, for of her five daughters, three married dukes, and one a marquis. In her youthful prime she was the subject of the once well-known ballad of "Jenny of Monteith." Her energy was almost unparalleled. On the discomfiture of Burgoyne's army, she set off in the midst of winter for the Highlands, and by her personal exertions raised a troop of volunteers. And her influence in the world of fashion was as marked as in that of politics. The life and spirit of the season never commenced until her arrival in town.

She first introduced the custom of dancing at routs, an agreeable innovation on the interminable carding; and, moreover, with patriotic zeal, she introduced Scotch dancing, till then unheard of in the fashionable world. Her own example, for she danced well, and that of her five daughters, who danced beautifully, soon established this style on a firm *footing*. Theretofore French dancing only had been customary.

She was greatly admired by persons in lower circles of life with whom she was at times thrown into communication; and this was in great measure owing to her exquisite tact in suiting her conversation to her company. She was by no means scrupulous in her remarks: many of her sayings are on record of which the keen wit is unquestionable and—also the indelicacy.

Loved and honoured by her large family, for whose welfare her exertions had been unceasing, the Duchess of Gordon, in composure and peace, and, surrounded by all her children, breathed her last in April, 1812.

Co-existent, however, with all this stir and excitement in action, seems to have been an affectation of the most extreme lassitude of manner in some young women, and in the men—the exquisites—the maccaronies, as they were then called, an effeminacy of manners and appearance perfectly contemptible.* Miss Burney has depicted this

* Walpole tells us of a set of fashionable young men who, dining at a tavern in 1771, thought the noise of the coaches

Sir Joshua Reynolds pinx.

Dixon sculp.

class well in Lovel, in her novel of "Evelina," and also in her novel of "Cecelia." General Burgoyne, in "The Heiress," and Lady Wallace in "The Ton," have both exposed this folly of fashion. General Burgoyne thus satirizes the mawkish affectations of the time :—

Lady Em.—My dear Miss Alscrip, what are you doing? I must correct you as I love you. Sure you must have observed the drop of the under lip is exploded since Lady Simpermode broke a tooth—(*sets her mouth affectedly*).—I am preparing the cast of the lips for the ensuing winter—thus.—It is to be called the Paphian mimp.

Miss Alscrip, (*imitating*).—I swear I think it pretty.—I must try to get it.

Lady Em.—Nothing so easy. It is done by one cabalistical word, like a metamorphosis in the fairy tales. You have only, when before your glass, to keep pronouncing to yourself nimi-niprimini—the lips cannot fail of taking their place.

Miss Alscrip.—Nimini-pimini—imini, mimini—oh, it's delightfully enfantine—and so innocent, to be kissing one's own lips!

Lady Em.—You have it to a charm—does it not become her infinitely?

Lady Wallace, however, did the world a higher service than satirizing mere follies, in calling attention to the sadly—not merely defective—but immoral training of young ladies of family, which was then called education.

"Indeed, Monsieur, she be de foolish baby; I do all I can to teach her de grace, and how she shou'd

troublesome, and ordered the street to be littered with straw, as it is for an invalid. The bill for the straw amounted to fifty shillings each.

behave,—but she be so very shy, so modest, she can never be de least a Ton lady——I tell her de Ton lady be all small talk, all *manière*—I teach her to practise de grace; de saucy look for de inferior, de inviting look for de men—de sneer for the infortunate, and de cringe for the leader of de Ton."

Our readers will at once perceive that the speaker is an unprincipled French Governess, and will not be surprised to learn that the pupil under her training retires at a very early age with a ruined character. After the exposition we have made of French fashions in other chapters, we need hardly state that that country was the emporium of immorality, even before the exhibition of frightful degeneracy of morals and manners engendered by the Revolution; and yet persons from thence were ever in request as governesses to young Englishwomen, how doubtful soever, or rather, however undoubted their characters might be. *Manière, ton*, was everything; and in this one thing needful, fate had decreed the English should be deficient.

A writer in the "Connoiseur," complains bitterly of the education of girls, which he says will be found "to consist in the knowledge of intriguing, dress, and (I may add too), the card-table. In the first of these particulars they constantly receive lessons from the milliners, mantua-makes, and maid-servants; and by being carried about to all public places of diversion, they soon become proficients in the sciences. The same tutors likewise take care

to instruct their young pupils in the Art of Dress; and I have known a little Miss, by the time she was arrived in her teens, so nice an adept in face-painting, as to apply the *rouge* to her pretty cheeks with as much elegance and propriety as her mamma. To conclude, when a young lady has got Hoyle's rules by heart, and is qualified to play a rubber at a Sunday rout, it is a sure mark of her having had a complete GOOD EDUCATION."

The following apt illustration of the same opinion is from the "Rambler:—

"DEAR MR. RAMBLER,

"I have been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine sales, five shows, and four card-tables, and put me seventeen visits behind; and the doctor tells my mamma that if I fret and cry, it will settle in my head, and I shall not be fit to be seen these five weeks. But, dear Mr. Rambler, how can I help it? At this very time, Melissa is dancing with the prettiest gentleman in the world; she will breakfast with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions and hear compliments, and have presents; and then she will be drest, and visit, and get a ticket to the play; then go to cards, and win, and come home with two flambeaux before her chair. Dear Mr. Rambler, who can bear it? * * *

"Those vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books (according to the advice of her

mother and aunt), I have never yet obtained; for, consider, Mr. Rambler, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot rise early; as soon as I am up, I dress for the gardens; then walk in the park; then always go to some sale or show, or some entertainment at the little theatre; then must be dressed for dinner; then must pay my visits; then walk in the park; then hurry to the play, and from thence to the card-table.——If at any time I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have so many things to do, so many orders to give to the milliner, so many alterations to make in my clothes, so many visitants' names to read over, so many invitations to accept or refuse, so many cards to write, and so many fashions to consider, that I am lost in confusion; forced at last to let in company, or step into my chair, or leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid."

This young lady was fifteen years and a half old, and had been introduced three months.

But it is in fact now only that society is awakening to a sense of the paramount importance of education, or rather, of the character and qualifications of those to whom education is entrusted. It is fully in the recollection of numbers now living how formerly charlatans, by the aid of flashy advertisements and shewy outfits, used to gull respectable people into committing their sons to their care; with their daughters it was still worse. It is noto-

rious how boarding-schools of flourishing success were kept by ladies not only mentally unqualified, but morally so in a very absolute degree.

But the follies and mannerisms satirized by Miss Burney and General Burgoyne referred but to the less influential class of fashionists. The more important leaders, far from giving their attention to the babyish "nimini priminis" of their mawkish contemporaries, were devoting all their energies to politics. The queen of fashion, the Duchess of Devonshire, exerted herself with such untiring zeal, and such marvellous effect in behalf of Charles James Fox on the occasion of his contested election, and was now so efficient a coadjutor to the Prince of Wales's opposition party, that the "conscript fathers" of the land, mistrusting their own power with her in Opposition, were fain to bring forward a rival advocate of the fair sex—indeed two—for Lady Salisbury and the Duchess of Gordon were both enlisted in their cause.

At this time, towards the close of the century, fashionable dissipation was at its very highest pitch, and high on its throne sat the handsome, gifted, accomplished, and most dissolute Prince of Wales. Never perhaps was English society so polished; never, perhaps, was it so corrupt. "London," says an eloquent writer, "was becoming a Paris in all but the name;" and what Paris was—that theatre of elegance, splendour, pleasure, licentiousness, immorality, and wrong—on the eve of its revolution—the

histories of that fearful period too abundantly testify. During the short interval of peace in 1782, numbers of English hurried to the Continent, and seeing only the rich and brilliant colouring of society, and not the worm that was preying underneath, hastened eagerly home, to naturalize in our own soil the luscious but baneful exotics of another clime. They found but too welcome a reception in the realm of fashion. The Court of the good King they entered not; the homes of the English gentry and yeomanry they entered not: the true English heart shrank with the sensitiveness of the mimosa from the approach of pollution: and extreme and unreasonable as the feeling might and did ultimately become, in the outset, and for some progressing time, John Bull's hatred of "Mounseer," and his abhorrence of everything French, was not only justifiable, but right and honourable.

Supreme now on the throne of fashion reigned Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, daughter of John, first Earl Spencer, and married in 1774, to William, fifth Duke of Devonshire. She was at this time, according to Walpole, "a lovely girl, natural, and full of grace."

Language seems to have exhausted itself in a futile attempt to do justice to the charms of this most engaging of women.

Regularly handsome she was not; it was the illumination of mind and heart in her face which gave it its surpassing charm.

"Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee:
But then, methought, there something shin'd within,
Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin."

The Duchess of Rutland and others were far handsomer, but the fascination of her manners appears to have been absolutely irresistible. She was warmly affectionate, and enthusiastically attached to her family, her mother, her sister, and her children; and this enthusiasm of affection appears to have been reciprocated by them. Indeed everybody who knew her loved her. "Her heart," says Wraxall,* "might be considered as the seat of those emotions which sweeten human life, adorn our nature, and diffuse a nameless charm over existence."

Her mind was highly cultivated, and she had an enthusiastic taste for poetry and the fine arts. The following spirited and musical lines are an effusion of her pen:

Bring me flowers, and bring me wine!
Boy, attend thy master's call!
Round my brow let myrtles twine,
At my feet let roses fall.

Breathe in softest notes the flute,
Form the song, and sound the lute;
Let thy gentle accents flow
As the whispering zephyrs blow.

Sorrow would annoy my heart,
But I hate its baneful sting;
Joys shall chase the rapid dart,
For I will laugh, and I will sing.

* Post. Mem. vol. i. 17.

What avails the downcast eye!
What evails the tear, the sigh!
Why should grief obstruct our way,
When we live but for a day?

The pens of her contemporaries were not silent. The Hon. W. Spencer addressed her thus:

GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Enchantress, come! my mystic throne ascend,
To pow'r like *thine* no Sybil spells pretend—
Vain are my prophecies of weal or woe
To those who thy superior influence know!
If my keen sight approaching joy descries,
One *frown* from *thee*, and joy for ever flies;
If my dark page foretells the world's distress,
One *smile* from *thee*, and all is happiness.

On one occasion she applied to Fox for a charade. "On what subject?" inquired he, "The happiest of all subjects—myself," was the laughing reply. Fox took his pencil, and on the back of a letter wrote,

My *first* is myself in a very short word,
My *second's* a plaything.
And *you* are my *third*.*—(Idol.)

One evening at Devonshire-house, some remarks happening to be made on the skill of the French in emblems, the Duchess playfully said, "that it would be impossible to find an emblem for *her*." Several attempts were made with various success. The Duchess still declared herself unsatisfied. At length Fox took up a cluster of grapes and presented it to her, with the motto, "Je plais jusqu' à l'ivresse;" his superiority was acknowledged by acclamation.

* Croly.

Sir J. Reynolds, pinx.t

The circumstance of her life which has been most widely talked of is her active canvass in behalf of Charles Fox during his contested election for Westminster in 1784. It is indeed true that friendship and enthusiasm carried her on this occasion to the very verge of propriety. Accompanied by her sister, Lady Duncannon, she drove to the habitations of various electors, and having coaxed, cajoled, or bribed them to her wishes, drove them in her own carriage to the hustings. On one occasion the bribe is said to have been a kiss, and there is extant a caricature of the circumstance, which however displays no particular wit or talent.

We have before remarked that this gifted Duchess was addicted to deep play, at least so it is recorded of her. But gifted, elevated, distinguished, and conspicuous as she was, had her conduct been that of a saint instead of a mortal, she would not have escaped censure and misconstruction. The number of pamphlets which made their appearance about this time, openly or covertly addressed to or referring to her, give ample proof of her supereminency, and the great importance attached to her influence and example.

From one entitled "The First of April, or the Triumphs of Folly," published in 1777, and dedicated to a *celebrated Duchess* (a Duchess, says the reviewer, far too celebrated not to be as easily known and distinguished as Diana and Calypso among their nymphs), we quote some lines :—

" And now, in crowds, press'd through the yielding doors,
High Lords, deep Statesmen, Duchesses and whores;
All ranks and stations, publicans, and Peers,
Grooms, lawyers, fiddlers, bawds, and auctioneers;
Prudes and coquettes, the ugly and the fair,
The pert, the prim, the dull, the debonair;
The weak, the strong, the humble and the proud,
All help'd to form the motley mingled crowd.
At her command, the pressing crowds retreat;
When Devonshire, uprising from her seat,
With careless gesture to the altar moves.
Then *Virtue* shriek'd, and all the *laughing loves*
That play'd around, droop'd instant with dismay,
And spread their wings, and, weeping, fled away!
" The noble dame her offering now prepares,—
A father's counsels, and a mother's cares,
Upon the altar's gilded surface lie,
With winning grace and sweet simplicity;
The gay, yet decent look; the modest air,
Which loves the brow of youth and triumphs there;
The power to give delight, devoid of art,
Which stole unconscious o'er the lover's heart;
The wish to bless, with all those virgin charms
Which heighten'd rapture in a husband's arms;
Each infant friendship, each domestic care,
Each elevated thought was offer'd there.
Nor did the lavish votary deny
One solid charm—but chilling chastity.
Enraptur'd Folly bless'd the lucky hour
That gave so fair a subject to her power.
Nor did she long delay, with circling hand,
To wave around the fair her magic wand!
When lo! the sudden plumes her temples grac'd;
The yielding stays sink downwards to the waist;
And, strange to tell, her rosy lips dispense
Double-entendres and impertinence."

But we hasten to close these desultory notices

with the following touching and beautiful tribute to the memory of this peerless Duchess, penned by one who is herself an honour to her sex and country :*

" In recording particulars of the social life of England about this period, a female character, whom the reader must receive under the name of Lucia, cannot be omitted,—placed as she was, by acclamation, on the throne of fashion, possessed of so many qualities which designated her for such a sovereignty, and so many which raised her superior to it.

" Lucia appeared in the world before she was seventeen, in a situation pre-eminent in rank, in fortune, and in consequence. Nature had admirably assimilated her person and features to her mind and character. With the bloom of Hebe and the air of Euphrosyne, she united to the wild spirits of youth and innocence a heart overflowing with every virtuous affection, a mind capable of every cultivation, and an ardent admiration of every excellence.

" Thus adorned, and thus endowed, she dawned on society at the moment when the national prosperity of England had a marked effect on the social habits of society. Every eye followed her, every heart beat at her approach ; selfishness forgot itself in her presence, and avarice became liberal while under her influence; her every wish was anticipated, and her wishes were those of benevolence

* Miss Berry : " Social Life in England and France." The Duchess of Devonshire died in 1806.

and intelligence. Thus surrounded by a flattering world, no wonder its illusions sometimes succeeded in carrying her benevolence beyond the limits of prudence, and sometimes in deceiving her intelligence in the choice of her associates; but they remained inefficient when attacking her unalterable love of truth—her admiration of genius—her protection of talents—and her appreciation of every thing that was really good and great in her age, in her country, and in human nature. Her habitual society consisted of all those distinguished for wit, for talents, for intellect, and for situation. Her suppers were blamed only by those who were not admitted to them—by those who knew not that her good taste, as well as her principles, permitted no unbecoming levity on any subject, for the improper discussion of which neither wit nor rank were deemed an excuse; and that the tone of her society was as perfectly proper, as if it had consisted of the dullest individuals who took upon them to censure her.

"A young and brilliant Prince now animated society by his popular manners, his love of pleasure, and his taste for magnificence. —— Many circumstances associated him with Lucia: the same love of gaiety and dissipation—the same taste for magnificence—the same political sentiments and friendships. Their intimacy was an honour to both. He treated her on the footing of a beloved and trusted sister, assuming no distinctions but those acquired by his

amability, nor exercising any exemption from the general tone of her society.

"The magnificent fêtes of the Prince, of which Lucia was sometimes the object, always the chief ornament—the splendid diversions in which she was often the leader, were, in fact, all equally unnecessary to interest and amuse her unsophisticated mind. Those who saw her in the calm of the country, surrounded by her adoring children, and occupied with the various resources of her cultivated taste —who witnessed the expression of all the warm and noble affections of her heart,—*they* best knew how to appreciate the real value of a character which, unlike most others, was mistaken only by those who were determined to resist being captivated by it. That such a being paid the debt of suffering, too surely exacted from human nature, none can doubt. That she was removed from these sufferings before age had attacked her feelings, or weakened the feelings which she inspired, those who thought the most highly of her perhaps the least regretted; although to *them* her loss has remained irreparable, her place unfilled, her charms unrivalled, her remembrance indelible."

Mrs. Crewe was a contemporary of the Duchess of Devonshire, and is spoken of as a very accomplished and fascinating woman. She likewise formed one of the Prince of Wales's select circle, and was a warm friend of Mr. Fox. She gave a splendid dinner in honour of his election for West-

minster; and when the Prince of Wales proposed as a toast

"True blue and Mrs. Crewe,"

she, as soon as it had been honoured, which it was rapturously, rose, and proposed

"True blue and all of you." *

This lady seems to have preserved her personal charms to a late period of life: so, at least, we may infer from the following "Sibyline verses" of the Honourable W. Spencer.

TO LADY CREWE AT A MASQUERADE.

What! has that angel face receiv'd
No hurt? has Time forgot his duty?
Poor Time! like mortals you 're deceiv'd,
It is not youth, 'tis only beauty!

Lady Beauchamp, (since Marchioness of Hertford,) the Countess of Clermont, Lady Salisbury, and Lady Payne, are commemorated at some length by Wraxall, as gifted contemporaries of the three celebrated Duchesses. He speaks highly of Lady Beauchamp's intellectual qualities, and of her person; he says she had "such a degree of beauty as is rarely bestowed on woman." He gives two instances of happy impromptus connected with Lady Payne, which may be repeated here. On one oc-

* Wraxall, P. M. It may not be known to all our readers that Fox's colours were blue and buff, and were very generally worn by disaffected persons at this time. The Prince sometimes appeared in them; and on the occasion to which we have referred above, a uniform of blue and buff was worn by the ladies.

casion Mr. Erskine was dining with her, and being indisposed, retired from the dinner-table. On his return to the company, Lady Payne inquired how he found himself, and he instantly wrote on a slip of paper

"'Tis true I am ill, but I cannot complain;
For he never knew *pleasure* who never knew *Payne*."

The other occurred in consequence of Sheridan surprising the lady in tears, which he shrewdly suspected to be caused by her husband, Sir Ralph, (*afterwards Lord Lavington,*) who, it was said, did not treat her kindly. She, however, attributed her discomposure to the death of her monkey, and entreated Sheridan to write an epitaph for him: "His name," she said, "was Ned." He instantly wrote

"Alas! poor Ned,
My monkey, 's dead!
I had rather by half
It had been Sir Ralph."

A modern writer* in alluding to the excess of dissipation towards the close of the last century, —of the gaming, horse-racing, and unlimited extravagance which characterized the higher classes, yet speaks of there being something showy, generous, attractive, and popular even in that extravagance, as compared with the more secluded, more selfish, and perhaps not less expensive habits of the aristocracy now.

* Dr. Croly.

"The habits of fifty years ago were," he says, "beyond all comparison those of a more prominent, showy, and popular system. The English nobleman sustained the honours of his rank with a larger display; the Englishman of fashionable life was more conspicuous in his establishment, in his appearance, and even in his eccentricities: the phaeton, his favourite equipage, was not more unlike the cabriolet, that miserable and creeping contrivance of our day, than his rich dress and cultivated manners were like the wretched costume and low fooleries that make the vapid lounger of modern society. The women of rank, if not wiser or better than their successors, at least aimed at nobler objects: they threw open their mansions to the intelligent and accomplished minds of their time, and instead of *fête*-ing every foreign coxcomb, who came with no better title to respect than his grimace and his guitar, surrounded themselves with the wits, orators, and scholars of England.

"The contrivance of watering-places had not been then adopted as an escape, less from the heats of summer than from the observances of summer hospitality. The great families returned to their country seats with the close of Parliament, and their return was a holiday to the country. A noble family of that time would no more have thought of flying from its country neighbours to creep into miserable lodgings at a watering-place, and hide its diminished head among the meagre accommo-

dations and miscellaneous society of a sea-coast village, than it would of burning its title deeds. The expenses of the French war may have done something of this; and the reduced rent-rolls of the nobility may countenance a more limited expenditure."*

We have purposely delayed until the close of this chapter any reference to the crying sin of the last age, from its opening until its close, *i. e.* the general and habitual carelessness of religion among the higher classes, and—no unmarked feature, though not originating in, or peculiar to that period—the desecration of the Lord's Day. It is very true that churches were not open then, as of late, *only* on a Sunday, but daily prayer was read, and by very many public worship was daily attended. But the general habit was one of the most gross and reprehensible irreverence; indeed, to a degree that we can hardly now think credible. Many are the references to these violations of duty and propriety in the earlier moral writers of the epoch. One correspondent writes thus to the "Tatler:"

"March 2, 1709.

"Mr. Bickerstaff: Observing that you are entered into correspondence with Pasquin, who is, I suppose, a Roman Catholic, I beg of you to forbear giving him any account of our religion or manners, until you have rooted out certain misdemeanors even in our churches. Among others, that of bowing,

* Croly. "Life and Times of George the Fourth."

saluting, taking snuff, and other gestures. Lady Autumn made me a very low curtsey the other day from the next pew, and with the most courtly air imaginable, called herself Miserable Sinner. Her niece, soon after, in saying "Forgive us our trespasses," curtsied with a gloating look at my brother. He returned it, opening his snuff-box, and repeating yet a more solemn expression. I beg of you, good Mr. Censor, not to tell Pasquin anything of this kind."*

The "Spectator" records that a Dissenter of rank and influence having been persuaded to attend a church, said after service, "He was very well satisfied with the little ceremony which was used towards God Almighty, but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another. An Anabaptist, who designs to come over himself with all his family within a few months, is sensible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has sent his two eldest daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at church.†

And the "Guardian," (No. 41) has a reference to a lady knitting in St. James's Chapel during Divine Service, "in the immediate presence of both God and her Majesty, who were AFFRONTED TOGETHER ! !"

Lord Bath, Lord Richmond, and other members of White's, repaired to their Whist Club at Rich-

* Tatler, No. 140. † Spectator, No. 259.

mond habitually every Saturday and *Sunday*, the club holding its weekly meetings on those days:

> "From White's we 'll move the expensive scene,
> And steal away to Richmond Green;
> There, free from noise and riot,
> Polly each morn shall fill our tea,
> Spread bread and butter, and then we
> Each night get drunk in quiet."*

Caroline, Queen of George the Second, held a Court at Kensington regularly every Sunday, after Divine Service; and the fashion of holding routs and assemblies on that day had long been established. So early as 1727, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes of her cousin, Lady Denbigh, that she keeps a Sunday assembly to shew that she has learnt to play at cards on that day.

George the Third exerted all his influence to check this evil. We give the following anecdote on the authority of his biographer, Huish:—

The Countess of D— was at this time a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of the fashionable world, and at the King's Drawing-rooms on a Sunday, the whole conversation turned on the expected splendour of the ball or the rout which the Countess was to give on that evening. This reached the ears of his Majesty, and on the very first opportunity he took the Countess aside, and informed her, that he had a particular favour to ask of her;

* Imitation of Horace: Paul to Fay. Dodsley's Collection.

and he added, that he hoped she would promise to grant it, before he informed her of the nature of it: pledging himself at the same time, that if she requested him to grant her the same favour, he would not hesitate a moment in complying. The Countess most readily assented to the Monarch's request, which was, that she would have no more routs or assemblies at her house on a Sunday. "I am but a satellite, please your Majesty," said the Countess, "moving in the orbit of a superior planet." "I understand your reproof," said his Majesty; "the orbit of the planet shall be altered." "Then," said the Countess, "the satellite must follow."*

This, however, did not prove to be the case; the satellites did not follow; they chose another orbit. In a few years a new and resplendent luminary of fashion was culminating towards his zenith. The Prince of Wales gave gay and magnificent entertainments on a Sunday evening at Carlton House, which were called concerts and conversaziones, and his example was speedily followed by all the fashionists of note. Count D'Adhemar, the French Ambassador at this period, who resided at Hyde Park Corner, regularly gave Sunday entertainments throughout the winter, and his festive abode was a great rallying point of fashion.

One of the most corroding influences of the times during the last century was surely this habitual,

* Huish, "George the Third," p. 138.

wanton, and profligate desecration of Sunday—the Christian's Holy Day.

We are no friends to sanctimonious observances and long faces; we do not consider that the Christian Sabbath was meant to be a *fast* day either in body or spirit:*—we see no harm in those hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures whose whole days are spent in the close and bitter struggle for the means of existence, after worshipping their Maker in his holy temple on the Sunday forenoon, spending its evening in cheerful companionship with friends on whom for the six long intervening hard-working days they have not had a moment to look; and we do see much harm—much—in making, as in many places it is now the custom to do,—the Sunday one almost unbroken series of tuition and restraint to the rising generation, so that, far from learning to venerate and love the House of God and His worship, the first object with many of these children on becoming free of control will be—as it has been—to "cut church altogether." But while we lament the overwrought system which leads Sunday to be considered chiefly as the great school day—for as such it is inevitably associated in the minds of thousands—we may surely congratulate ourselves on the wide spread of a better spirit generally, on a growing love for the religious ordinances of this holy and happy day, and on the

* By the canons of the Church fasting on Sunday was to be punished by excommunication.

total discontinuance of the Bacchanalian orgies and fashionable dissipation and profligacy which had so wide-spreading and so deleterious an effect in the last century.

It is as far from our wish as from our province to enter into any detail of the state of the Church, further than as it is connected inalienably with our exposition of manners. But it would be absurd, if not impious, to suppose, that the state of that institution ordained by Heaven, and upheld by the wise and good of every generation, as the means of safety and the rule and guide of life, should not have a marked effect on the general manners of the higher classes, of whom, in speaking of fashion, we necessarily chiefly treat. Never were the ordinances, authority, and orthodoxy of the Church so supinely maintained by its professed upholders as in the last century. To this alone can the immense influence of John Wesley be attributed; by this alone can we explain the enigma of a vulgar and self-sufficient man,* be his natural eloquence what it might, drawing refined and educated persons of the highest ranks from the ministrations of their own scholastically bred, polished, and high-mannered pastors.

Charles the Second and his crew thought not of the Church, nor meddled with it. As a sort of security to himself, and a cloak to his own half-concealed and most ill-supported Romanism, he had

* Whitefield.

his two nieces educated by a Protestant clergyman. Under William and his successors the Church was chiefly governed by those who, on the principle, as it might seem, that the extreme opposite of wrong must be right, established a system under which religion was compromised for morality, faith for reason, and apostolic zeal for supine indifference.

And that this culpable supineness *was* the prevailing characteristic of the spiritual fathers of the land, a few examples may serve to testify.

Queen Anne was in the habit of having prayers read in an outer room while she dressed in an inner one. On one occasion the door was ordered to be shut whilst the Queen changed some linen, and the chaplain ceased to read; on Anne expressing surprise at this, he had spirit enough to say that "he would not whistle the word of God through a key-hole." It is, we hope, probable that a Royal chaplain of this day would go further, and refuse to desecrate his Maker by a mockery of Church Service. If we may regret that to hear the Church prayers daily be not now considered, as it once was, a necessary portion of the day's duty; we may at any rate rejoice that this holy service is not made a mockery of, by being read when those for whose behoof it is most especially intended, are earnestly sorting out laces, or plaiting the folds of a tucker. Our Queen resorts habitually to a consecrated edifice for daily prayer.

Caroline, Queen of George the Second, was also

accustomed to have prayers read in an antechamber while she was at her toilette. The reader on one occasion, Dr. Madox, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, did venture so far as to remark on the "very proper altarpiece" hung in the chamber, which was a naked Venus; but we do not hear that he required its removal. When at church, this Queen's irreverent conduct during the service was so marked, as to call on her the reprehension of her especial favourite, Mr. Whiston.

This irreverent conduct in church (which we have already noticed) was a widely prevailing evil, and is certainly one proof of the supineness of the clergy, or in other words, of the inadequacy of the Church, *as then administered*, to influence the manners of the day. Court drawing-rooms and levees were, as we have remarked, constantly held on Sundays, until the time of George the Third; and though he discontinued them, and *personally* discouraged Sunday debauchery, his influence was not sufficient. Card clubs were especially appointed for Sundays, and assemblies particularly favoured on that day by all the *élite* of fashion.

We believe, however personally indifferent to the solemn claims of religion a person may now be, he or she, though on the highest round of fashion, would hardly venture to outrage the general tone of feeling throughout the empire—a tone produced by the awakened energies of the Church—by publicly and openly desecrating the Lord's Day.

One word more of illustration. Our Queen—may enduring honour and happiness attend her and hers—has had our future King and his Royal brother and sisters carried within the sacred walls of the church, and admitted into its bosom with due and fitting solemnity there.

George the Third and his Queen, admirable and exemplary in their personal conduct, and ever anxious to set a good example to their people—yet had their children christened in drawing-rooms, and the consecrating water placed in punch-bowls!

Had the then Archbishop of Canterbury spoken, would good King George the Third have turned a deaf ear to the words of counsel and instruction?

CHAPTER III.

STARS OF FASHION.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

"But there Belinda meets you on the stairs,
Easy her shape, attracting all her airs;
A smile she gives, and with a smile can wound;
Her melting voice has music in the sound;
Her every motion wears resistless grace;
Wit in her mien and pleasure in her face.
LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

No belle of the last century has obtained such a widely spread fame as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—a celebrity, the endurance of which is to be attributed, without doubt, more to her remarkable literary talents than to her supremacy in the realm of fashion. Not, indeed, that there is any doubt of her claims to commemoration on this score—far otherwise; for she was at once youthful, beautiful, graceful, witty, fond of pleasure and admiration, an a high favourite in the Court and Court circles. She was undoubtedly a star of fashion, a leader of *ton*.

Yet her character was a very peculiar, and by no means an engaging one, when divested of the

roseate tinge which it derived from her beauty, fashion, and vivacity.

In early life she appears to have had none of the gushing affections, unreflective openness, and generous romantic enthusiasm proper to her years. When about twenty years old, in the very opening of life, and when just married to the man chosen by herself, she writes to him thus:—

"'Tis a maxim with me to be young as long as one can: there is nothing can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth; those sanguine, groundless hopes, and that lively vanity which makes all the happiness of life."

And again:

"Human nature itself, without any additional misfortunes, furnishes disagreeable meditations enough. Life itself, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly."

These are strange remarks for a beautiful and flattered woman of her years, and in her circumstances, to make; and they are not, as we might suppose, the offspring of sudden whim, or of temporary or accidental depression of spirits. Those who read her correspondence attentively, may trace the same style of thought and expression in it from her earliest years—at least the earliest whose records are before the public.

Lady Mary was in early life much to be pitied; paradoxical as it may appear to say that of one

in possession of birth, beauty, fortune, and friends. She was born at a period when the education of women—if such a term may be predicated of that which was no education at all—was at its very lowest ebb; when, as we have said elsewhere, women of respectable station confined their mental energies entirely to the concoction of a cookery book, and those of higher rank wasted theirs in

"A youth of frolics, an old age of cards."

But Lady Mary Pierrepoint possessed a mind which it was impossible to circumscribe by the dull inanities of custom: she was born with talents so superlative, that even in childhood her mind strove to burst through the trammels in which fashion would have confined it. She read every thing which came in her way, and remembered all that she read. She taught herself Latin*—an undertaking which may seem comparatively facile now, with all the extraneous aids which these times afford, but which was a gigantic undertaking then for one of the female sex, attended with numerous technical difficulties which are now undreamt of, and exposing the fair student to a torrent of obloquy and ridicule from the fashionable frivolists of the day.

* It has been said that she was taught by her brother's tutor, but Lord Wharncliffe doubts this; and Lady Bute expressly says that her mother "by her own account taught herself Latin."—See *Lord Wharncliffe's Edition.*

She also knew something of Greek, was proficient in French and Italian, and during her residence in Turkey obtained considerable insight into the language of that country.

These in the now general cultivation of the language amongst the fair sex, we can hardly understand, certainly not appreciate.

But the knowledge of one language or of twenty to such a mind as Lady Mary's would be only a means to an end; would rather excite than quench her literary thirst, her mental struggles. And herein it is that our pity for her is excited. She had no mother, she had a careless father, and does not seem to have possessed one judicious friend; at least not one with influence enough to control, or who had intercourse sufficient effectually to guide, the searchings and workings of her ardent and inexperienced mind. That she should have adopted false views and imbibed erroneous opinions is only tantamount to saying that she was young and inexperienced; but it is very probable that these early impressions would not have coloured the whole of her after life had she possessed the advantage of much intercourse with reflecting and intelligent friends. Her temper, too, that potent agent in the weal or woe of life throughout, seems to have been naturally vivacious and irritable, if not in some degree spiteful, and she appears not to have been taught the duty and necessity of regulating and controlling it. Above all, gentle and cultivated female society might, notwithstanding the prevalent coarseness of the age, have given her somewhat more refinement and delicacy in manners and language. In these she was wofully deficient; and however

sanctioned by the practice of the male writers of the time coarseness of language might be, it can never be endurable from the pen of a female. Lady Mary not only outraged propriety, but, on occasion, every pure and womanly feeling.

"It was my fate," she says, "to be much with the wits; my father was acquainted with all of them." Everybody knows the licence accorded to the wits of Anne's day; and that the young, vivacious, talented girl, associating with them familiarly and almost to the exclusion of female society, should imbibe, almost unconsciously, much of their coarseness, if not of their licentiousness, may be lamented, but cannot be wondered at.

Lady Mary Pierrepont was a daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, and was born about the year 1690. If not an attentive or an anxious father, he seems to have been a proud one, for at a meeting of the Kit-cat Club he proposed her as his toast for the ensuing year. She was then a child, and the club demurred, for they had never seen her. "Then you shall see her directly," said he, and immediately despatched a messenger to his house with orders to have her dressed and brought to him. She must have been very beautiful, for we are told that her claim was instantly acknowledged with acclamations of admiration. She was passed from the arms of one poet or statesman to another; her picture was painted Kit-cat size, her name engraven

on a drinking glass, and enrolled in form in the books as a regular toast.*

We know little of her until about the age of nineteen, when her biographer gives some of her correspondence with her friend Mrs. Anne Wortley, sister of the gentleman whom she afterwards married.

She describes to this young lady her pursuits in 1709 :—

" My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master; I am not certain (and dare hardly hope) I shall make any great progress; but I find the study so diverting, I am not only easy, but pleased with the solitude that indulges it."

" I forget there is such a place as London, and wish for no company but yours.

" You see, my dear, in making my pleasures consist of these unfashionable diversions, I am not of the number who cannot be easy out of the *mode*."

The following remarks, however true some of them may be in the abstract, fall coldly on the ear from the pen of a girl of nineteen:—

" Nature is seldom in the wrong, custom always ; and it is with some regret I follow it in all the impertinences of dress; the compliance is so trivial, it comforts me; but I am amazed to see it con-

* Lord Wharncliffe's Introductory Anecdotes.

sulted even in the most important occasions of our lives; and that people of good sense in other things can make their happiness consist in the opinions of others, and sacrifice everything in the desire of appearing in fashion."

And again, she writes to Mr. Wortley before marriage:

"Mr. Bickerstaff has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to contemn it; we despise it, without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet further; was I to choose of 2,000*l.* a-year or 20,000*l.*, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; (it) takes off from the happiness of life. I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates and titles, and look upon both as blessings which ought only to be given to fools, for 'tis only to them that they are blessings."

Worldly prudence and mistrust are said to increase with advancing years; and undoubtedly such is usually though not invariably the case. Sad then must be the prospect in old age to one who at

nineteen or twenty could write, "I have always looked upon the world with contempt."

From such a youth we cannot be surprised at the following opinions in age. Forty-seven years later, Lady Mary writes:

"I have passed a long life, and may say, with truth, have endeavoured to purchase friends; accident has put it in my power to confer great benefits, yet I never met with any return, nor indeed any true affection, but from dear Lady Oxford, who owed me nothing.

"The little good I do is scattered with a sparing hand, against my inclination; but I now know the necessity of managing the hopes of others, as the only links that bind attachment, or even secure us from injuries."

Her marraige with Mr. Wortley, grandson of the Earl of Sandwich, was purely one of inclination, and indeed determined inclination on her part; for he, how warmly soever admiring her, seems to have had very strong and very reasonable doubts as to their suitability to each other. Married however they were, secretly, for her father had negotiated a union for her with another gentleman somewhat more tractable as to money arrangements than was Mr. Wortley Montagu.

Her first letter to him after marriage is peculiar:

"I don't know very well how to begin; I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial

style. After all, I think 'tis best to write *as if we were not married at all.*"

She appears very early to have given way to the petulance and spleen of her temper in her correspondence with the husband she professed to esteem so highly; she seems by her own confession to be ever sinning and repenting:—

"I know you are ready to tell me that I do not ever keep to my good maxims. I confess I often speak impertinently, but I always repent of it. My last stupid letter was not come to you, before I would have had it back again had it been in my power; such as it was, I beg your pardon for it."

After two or three years spent in comparative retirement, and which, notwithstanding all Lady Mary's professed and philosophical contempt of the world, do not seem to have elapsed without various grumblings on her part, the accession of George the First called Mr. Wortley and his beautiful wife to Court: and then it was that she commenced that public and fashionable career which has been so much celebrated. Mr. Wortley's character and acquirements rendered him a valuable auxiliary to the councils of the King; and that his wife was a favoured and a favourite ornament of the Court circle may be well proved by the following anecdote given by Lord Wharncliffe. Assuredly it does not always happen that Royalty thus greets with a ready and cordial welcome those who have unadvisedly, though inadvertently, made light of its favours.

"Lady Mary had on one evening a particular engagement, which made her wish to be dismissed from the Royal party unusually early; she explained her reasons to the Duchess of Kendal, and the Duchess informed the King, who, after a few complimentary remonstrances, appeared to acquiesce. But when he saw her about to take her leave, he began battling the point afresh, declaring it was unfair and perfidious to cheat him in such a manner, and saying many other fine things, in spite of which she at last contrived to escape. At the foot of the great stairs she ran against Secretary Craggs, just coming in, who stopped her, to inquire what was the matter? were the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the King had pressed her to stay longer; possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark; but, when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms, as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her up stairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully (still not saying a word) and vanished. The pages seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner doors, and, before she had recovered her breath, she found herself again in the King's presence. *'Ah! la revoilà!'* cried he and the Duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. The motto on all palace gates is 'HUSH!' as Lady Mary very well knew. She had not to

learn that mystery and caution ever spread their awful wings over the precincts of a Court; where nobody knows what dire mischief may ensue from one unlucky syllable blabbed about anything, or about *nothing*, at a wrong time. But she was bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard; so beginning giddily with 'Oh Lord, Sir! I have been so frightened!' she told His Majesty the whole story exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who but that moment arrived, entered with the usual obeisance, and as composed an air as if nothing had happened. '*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs*,' said the King, '*est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment?*' The Minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two, not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered with a low bow, 'There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction.' This was coming off tolerably well; but he did not forgive the tell-tale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity when the King turned from them, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it; 'which,' said Lady Mary, 'I durst not resent, for I had drawn it upon myself; and indeed I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence.'"

Shortly afterwards Mr. Wortley was appointed

Ambassador to the Porte: his wife accompanied him, and to this journey do we owe one of the noblest contributions to English literature that has proceeded from a woman's pen. It is not merely to their facile composition, their happy style, that these letters owe their best fame: it is in the graphic pictures of an almost unknown country, and the historical accuracy of these pictures, that their intrinsic value lies. The accumulated information of later times has served but to prove the truth of Lady Mary's statements; and if her "Letters from the East" be now in great measure superseded by modern works, it is most unjust to deteriorate their high value at the time of their original publication.

Her husband's mission at Constantinople did not continue long, and on their return, Lady Mary, undiminished in beauty, sparkling in wit, and with all the attraction of a real travelled lion—at a time when every body did not travel, and when lions were not common—was hailed with delight at Court, and in the fashionable circles of the metropolis. She had a residence at Twickenham, then a very fashionable and most beautiful spot; of which she writes, that "it has become so fashionable, and the neighbourhood so much enlarged, 'tis more like Tunbridge or the Bath than a country retreat."

Here was cemented that intimacy with Pope (who had also a villa at Twickenham) the disruption of which has been so widely celebrated, and which was trumpeted to the world in satire and invective, less

creditable to the talents of the parties, than dishonourable to them as Christians and gentlefolks. Pope's lines on her during the continuance of their friendship are very pleasing, and having been suppressed by him after their quarrel, are perhaps not so commonly known as much of his writing:—

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

In beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet,
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curs'd)
In knowledge that tasted delight;
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,

When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree!

After this rupture, whatever were the cause of it, Pope lost no opportunity of satirizing his quondam friend, whether by her own appellation, "Lady Mary," or under the sobriquet of Sappho; and how his verses could *sting* when he chose, no one who has read a page of them need be told. His "Sappho" was not altogether unjustified when she called him "the wicked wasp of Twickenham."

At length his "stings" called forth her power in a reprisal, which, however provoked, must always tarnish her name. We give a considerable extract from it:—

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE IMITATOR OF THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Thine is just such an image of *his* pen,
As thou thyself art of the sons of men,
Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
A sign-post likeness of the human race,
That is at once resemblance and disgrace!
Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear,
You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer:
His style is elegant, his diction pure,
Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure;
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.
If *he* has thorns they all on roses grow;
Thine like thistles and mean brambles shew;
With this exception, that though rank the soil,
Weeds as they are, they seem produc'd by toil.
Satire should, like a polish'd razor, keen,
Wound with a touch, that 's scarcely felt or seen:

Thine is an oyster knife, that hacks and hews;
The rage, *but not the* talent to abuse.
* * * * *
When God created thee, one would believe
He said the same as to the snake of Eve;
To human race antipathy declare,
'Twixt them and thee be everlasting war.
But oh! the sequel of the sentence dread,
And while you *bruise their heel*, beware your head.
Nor think thy weakness shall be thy defence,
The female scold's protection in offence.
Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,
As 'tis to libel those who cannot write.
And if thou draw'st thy pen to aid the law,
Others a cudgel, or a rod, may draw.
If none with vengeance yet thy crimes pursue,
Or give thy manifold affronts their due;
If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unslain,
That wretched little carcase you retain,
The reason is, not that the world wants eyes,
But thou 'rt so mean, they see, and they despise:
When fretful *porcupine*, with ranc'rous will,
From mounted back shoots forth a harmless quill,
Cool the spectators stand; and all the while
Upon the angry little monster smile.
Thus 'tis with thee:—while impotently safe,
You strike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
Who but must laugh, this bully when he sees,
A puny insect shiv'ring at a breeze:
* * * * *
Then whilst with coward's hand you stab a name,
And try at least t' assassinate our fame,
Like the first bold assassin's be thy lot,
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
But as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through the land.

Lady Mary loses herself, her womanly dignity and modesty in this satire, and degrades herself to the level of her libeller. *No* provocation could ever have driven a woman of really elevated mind to taunt her heretofore intimate companion with the obscurity of his birth; but far, far less with the deformity of his person. She betrays by this her weakness and splenetic feeling, and, in truth, what is called womanly spite. She degrades herself entirely.

In the highest obligations of life the failure of another towards yourself, is no excuse for any dereliction of duty on your part: in the conventional courtesies of life no person of really refined mind will, for his *own sake*, ever be provoked to any word or expression unbecoming his own high estimate of propriety.

But decidedly Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was a woman of coarse mind.

Even admitting the most objectionable of these lines to be the actual production of Lord Hervey, still by giving them her imprimatur, Lady Mary not only approved, but adopted them. Her descendant, Lord Wharncliffe says, "These verses, although contained in the collection of poems, *verified by Lady Mary's own hand as written by her*, have been always considered the joint composition of Lord Hervey and Lady Mary, &c."*

* John Lord Hervey, undoubtedly a star of fashion of his time, an intimate friend, both literary and political of Lady Mary, and satirized by Pope under the names of "Sporus,"

On the publication of the Dunciad, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams wrote—

> At length Pope conquers; Hervey, Wortley, yield,
> And nameless numbers cover all the field:
> Just so of old, or Roman story lies,
> Domitian triumph'd o'er a host of flies.

Lady Mary had said, early in life, that she could not love, and she certainly was an unaffectionate wife. That she was an honourable and faithful one —though there were very prevailing impressions to the contrary—seems to be proved by the tone of the correspondence carried on between her husband and herself after their separation. Her high esteem for Mr. Wortley shines through all her letters to him; and his to her, in advanced years, and during their final separation, testify cordial regard and esteem.

It speaks volumes as to the natural coldness of her heart, that at a mature age she should volunta-

and "Lord Fanny," was Vice-Chamberlain and Privy Seal to King George the Second. He was an eloquent and accomplished man and a poet, and was the husband of the celebrated and excellent Mary Lepel, and the father of the eccentric Earl of Bristol, who married the still more eccentric Miss Chudleigh (see p. 159). He was exceedingly effeminate in appearance, owing to the peculiar diet he resolutely persevered in to conquer a natural tendency to epilepsy. He lived solely on asses' milk with a very small proportion of biscuit.

> "———— that thing of silk,
> Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk."
>
> POPE. *Prol. to Satires.*

rily quit husband, children, friends, and country, and spend the last twenty years of her life alone in a foreign land. The plea of advantage to her health may have been true; yet to most women such a deprivation of family and home, such a rupture of long-accustomed ties would, probably, rather injure than improve health.

She left England in July, 1739, and travelled about for some time in Italy, fixing her summer habitation at Louvère, residing also much at Venice.

The account which Horace Walpole gives of her, dated Florence, 1740, is anything but attractive.

"Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence, must amaze any one who never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old magazine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvass petticoat. Her face, swelled violently on one side, is partly covered with a plaster, and partly with white paint, which, for cheapness, she has bought so coarse, that you would not use it to wash a chimney."

Perhaps this picture is exaggerated, yet it is not a solitary one: he writes also, in his Parish Register of Twickenham—

> Twickenham, where frolic Wharton revell'd,
> Where Montagu, with locks dishevell'd,
> Conflict of dirt and warmth divine,
> Invoked,—and scandalized the nine.

She is said to have been a sloven even in her

youth; and there are other and frequent testimonies which lead us to infer that the beautiful, accomplished, and celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was as deficient in personal cleanliness and propriety, as in delicacy of mind. Pope says—

> Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the park,
> Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
> Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
> *As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;*
> Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
> With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask.

And again—

> You laugh, half-beau, half-sloven, if I stand
> My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
> You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
> White gloves, and *linen worthy Lady Mary.*

We have said that Walpole's picture was possibly exaggerated, because he is well known, from private circumstances, not to have been favourably disposed towards Lady Mary, and because he *could*, on occasion, be a little malicious himself. But we turn to two other letters written by him, twenty years later than the above, in one of which he pledges his honour that he does not exaggerate. They are written on the occasion of Lady Mary's short, but as it proved, final return to England in 1762; and we transcribe them, though somewhat out of order, here.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

"Feb. 2, 1762.

"Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity,

are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a galimatias of several countries; the ground work rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last."*

"Jan. 29, 1762.

"I went last night to visit her: I give you my honour, and you, who know her, would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair, or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprigg'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings, and slippers."†

Her biographer says that, abroad, she took possession of a deserted palace; planned her garden, applied herself to the business of a country life, and

* Walpole, iv. 204.

† Walpole to Mann, coll. ser. i. 67.

was happy in the superintendence of her vineyards and silk worms. But she shall speak for herself of her occupations about thirteen years after her retirement.

She writes to her daughter from Louvère in 1753—

"My manner of life is as regular as that of any monastery. I generally rise at six, and, as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my needlewomen and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have, at present, two hundred chickens, besides turkies, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care; my bees and silk worms are doubled, and I am told that, without accidents, my capital will be so in two years' time. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books; I dare not indulge myself in that pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at piquet or whist, till 'tis cool enough to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishery of this part of the river belongs to me; and my fisherman's little boat (to which I have given a green lutestring awning) serves me for a barge. He and his son are my rowers without any expense, he being very well paid by the profit of the fish, which I give him on condition of having every day one dish for my table.

"We are both placed properly in regard to our different times of life: you amidst the fair, the gallant, and the gay; I, in a retreat, where I enjoy every amusement that solitude can afford. I confess I sometimes wish for a little conversation; but I reflect that the commerce of the world gives more uneasiness than pleasure, and quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be indulged at my age."

Some of her letters, written during this last portion of her life to her husband and daughter, are very beautiful: they seem emanations from a spirit really weaning itself from the world and worldly concerns, thinking of and preparing to take its flight; and if the higher aspirations are thickly intermingled with grosser cares and pursuits—with the levities of the world, the petty malice of life, the extravagances of passion—such intermixture is inevitable to humanity, and much and painfully seen in minds more happily framed by nature than Lady Mary's seems to have been.

Her frequent allusions to her grandchildren, and her undeviating yearly memorials to them are very pleasing.

To her daughter, too, there are slight expressions that testify to those who look for them that real and true-hearted affection which gives a deep interest even to the veriest trifles:—

"My dear child, do not think of reversing nature by making me presents—"

And again:

"You need not apologise for writing to me of your carpet (tapestry work); nothing that concerns you is without interest to me."

In 1760 she writes,

"My health is better than I can reasonably expect at my age, but my life is so near a conclusion, that where or how I pass it (if innocently) is almost become indifferent to me. I have outlived the greatest part of my acquaintance; and, to say the truth, a return to crowd and bustle, after my long retirement, would be disagreeable to me. Yet, if I could be of use either to your father or your family, I would venture to shorten the insignificant days of your affectionate mother."

And again, in the same year:

"My health is very precarious; may yours long continue, and the prosperity of your family. I bless God I have lived to see you so well established, and am ready to sing my *Nunc Dimittis* with pleasure.

It was at her daughter's reiterated and most earnest request that Lady Mary returned to England, shortly after the death of her husband. Her health and constitution were, however, worn away, and she died on the 21st of August, 1762, a few months after her arrival, in her seventy-third year. A cenotaph is erected to her memory in Lichfield Cathedral.

Lord Wharncliffe says, in allusion to the multitude of stories, absurd or malevolent, circulated regarding her—

"Some of these may be confidently pronounced inventions, simply and purely false; some, if true, concerned a different person; some were grounded upon egregious blunders; and not a few upon jests, mistaken by the dull and literal for earnest."

She had two children:—a son whose eccentricities embroiled himself everlastingly, and kept his parents in perpetual anxiety, but who died without legitimate issue; and a daughter married to that Earl of Bute who took so prominent a lead in the councils of the earlier part of the reign of George the Third.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has secured everlastingly an honourable place in the graver records of her country as the introducer of the first known alleviation of the once fearful plague of small-pox. She had the courage when in the East to have her only and darling son inoculated after the custom of that country, and, on her return, fearlessly braving the vituperations with which she was assailed, she succeeded in establishing the practice here. It would be foreign to the purpose of this work to dwell on the particulars of this part of Lady Mary's career; and indeed few intelligent people are unacquainted with them. Had we passed them over without any reference, we should have been doing gross injustice to the clear-judging intellect, strong sense, and moral courage of our Star of Fashion.

CHAPTER IV.

STARS OF FASHION.—HORACE WALPOLE.

"Whilom by silver Thames's gentle stream,
Near London town there dwelt a subtile wight,
A wight of mickle wealth and mickle fame,
Book-learn'd and quaint; a virtuoso hight.
Uncommon things and rare were his delight.

"A curious medallist, I wot, he was,
And boasted many a course of antient coin;
Well as his wife's he knewen ev'ry face,
From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine:
For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine,
(As green sick damosels for husbands do;)
And when obtain'd, with enraptured eyne,
He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,
And look, and look again, as he would look it thro'.

"His rich museum, of dimensions fair,
With goods that spoke the owner's mind was fraught;
Things ancient, curious, value-worth and rare,
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome were brought,
Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought:
On these all tydes with joyous eyes he por'd;
And, sooth to say, himself he greater thought,
When he beheld his cabinets thus stor'd,
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities lord."

How shall we write of Horace Walpole? What words shall describe, what language shall paint in

fitting hues the bright and varying aspect of this Star of Fashion, this finical child of etiquette, this "prince of cockleshells," this "hermit of Strawberry," this beloved of ancient Countess-Dowagers, this pet of rakish town Peeresses, this sworn brother of fashionable wits, this most peerless of letter writers, this inimitable scandal-monger, this supereminent gossip, this "spirit of hartshorn," this very finger-post of *ton?* Of a truth, did we write for his own world solely—that of *ton*—we should shrink from the task. But this work, how acceptable soever it may be to the elect children of fashion, is calculated more especially for the perusal of the world at large; and it is more than possible that, within that wide extent, there may chance to exist some few individuals who may yet have to learn from us that Horatio, or to call him by his universally familiar appellation, Horace Walpole, was the third son of Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated minister of George the First, and was born in the year 1717.

Horace, it appears, was never in his childhood a favourite with his father, indeed scarcely ever received the slightest notice from him, until his peculiar and superior talents began to develop themselves, when pride in his son kindled the affection which had hitherto lain dormant. A noble modern author* tells us, that Sir Robert had very strong cause to doubt his own paternity, that the

* Lord Wharncliffe.

first Lady Walpole was a lady of easy virtue, Sir Robert a very complaisant husband, and that young Horace was observed not to bear the slightest resemblance to his father, and to be to him for many years an object of indifference, if not of dislike. Horace himself, Lord Wharncliffe adds, probably never heard the stigma cast on his birth. Most assuredly he never could; he idolized the memory of his mother, long, long after she had been consigned to the tomb, and her place occupied by another. He always speaks with respect, often with reverence, and during the declining years of the Minister, with deep feeling of his father; and however opposed he might be to his step-mother, her illegitimate daughter, the offspring of her unholy passion for his father during the lifetime of the first Lady Walpole, was invariably regarded and treated by Horace with the open-hearted affection of a brother.*

Indeed it appears to us that this engaging trait in Horace Walpole's character, his capacity for strong and enduring affection, has not been sufficiently remarked by those who have commented on his life. One is carried along in a gushing stream, as it were, by his letters, into a whirl of routs and balls, of gossip and scandal, of tea-parties and loo-tables, with all their complement of brilliant Peer-

* Sir Robert legitimatized and obtained the patent of an Earl's daughter for this young lady after he married her mother.

esses and sparkling *roués*, and one hardly sees, or if seeing, one hardly notes, in the excitement of his vivid descriptions, the quiet and not seldom melancholic turn of thought which still glides along the under-current. His pride in his family, his anxiety to maintain its high position, and his concern at its apparent decline, are indeed exceedingly perceptible; and now and then it is impossible to suppress a smile at the ineffable air of attempted nonchalance with which such expressions as "their Royal Highnesses, my nephew and niece," escape. But does there exist, or has there ever existed, the son of a Norfolk 'squire who would *not* be proud to have his niece married to a Royal Duke? and was Horace Walpole unduly lifted up by this affair? By no means. More conspicuous far, and indeed touching, is his earnest concern for this niece during her early youth, at the period of her first marriage, at the trying time of her early bereavements, during her widowhood, and, above all—for here every prejudice of his position, every secret pride of his character must have been wounded—when her connection with the Duke of Gloucester was matter of notoriety, but its solemn and legal nature was not known. Her uncle, Horace, seems to have been almost the first person to whom the Duke permitted her to reveal their marriage. That he was very sarcastic all the world knows; that he was not invariably good-tempered may be easily inferred; but his letters abound with traits of earnest feeling

and kindness, not towards his own family alone, and also show that incontrovertible proof of a good heart—kindness to children.

His delicate and affectionate tender of assistance to Madame du Deffand, and his generosity to Marshal Conway, are equally evidences of his good heart.

"The friendship (says Lord Dover), which does honour both to the head and heart of Horace Walpole, was that which he bore to Marshal Conway." It is well known that when this gentleman was out of favour at Court, and deprived of his appointments, Walpole earnestly and strenuously insisted on sharing with him his fortune. When reverse of fortune threatened Madame du Deffand, he in the most urgent manner begged to make up the deficiency in her income as a loan, or in any other manner which would be most satisfactory to her.

He quarrelled indeed with his friend Gray, the poet, and there seems to be no doubt that he himself was in fault. This, afterwards, he frankly confessed.

His affair with Chatterton, little understood, has been *mis*understood greatly to his disadvantage. Lord Dover explains it as follows, and his latest and best biographer, Miss Berry, adopts the explanation :—

"It appears, then, that in March, 1769, Walpole received a letter from Chatterton, enclosing a few specimens of the pretended poems of Rowley, and

announcing his discovery of a series of ancient painters at Bristol. To this communication Walpole, naturally enough, returned a very civil answer. Shortly afterwards doubts arose in his mind as to the authenticity of the poems; these were confirmed by the opinions of some friends to whom he showed them; and he then wrote an expression of those doubts to Chatterton. This appears to have excited the anger of Chatterton, who, after one or two short notes, wrote Walpole a very impertinent one, in which he redemanded his manuscripts. This last letter Walpole had intended to have answered with some sharpness, but did not do so. He only returned the specimens, on the 4th of August, 1769; and this concluded the intercourse between them, and as Walpole observes, "I never saw him then, before, or since." Subsequently to this transaction Chatterton acquired other patrons more credulous than Walpole, and proceeded with his forgeries. In April, 1770, he came to London, and committed suicide in the August of that year; a fate which befel him, it is to be feared, more in consequence of his own dissolute and profligate habits than from any want of patronage. However this may be, Walpole clearly had nothing to say to it."

But we are entering into details of his after life, forgetting that all this time our hero is a boy in petticoats, unnoticed by his father.

Horace Walpole was educated at Eton, and from

thence went to Cambridge. In 1739 he went abroad with Gray, the poet, with whom, however he quarrelled, and parted company. In about two years Walpole returned and entered Parliament, where, for twenty-five successive years he represented different Norfolk boroughs. But after Sir Robert's retirement he took no share in public affairs, and with the exception of one very spirited and admirable speech in defence of his father, he did not at all distinguish himself in the Senate.

For a long time he seems not only to have deeply regretted Italy, but to have fully resolved to return there. In 1747 he writes to Sir H. Mann—

"I did not mention returning to Florence out of *gaieté de cœur*, I never was happy but there; have a million of times repented returning to England, where I never was happy, nor expect to be."

And again in 1748—

"You shall hear from me from *Strawberry Hill*, which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house; so pray never call it Twickenham again. I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England. I sigh after Florence, and wind up all my prospects with the thought of returning there."

Had he fulfilled this intention, what an hiatus would there have been in the fashionable world, and what an irremediable gap in its chronicles! It was probably Strawberry Hill, "the puppet-show of the times," which reconciled Walpole to

England, and prevented his ever making more than an occasional visit to the Continent. It was situated at Twickenham, then the most aristocratic as well as most beautiful spot in the neighbourhood of London. "It is," says he, "a pretty little plaything house that I got at Mrs. Chevenix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

> 'A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
> And little finches wave their wings in gold.'

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight."

Little, however, could the patronesses of Mrs. Chevenix have recognised, in a very short time, the place which they had frequented so often

> "To cheapen tea or buy a skreen,"

or, rather to kill some of those hours which hang so heavily on the hands of fashionable ladies. He converted it into a Gothic villa, and however much of late, since the study of ancient architecture has become a fashion, his taste may have been cri-

ticised, it is only fair to remember that he was the very first in England who revived the taste for that Gothic architecture of which so many exquisite specimens gem the country, but which is even yet, with all the lights of modern days, unapproachable. Walpole had nerves, too, to attempt it in direct opposition to the established taste of the country for Grecian architecture established by the great Sir Christopher Wren. Walpole says,

"As my castle is so diminutive, I give myself a Burlington air, and say, that as Chiswick is a model of Grecian architecture, Strawberry Hill is to be so of Gothic."

Then so utterly was this style cast into oblivion, that he could find neither architect nor workman to second his views with that aptitude which is always requisite to the success of a work. Nevertheless, if not strictly and scientifically correct, the house became beautiful and interesting, producing "all the sort of magic on the imagination which its author intended."

He himself writes of it thus in his own description of Strawberry Hill—

"Upon the whole, some transient pleasure may even hereafter arise to the peruser of this catalogue. To others it may afford another kind of satisfaction, that of criticism. In a house affecting not only obsolete architecture, but pretending to an observance of the *costume* even in the furniture,

the mixture of modern portraits, and French porcelain, and Greek and Roman sculpture, may seem heterogeneous. In truth, I did not mean to make my house so Gothic as to exclude convenience, and modern refinements in luxury. The designs of the inside and outside are strictly ancient, but the decorations are modern. Would our ancestors, before the reformation of architecture, not have deposited in their gloomy castles antique statues and fine pictures, beautiful vases and ornamental china, if they had possessed them? But I do not mean to defend by argument a small capricious house. It was built to please my own taste, and in some degree to realise my own visions. I have specified what it contains: could I describe the gay but tranquil scene where it stands, and add the beauty of the landscape to the romantic cast of the mansion, it would raise more pleasing sensations than a dry list of curiosities can excite: at least the prospect would recal the good-humour of those who might be disposed to condemn the fantastic fabric, and to think it a very proper habitation of, as it was the scene that inspired, the author of the Castle of Otranto."

The gardens were as beautiful as the house, but before we can fully understand their attractions, we must recur to the times when landscape gardening was not known, when

> (His) gardens next your admiration call,
> On every side you look, behold the wall!

No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other!
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade.

The author of these lines, Pope, was one of the first who ventured to depart from the orthodox mode of laying out a garden as geometrically correct, in triangles and parallelograms, as if a problem were to be solved thereby. His own garden was the wonder and admiration of his age, merely because it was natural. The grounds at Hampton Court may yet give us some idea of the universal style of gardening then, a style borrowed from the wearying and formal grandeur of Versailles. Horace Walpole, quickly succeeding Pope, and in the same neighbourhood, admirably continued what the poet had so admirably begun. His "Art of Modern Gardening," shews how well he understood the theory, which his Strawberry Hill garden displayed in practice, to

"Consult the genius of the place in all,
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades."

Nature had done much for him at Strawberry, and the school of which Pope and he were early

and efficient supporters advanced, as we see, the new theorem in gardening tactics, that nature could do something. Heretofore she had been not merely neglected, but scouted, scorned, metamorphosed, and, in fact, annihilated.

Thus again Walpole describes his house:—

"The house is so small that I can send it you in a letter to look at: the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and being situated on a hill, descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colours for becoming the view."

And thus the garden:

"I am just come out of the garden in the most oriental of all evenings, and from breathing odours beyond those of Araby. The acacias, which the Arabians have the sense to worship, are covered with blossoms, the honeysuckles dangle from every tree in festoons, the seringas are thickets of sweets, and the new-cut hay in the field tempers the balmy gales with simple freshness; while a thousand sky-rockets launched into the air at Ranelagh or Marybone, illuminate the scene, and give it an air of Haroun Alraschid's paradise."

Is it any wonder that such a house—when such a house could be nowhere else seen; and such gardens—when such gardens were almost unheard of; with a master who was himself the architect

and contriver, who was also an author, a wit, a star of fashion, a courtier, a bachelor, and rich; is it any wonder that Strawberry Hill should be the "puppet-show of the times," and that Princes, Prelates, and Peers, should crowd to look at it?

Walpole himself was deeply, enthusiastically, and enduringly attached to this brick-and-mortar child of his creation. His interest in it never flagged. Most pleased was he to record the honours paid to it by the highest personages in the land, and he endures with complaisance personal inconveniences and restrictions entailed by the fame of his pet house. He says,

"I keep an inn; the sign, the Gothic Castle. Since my gallery was finished, I have not been in it a quarter of an hour together; my whole time is passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding myself while it is seen."

But, probably, not the compliments paid to him and it by Crowned and Royal visitors, or even the just appreciation of intellectual and gifted friends, inspired him with so much delight as the following doggrel verses, emanating, in spite of himself as it were, from Lord Bath (Mr. Pulteney), Sir R. Walpole's life-long political enemy, and the object of Horace's undisguised dislike. He records them with glee in his own letters.

Some talk of Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare,
And some say that with Chiswick-house
No villa can compare;

But all the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
Say, that Strawberry Hill, that Strawberry
Doth bear away the bell.

Though Surry boasts its Oatlands,
And Claremont kept so jim;
And though they talk of Southcote's,
'Tis but a dainty whim!
For ask the gallant Bristow,
Who does in taste excel,
If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry
Don't bear away the bell.

The fame of Walpole has been so enduringly connected with that of his favourite villa, and the adornment of this house forms so conspicuous a record in the history of his life, that perhaps we have not devoted too much space to the commemoration of it.

Walpole was by this time a known and established author, and authorship was not then as now, a fashion, an occupation, an amusement. It has been said, that he took to authorship as a medium of notoriety, feeling that he had not the power to distinguish himself in political life; but his first essay in Parliament did not indicate inability—mental inability, however; it was successful. A feeling of physical inability may, indeed, have influenced him in his choice of occupation: he was sickly and fragile in constitution. He wrote some periodical papers, passing poems, and other trifling matters; but his great works are, the "Castle of Otranto"—a romance of established and undying

fame—his "Anecdotes of Painting," and his "Royal and Noble Authors."

By the latter voluminous works, obnoxious as they certainly are to criticism, and disfigured by some errors and prejudices, he conferred a great boon on his times and on posterity; not merely in the works themselves, which are to this day of constant reference, but in the taste for inquiry, for art and acquirement which, though not originally awakened by his writings, were certainly much stimulated by them. He did not over-estimate his own productions. He writes to Mr. Pinkerton,

"In my latter age I discovered the futility both of my objects and writings: I felt how insignificant is the reputation of an author of mediocrity; and that, being no genius, I only added one more name to a list of writers that had told the world nothing but what it could not as well be without."

And again, when quoting Pope's happy description of the wits of Charles's day,

"The mob of gentlemen who wrote at ease,"

he adds,

"Into that class I must sink: and I had rather do so imperceptibly, than to be plunged down to it by the interposition of the hand of a friend, who could not gainsay that sentence."

It was certainly indicative rather of an amateur taste for composition than an irrepressible mania for the pen, that he set up a private press at Strawberry Hill, at which he superintended the printing of his own compositions. He likewise reprinted

several scarce and valuable works there, especially the "Memoirs of De Grammont," to which he appended notes.

At sparkling epigrams, bright turns of wit, complimentary effusions, all the variety of light *vers de société*, he was most apt, most ready; but it is in his own inimitable letters alone that his life and character can be correctly traced. These display him as he is most generally known, a fashionable man of the great world, gay, frivolous, and fantastic; spending his days in fashionable frivolities, his nights at the loo table or the masquerade. But the letters display also much more. One wonders, on reading the sort of diary which they form, that he could steal time from the never-ceasing claims of the world to write even them, far more to write works of research and some difficulty, to build Strawberry, and, moreover, to make it, by the exercise of never-sleeping exertion and never-failing taste, a perfect temple of *virtù*.

It would appear that no party was complete without Horace Walpole. A Princess will not visit Stowe without him; a Peeress will not exhibit at Ranelagh without him; a party of wits feel themselves incomplete if "Horry" is away; a superannuated Countess looks to him for her evening rubber in her quiet country retreat. Nay, as if the living could not honour him enough, the manes of the dead are disturbed in their repose, and the shade of Madame de Sevigné, that peerless star of fashion, is called upon to indite a letter to him from the tomb.

It was to mind, tact, and manner alone that Walpole was indebted for his fashionable supremacy; Nature did little for him. His person was small, his countenance sickly, his features not handsome. His manner—take Miss Burney's description: it is elaborately antithetical:—

"'In the evening came in Mr. Walpole, gay, though caustic; polite, though sneering; and entertainingly epigrammatical. I like and admire, but could not love, nor trust him."

On the other hand, it is fair to record the following tribute to his higher character, from the pen of one who knew him intimately and well:—

"The affections of his heart were bestowed on few, for in early life they had never been cultivated, but they were singularly warm, pure, and constant; characterised not by the ardour of passion, but by the constant pre-occupation of real affection. He had lost his mother, to whom he was fondly attached, early in life; and with his father, a man of coarse feelings and boisterous manners, he had few sentiments in common. Always feeble in constitution, he was unequal to the sports of the field, and to the drinking which then accompanied them; so that during his father's retreat at Houghton, however much he respected his abilities and was devoted to his fame, he had little sympathy in his tastes, or pleasure in his society. To the friends of his own selection, his devotion was not confined to professions or words: on all occasions

of difficulty, of whatever nature, his active affection came forward in defence of their character, or assistance in their affairs."*

And of the aptness, good humour, and ready wit with which he could lend himself to the furtherance of an innocent domestic frolic, let the following letter, written to Lord Chesterfield in the character of Lady Suffolk's maid, testify. We quote it entire from the Suffolk Correspondence:—

Horace Walpole (in the character of Lady Suffolk's maid) to Lord Chesterfield. (In answer to one from Lord Chesterfield, in the character of his footman, to Lady Suffolk.)

"Lackaday, Mr. Thomas, I niver was yet in such a parlous confusion, to be sure now, in my life-time. Says my ladies woman, says she, 'Betty, my lady says as how you must write to Mr. Thomas, my Lord whatdycallum's man.' 'She, ma'am?' says I. 'Yes,' says she; 'you,' says she. 'Blessid fathers!' says I, 'I never writ to a man in my days,' says I; 'but our farmer, and he can't read; but I knows he gets the doctor to read it for him, and so that's no sin, you know,' 'Nay, nay,' says she. 'Well, well,' says I, 'God's will and my lady's be done. We poor folks must do as we are bid: Heaven is above all; and if grate folks makes us do ill, they are ansurable for it.—Howsumdever, I wishes I had gon to my Lady Huntinton; † I mout have bettir'd

* Miss Berry. † Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

myself, and had vails, and gon to Heavn into the bargin. But I must be a fool, and needs see Lundun town; and now see what cums on it. And so now I am talkin' of Lundun, I wishes you and your lord were at Old Nick—God forgive me! for here have I been turmoilin' and puzelin my poor brains to write to a Jackadandy, and mist my Lord Mare's show, and the grate Alderman Becford, and Lord Timple, and the Duke's Grace of Northumberlandshire, and all the fine folks; and Jeny has seen um, and got a sweethart into the bargin: nay, and what's worserur and worserur, I supose I shall only be flouted and jeer'd by you and your fello sarvants; for they says as how your lord is the greatest wit in all England, and so I suppose you fansis yourself the secund, and will make a mock of a poor girl. But I says my prairs, and goes to hear Doctor Madin, and he says if we be scorned of man, we shall get bettir plases in the next world, if we cums with a charactur; and he has been so graseful as to promis me one for half-a-crown; and to be sure now he shall have the first I gits, after I have bout me a negligee and a few odd things that I wants. And so my lady is pure well, only she coffs a litel now and then, all day long, and she says, and so says Mister Rusil, our butler, that your lord may be asham'd of himself—so he may—to say he grows old: for he niver was spritlier in his born days; and to be sure, between you and I, my lady is hugely fond of him, and I wishes with all my heart, so I do,

that it prove a match,* for she is as good a lady as ever stood in shoolether: and so, with love to all frinds—excusin this scraul, I rests, Yours til deth,

"ELIZABETH WAGSTAFF."

"Mr. Thomas Allen."

Walpole's fame as a virtuoso has been newly published to the present generation by the late sale and dispersion of the curiosities at Strawberry Hill. Many of these, riven from their appropriate niches, are shorn of half their beauty; others are now rendered obsolete by subsequent improvements and discoveries. But such was not the case in the lifetime of their original collector; they were "as exquisite as they were numerous," and fully display the predilection he has recorded—"For *virtù*, I have little to entertain you; it is my sole pleasure." Indeed it is another peculiar trait in the busy life of this busiest of all idle men of fashion, that he made by his skill and industry a collection, the compilation of which might of itself have formed the occupation of a life of an ordinary virtuoso.

To this we will refer immediately; first informing our readers that by the death of his nephew in 1791, Walpole became Earl of Orford, though we believe he never once used the signature; and that a few years after (in March, 1797) he died, at the age of eighty, in Berkeley Square. He had long

* Lord Chesterfield was seventy-three, and Lady Suffolk five years older.

been a martyr to gout, a disease which certainly he had not cultivated, as he had throughout life been peculiarly abstemious.

"Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool," says our English satirist, a line which has formed the scoffing epitaph of many who hoped to realise an immortality in the annals of *virtù*. A virtuoso has long been regarded rather as a term of reproach and ridicule than of superiority. Gulliver ranked in one class assassins, murderers, robbers, and virtuosi, a most pugnacious category, and which seems to bear rather too heavily upon a harmless set of enthusiasts whose *worst* fault has been said to be "an aptness to fall in love with rarity for rareness' sake." "Every thing," writes Walpole to the Rev. Mr. Cole, in 1781, "tells me how silly I am! I pretend to reason, and yet am a virtuoso!" The "Tatler" writes too as if reason were a quality by no means to be predicated of those smitten with *virtù*. In his 216th Number he says that whatever appears trivial or obscure in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a virtuoso. He favours us also with the will of one of this fraternity, which is of course sheer ridicule, and meant to contemn the apes of a science, not its professors. Yet this fictional nonsense may be equalled in real life by the absurdities of those who suffer their imagination to run away with their wit. We have known a man of sense, learning, and research, a deep scholar, absolutely bamboozled by a

mischievous countrywoman into supposing her pig-stye (the clumsy erection of her father or husband) a Roman relic.* Walpole gives an inimitable anecdote relating to this inferior sort of *virtù*. It refers to a man of the name of Turner, a great chinaman, who had a jar cracked by the shock of an earthquake, in 1750. The price of the jars (a pair) was originally ten guineas, but after this accident he asked twenty, because it was the only jar in Europe that had been cracked by an earthquake. This was verifying, to the letter, Lord Shaftesbury's characteristic of an inferior virtuoso who "loves rarity for rareness' sake."

The father of *virtù* in England was Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surry, so celebrated for the lofty pride of his manners and character. He was born about 1586, was the grandson of the attainted Duke of Norfolk, and married Alathea, daughter and co-heir of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and granddaughter of the shrewish Countess Bess of Hardwicke.

It is he of the dignity and proud propriety of whose manners the following well-known anecdote is recorded. Being officially appointed in 1620 to visit the Marquis de Cadenet, the French Ambassador, at Gravesend, the Frenchman, on the Earl's

* This may prove, amongst other illustrations, the exquisite truth and nature of Sir Walter Scott's delineations, even in those characters which may appear, at first glance, caricatured. Who does not remember Jonathan Oldbuck's discomfiture about his prætorium?

arrival and departure, advanced no farther than the head of the staircase: the Earl, therefore, who was to conduct him the next morning to London, would then meet him only in the street; and, on their arrival at Somerset House, would go no further than the foot of the stairs, telling the ambassador that his gentleman would show him to his lodgings. The King who, though without dignity, was not wanting in pride, approved of the Earl's conduct, and the ambassador apologised.

It was perhaps owing to the native gravity and unyielding haughtiness of his manners that he obtained little favour from James the First. He became, however, Earl Marshal in 1621, and in the reign of Charles the First was appointed to many negotiations of trust and confidence. His character was unblemished and honourable.

During the troubles he travelled much on the Continent, and there completed that noble collection of statues, paintings, sculptures, and works of ancient art which has handed his name for taste and accomplishments so honourably down to posterity.

"As a cultivator of fine arts," says Lodge, "a patron of their professors, and a collector of their finest monuments, the Earl of Arundel stands beyond all praise. He had almost the sole merit of first diverting the occupation of learned men from the wretched and unprofitable cavils of the schools to the classical elegancies of antiquity. He

encouraged them by his example; and supported them with his purse; placed full in their view the most splendid memorials of that ancient perfection which he wished them to emulate; and founded a new era in the studies of his countrymen."

It is probably owing to the example and teaching of the Earl of Arundel, that the taste for art was awakened in the minds of the Duke of Buckingham, Prince Henry, and King Charles, and through them gradually influenced the nation at large.

Arundel House, in the Strand (where now Arundel, Howard, Surry, and Norfolk Streets lie) was specially planned and arranged by the Earl for the reception and display of his highly-treasured acquisitions. His collection, unhappily, became divided, and passed into various hands, but each division formed in itself a valuable whole, and became a focus of other collections.

The Earl died at Padua in 1646; but the taste which he awakened in the country has never been wholly extinguished.

It has however branched off into multitudinous channels, some of them bearing but slight traces of the parent stream from which they emanated. Horace Walpole, perhaps, can hardly challenge the very highest rank in the scale of virtuosi. It is true that he loved a good picture, and appreciated an ancient sculpture, but he likewise frittered away a vast deal of time, money, and attention on trifling objects, and was not quite innocent of a penchant for snuff-box and cane-handled *virtù:* nay, worse,

"China's the passion of his soul:
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in his breast,
Inflame with joy, or break his rest."

His china room was crowded with bijoux which Charles would have overlooked, Buckingham would have laughed at, and Arundel would have scorned. Nevertheless to himself every beaker and jug, cracked bowl or enamelled saucer was fraught with interest, for each one had its own peculiar charm as a gift, a token, a memento of some friend or some event, or as a specimen of some peculiar style of art. His numberless paintings and miniatures, whatever their individual worth, were for the most part so arranged as to form perfect tableaux, complete illustrations of some especial time, or peculiar event, or historical incident. In his multitudinous collection nothing was incongruous, nothing out of place, everything was well arranged, everything was complete, everything was perfect in its way. Some things might be finical, some trifling; yet all gave evidence of good taste, of refined intellect, and of a range of thought, of occupation, of amusement, far, far higher than could be challenged by any other votarist of fashion of that time. Horace Walpole was himself a living specimen of the rarity which he prized: Strawberry-Hill and its master were alike unique.

CHAPTER V.

STARS OF FASHION.

THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

"A circumnavigator she
On Ton's illimitable sea."

One of the most erratic stars of fashion of the last century was Miss Chudleigh (better known as the Duchess of Kingston), Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, mother of George the Third. Her adventures are very strange and not a little disgusting; and were they woven into a romance, would in all likelihood be critically pronounced to be "too improbable even for fiction."

She was the daughter of Colonel Chudleigh, who held a post in Chelsea College, and was a younger son of a baronet of ancient family in Devonshire; one of his progenitors obtained a high reputation for gallantry at the time of the Spanish Armada. Colonel Chudleigh died during the infancy of our "star," who was left dependent on her very slenderly dowered mother.

Miss Chudleigh early gave token of extreme beauty and remarkable abilities, and so strongly in-

terested Mr. Pulteney (afterwards Earl of Bath) that he took much personal trouble in cultivating her talents and promoting her interests. As soon as possible he obtained for her the situation of Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, who then held her Court at Leicester House, and this post, through evil report and good report, in spite of all her eccentricities and all her immorality, she maintained until her marriage with the Duke of Kingston in 1769.

She appears to have turned a deaf ear to Mr. Pulteney's admonitions to study and inform her mind; but if her education was deficient, her superlative natural endowments enabled her to throw all around her in the shade. She was very beautiful, very high-spirited, extremely animated, and endowed with a manner so fascinating as to bewitch, in spite of their better judgment, all who came near her. Almost all the men, the highest and noblest of the Court, seem to have been at her feet; but the Duke of Hamilton, who afterwards married one of the celebrated Miss Gunnings, was the favoured adorer. A promise of marriage passed between them, and he travelled abroad. During his absence Miss Chudleigh's aunt, anxious that her niece should marry her protégé, the Honourable Augustus Hervey, then a lieutenant in the navy,* inter-

* He was grandson of the Earl of Bristol, and son of John Lord Hervey, (the "Sporus" and "Lord Fanny" of Pope), and the beautiful Mary Lepel (see ante, page 6). He was a

cepted the Duke's letters, and thus the unfortunate young lady, harassed by the importunity of her aunt on one side, and the apparent faithlessness of her lover on the other, in a moment of pique gave her hand secretly to Lieutenant Hervey. This step was no sooner taken than it was bitterly repented, and the marriage was concealed; by her because she wished it undone, by him, because being unable to maintain her, it was desirable that she should still hold her post at Court.

On the Duke of Hamilton's return from abroad she was made acquainted with the treachery which had been practised towards her, but of course the rash step she had taken was irremediable; and it seems not improbable that the bitterness of this position goaded her spirit to those eccentricities which, in happier circumstances, she might have avoided. The consequence of her marriage was the birth of a son, which of course was concealed as studiously as possible. Not so much so, however, but that surmises got abroad, to which her now very free conduct gave great probability. She tried to brave and laugh off these rumours. "Do you know, my Lord," said she to Lord Chesterfield, "the world says I have had twins!"—"Does it?" replied the witty nobleman, "I make a point of believing only one-half of what the world says."

brave and gallant naval officer, held a post in the household of George the Third, became a Lord of the Admiralty, and ultimately, by the death of his brother, Earl of Bristol. He died in 1779.

She now became remarkable for the indelicacy of her dress, and the freedom of her conduct, her chief intimates being the notorious Lady Harrington (see p. 43) and Miss Ashe. In May, 1749, Horace Walpole, describing a subscription masquerade, says, "Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia; but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda;" and Mrs. Montagu writes,* "I was some days preparing for the subscription masquerade, where I was to appear in the character of the Queen Mother. Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable; she was Iphigenia, for the sacrifice, but so naked, the high priest might easily inspect the entrails of the victim. The maids of honour (not of maids the strictest) were so offended, they would not speak to her."

This was perhaps the occasion on which her kind and indulgent mistress, the Princess of Wales, gave her a cutting but dignified rebuke, by throwing her own veil over her.

Harassed by her unhappy position, by the annoyance of her husband, and the importunities of her numerous lovers, Miss Chudleigh resolved to travel abroad: she did so with considerable pomp and expense, resided some time at Berlin, and at Dresden, and was received with great favour by personages of no less importance than the King of

* Mrs. Montagu's letter bears date two years later; but this is perhaps a mistake: she was habitually remiss in her dates, and many have been filled up by her executor, by guess.

Prussia and the Electress of Saxony. How she obtained money for her expensive progresses, and the magnificent entertainments she was in the habit of giving at home, has never been explained: her known income was totally inadequate to them. Explanations have been given injurious to her honour, but these want confirmation.

On her return to England, her favour at Court was undiminished, and her personal fascinations, if possible, increased; lovers still crowded round her. Lord Chesterfield writes, "Is the fair, or at least the fat, Miss C—, with you still? It must be confest that she knows the arts of Courts, to be so received at Dresden, and so connived at in Leicester Fields."

She had previously to this surreptitiously torn out the entry of her marriage from the Church-book, where it had been registered; but afterwards, in some moment of remorse, or, as writers say, on the probability of her husband succeeding to the Earldom of Bristol (by the demise of his elder brothers), she had it replaced. Ultimately, however, the Duke of Kingston became her favoured lover; their connection was for years matter of notoriety, "yet, with such observance of external decorum, that although their intimacy was a moral, it was not an evidenced certainty." Both parties being anxious to cement their union by marriage, her husband, Captain Hervey, now Earl of Bristol,

was applied to to assist their views, and he, at length, consented.

She instituted a suit of jactitation of marriage in the Ecclesiastical Court, and he failed, as of course it had been agreed he should, in substantiating his claim. She was pronounced " a spinster, and free to marry, especially in respect to the Honourable Augustus Hervey;" and in 1769 was married with pomp to the Duke of Kingston. King George the Third and his Queen wore favours on the occasion.

Five years afterwards, this union was dissolved by the death of the Duke, and his disappointed heirs (for he had bequeathed every rood of immense unentailed estates, and every guinea of his personal property to the Duchess) sought for, and succeeded in finding substantial proof of her first marriage. The consequence was, a summons to her to appear in Westminster Hall, to undergo a trial for bigamy. Her appearance on this occasion is thus described by Mrs. H. More:—

" Garrick would have me take his ticket to go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston; a sight of which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded any thing which those who were never present at a coronation, or a trial by Peers, can have the least notion. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! yet, in all this hurry, we walked in tranquilly. When they were all

seated, and the King-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment (which, however, was very ill-observed), the Gentleman of the Black Rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess-dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by Black Rod, and Mr. La Roche, curtsying profoundly to her judges. The Peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning; a black hood on her head; her hair modestly dressed and powdered; a black silk sacque, with crape trimmings: black gauze, deep ruffles, and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words, but his sense and expression pointed to the last degree: he made her Grace shed bitter tears. The fair victim had four virgins, in white, behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs. Rudd, and affected to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote, as they do their love epistles on the stage, without forming a letter. The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured. She is large and ill-shaped; there is nothing white but her face, and had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazeen."

The charge was fully proved against her, but she claimed the privilege of her peerage. Her prosecutors failed, however, in their great object, the restitution of the property. The Duke had so worded

his bequest, that it was inalienably hers under any title.*

Of course her strange adventures rang in the ears of the public, and Foote, the actor, wove them into a comedy called "A Trip to Calais," in which she was represented in the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile, and how pointedly the character was drawn, one line will suffice to shew to the reader: Lady Kitty, the heroine, proposes to Jenny to marry *both* her lovers, and Jenny replies, "I am afraid, my lady, we have not dignity enough to do such a thing as this without danger."

Inured as she was to publicity, the Duchess on this piece being read to her was so shocked, that she wished to purchase its suppression, and offered the writer 1,600*l.* to resign it to her. Misled by his cupidity, Foote asked 2,000*l.*; and then the Duchess, indignant at the imposition, appealed to the Chamberlain, the Earl of Hertford, who suppressed the play. Considerably altered, and under another title, the "Capuchin," it was afterwards performed.

* "All tongues are busy with her Grace of Kingston; the Duke is dead and has given her his whole landed estate for her life, and his personal for ever. But the quintessence of the history is, that to be secure of the wealth, she has avowed how little claim she has to it, being intituled in the will, 'My dearest wife, Elizabeth, Duchess of Kingston, *alias* Elizabeth Chudleigh, *alias* Elizabeth Hervey.' Did you ever hear of a Duchess inscribed in a will as a street-walker is indicted at the Old Bailey?"—Walpole to Mann, con. ser. vol. ii. 249.

Her last very great exploit was a visit to the Court of Russia, whither she went *en princesse* in a ship which she had had built on purpose, and sending magnificent gifts before her. The Empress received her in a manner which satisfied even her wishes; a mansion was appointed for her residence, and her ship, being injured, was repaired by the Government. She purchased an estate near Petersburgh worth 12,000*l.*, and either erected, or proposed to erect, works on it for the distillation of brandy.

Shortly she returned to France, where also she had very large estates, and soon after, being in delicate health, received some news which agitated her. She flew into a violent passion and broke a blood-vessel: she afterwards insisted on rising, against medical advice, and also on having a large glass of wine. The attendant, with great reluctance, gave it to her, and she said:

"I am perfectly recovered; I knew the Madeira would do me good. My heart feels oddly: I will have another glass."

The Duchess persisted, and more wine being brought she drank it, and pronounced herself to be charmingly indeed. In a few minutes she was no more.

The foregoing pages give but a very brief outline of the most startling events of the Duchess of Kingston's life. The filling up of the picture would lead us beyond our limits. She was in every thing

peculiar: possessed of masculine courage, she never travelled without loaded pistols, and never hesitated to use them. She usually had them also by her pillow. She accustomed herself to brave the extremes of heat and cold, and treated with utter contempt the injunctions of her physicians, even when seriously ill. She was greedy of adulation and very covetous, but often, though not perhaps consistently, dispensed money generously. A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1788, speaks of her as "splendidly generous, and unostentatiously charitable. She remembered favours with gratitude; and was not only capable of forgiving, but even of assisting, a fallen foe." Add to this that her beauty, her grace, and her exquisite powers of fascination, rendered her a conspicuous favourite in the circles of high life under, or rather in spite of, circumstances which would quickly have hurled from her sphere any less gifted and less brilliant Star of Fashion.

CHAPTER VI.

AMUSEMENTS.—PART I.

"'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world."—COWPER.

LITTLE do people now remember, when their ears are saluted and their nerves startled by a sudden screech, accompanied by the clamour of children, or their progress is suddenly impeded at the corner of a street, by a multitude of little people, escorting with delight a sallow-faced, dark-whiskered man, who bears an indescribable looking machine covered with discoloured green baize, and having very long legs—which we know almost by instinct to be "a Punch," little do people think that the sire of this degenerated race was the very joy and delight of our fashionable ancestors a hundred years ago. It were little, perhaps, to say that the Church was deserted for him, but the Opera was also. The "Spectator" humorously compares the merits of the two, *i. e.* of Mr. Powell's representation of Whittington and his Cat, in the Little Piazza, Covent Garden, and the Opera of Rinaldo and Armida, as then performing at the Hay-

market, and at last declares in favour of Punchinello. In his own proper person, and he is no slight authority, the writer says there cannot be too much encouragement given to his (Mr. Powell's) skill in motions.

The fashionists, however, needed not his fiat. They crowded to the show much to the discomfiture of a great man of the vicinity, the undersexton of the neighbouring church, who thus gave vent to the passion which agitated his breast.

"Sir,

"I have been for twenty years under sexton of this parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and have not missed tolling in to prayers six times in all those years; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, until this fortnight last past, during which time I find my congregation take the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show, set forth by one Powell, under the Piazzas. By this means I have not only lost my two customers, whom I used to place, for sixpence a-piece, over against Mrs. Rachel Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachel herself is gone thither also. There now appears among us none but a few ordinary people, who come to church only to say their prayers, so that I have no work worth speaking of but on Sundays. I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for Church, and that it stands on the other

side of the Garden; but they only laugh at the child.

"I desire you would lay this before the world, that I may not be made such a tool for the future, and that Punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house; which, if you can remedy, you will very much oblige, Sir, yours, &c."*

Malcolm dignifies this exhibition with the title of Punch's Opera: the figures, indeed, were dressed in character, and the performances were varied. "The History of the Chaste Susannah," "Whittington and his Cat," and the "Destruction of Troy, *adorned with Highland dances,*" were some of the stock pieces with which Mr. Powell, the ingenious proprietor, amused his audience. Mr. Powell's theatre was opened about 1710, the prices of admission being to the Boxes 2*s.*, Pit 1*s.*, and Gallery 6*d.*: but a dozen years earlier we find from Strutt, a puppet-show had been opened at the Court end of the town, called Fantoccini, well constructed, and very elegantly managed: it does not, however, seem to have obtained the celebrity of Mr. Powell's.†

* Spectator, No. 14.

† Many years after, indeed so late as 1745, a puppet-show was undertaken purposely to ridicule operas. It consisted of three acts, with Italian songs burlesqued. But it did not answer, and Walpole speaks of it as very dull.

There was a Punch's Opera, or rather a medley of an ancient Mystery and a modern Punchinello, exhibited at Bartholomew Fair, which displayed, amongst other novelties, Noah and his family coming out of the Ark; Dives rising out of hell, and Lazarus sitting in Abraham's bosom; besides several figures dancing jigs, sarabands, and country-dances, "with merry conceits of Squire Punch and Sir John Spendall."* For at all these puppet-shows, whether Mr. Powell's celebrated one, or its less fashionable compeer at Bartholomew Fair, Punch and his wife were very important personages, and very much "before the audience," however little their "merrye gestes" and general style of conversation might accord with the tone of the particular drama to be represented.

This was at the commencement of the last century, when the high nobility were in the habit of frequenting fairs, a practice which did not fall into disrepute even with the highest until the middle of the century, or even a later period. Bubb Dodington writes in his Diary, 1749, Oct. 20: "We all went to Ouborn Fair;" *i. e.*, the personal attendants of the Princess of Wales: "Prince George," he adds, "was in our coach."

In the subsequent year he has two or three entries of visits to conjurors, Norwood gipsies, &c., still with the same high companions. On returning one day from the gipsy settlement at Norwood,

* Harl. MSS. 5391. Strutt.

"we went to Bettesworth's, the conjuror, in hackney-coaches. Not finding him, we went in search of the little Dutchman, (probably another conjuror,) but were disappointed; and concluded the particularities of the day by supping with Mrs. Annan, the Princess's midwife."

The celebrated Mrs. Montagu speaks, in 1740, of accompanying the Duke and Duchess of Portland into the city to see city shows: "We were four men, four women. We set out at ten in two hackney-coaches, and stopped at everything that had a name, between us and the Tower, going and coming, and dined at a city tavern," a mode of amusement which, to our modern ideas, does not seem much more refined than visiting conjurors, and beating up gipsies in their quarters.

As much of the excitement and interest of the fantoccini, or puppets, consisted in their hitting off and burlesquing the humours of the day, a characteristic which still remains with some of their descendants, degenerated though they be, it is not improbable that a silly amusement, much in vogue towards the middle of the century, might with its original inventors, be capable of the display of acute wit and satire. We allude to the pantines, of which a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," (May, 1748), "doubts whether posterity will believe in the prevalence of such a folly." This writer refers, of course, only to the English mode of playing with the pantines, which here were

mere pasteboard figures moved with strings; but, according to Lady Hervey, the original pantines were very significant.

The following is her letter on the subject in answer to the inquiries of a friend.

" As to a full explanation of this *pantin* mystery, that is quite impossible for me to give; and though you desire it of me, you seem to admit the impossibility, by terming it a mystery: however, as much as I know I will communicate to you. This amusement began at Paris about a year and a half ago; and, as is supposed, owed its rise to some trifling accident or joke, which, being adopted by some lady very much in fashion, soon became so itself. *Pantins* and *pantines* were made in ridicule of some people whom they were designed to burlesque and expose, and were caricatures of those people: they then were the vehicles of satire, of compliment, of ridicule, and even of *gaillardise*, having little ballads and stanzas annexed to them, the burden of which was *pantin, pantine*, like our old Derrydown, &c. The English, who heard of this fashion by the time the French were tired of it, according to their usual custom, took it up, without any *finesse;* and so have only the amusement of twirling about a card scaramouche, as I have seen a thousand children do of three years old. In the French there was at least some humour and entertainment in it, but our people mean nothing by it but an awkward dull imitation, and put me very much in mind of

Jack Pudding, who, when some very dexterous tumblers have been shewing all that the most exact equilibrium can do, comes, and, endeavouring to imitate them, puts himself into the most ridiculous attitudes imaginable, and gets two or three falls, or breaks his head by his clumsiness and awkwardness. So much for *Pantin*."

"Ickworth Park, June 18, 1747."*

The Pantin—whatever *he* were—seems to have been of universal application, if we may judge from the following popular lines, which appeared in 1748:

MONSIEUR PANTIN.

I sing not of battles that now are to cease,
Nor carols my muse in the praise of a Peace;
To shew that she 's oft in good company seen,
She humbly begs leave to sing Monsieur Pantin.

Examine all round and at length you will own,
His likenesses daily are met with in town:
Then let me my song undisturbed begin,
And shew all his brothers to Monsieur *Pantin*.

And first, pray observe that strange thing made for shew,
That compound of powder, and nonsense, a beau.
So limber his joints, and so strange is his mien,
That you cry, as he walks, look you, there's a *Pantin*.

* Is it possible that this lady "very much in fashion" to whom Lady Hervey refers, could be Mdmlle. Pantine, the mistress of the Marshal de Saxe? Many very fashionable manias have had a less decorous origin. This lady is celebrated as the inventress of some kind of stay or corset called "a pantine," which was much reprobated as dangerous to health.

How oft have we heard that the ladies love change,
And from one entertainment to t'other will range;
In this they are constant, what diff'rence was seen,
When they laid down the fribble, and took the *Pantin*.

Then all ye fair lasses who bloom like the morn,
Who seek not your beauties by art to adorn;
When I see on your bosoms this little machine,
I own I am jealous of happy *Pantin*.

Ye youths who have parts, though ye often wear lace,
No longer let foplings your merits disgrace;
But attack the fair maid with a resolute mien,
Till she clasps the young lover, and burns her *Pantin*.

That so trifling an amusement as this, divested of its original intention, must have been, according to Lady Hervey's account, continued still so favourite and so fashionable, can only be ascribed to the inanity of the pursuits of fashionable people generally—a circumstance which we have referred to elsewhere. But ladies were even then imbibing a taste for ingenious occupation, which has since increased into an absolute mania for the construction of all kinds of puerile elegancies. Grottoes were *passée* — feather-work was all the fashion. Roses and other flowers, skreens and other ornaments, were all constructed of feathers by the delicate fingers of fashionable ladies. Mrs. Montagu writes for French partridge feathers, for best dyed yellow feathers, for grebes, and inquires most anxiously whether her friend's Macaw has not dropt some small blue or yellow feathers, of which it seems the lady was in want. It is grown, she says,

the fashion to borrow ornaments for cabinets or dressing-rooms of birds and fishes, and vanity and virtuososhiip go hand in hand.*

We have hints of carpet work at a much earlier period. Lady M. W. Montagu writes to her daughter, "You need not excuse to me taking notice of your carpet. I could never get people to believe that I set a stitch, when I worked six hours a-day."

The Duchess of Queensberry worked chairs—but she was an eccentric lady, and by no means a spe-

* Mrs. Montagu had hangings decorated with feather-work, a circumstance which elicited some laudatory verses to the blue stocking lady from the poet Cowper, commencing thus:

"The birds put off their every hue,
To dress a room for Montagu.
The peacock sends his heavenly dyes,
His rainbows and his starry eyes;
The pheasant plumes, which round infold
His mantling neck with downy gold;
The cock his arch'd tail's azure show;
And, river blanch'd, the swan his snow.
All tribes beside of Indian name,
That glossy shine, or vivid flame,
Where rises, and where sets the day,
Whate'er they boast of rich and gay,
Contribute to the gorgeous plan,
Proud to advance it all they can.
This plumage, neither dashing shower,
Nor blasts, that shake the dripping bower,
Shall drench again, or discompose,
But, screen'd from every storm that blows,
It boasts a splendour ever new,
Safe with protecting Montagu."

cimen of her sex generally. Walpole mentions that Miss Crewe had decorated a room very elegantly for her mother at Richmond, and rejoices that the minds of young ladies are beginning to be opened, and their fingers accustomed to ornamental and useful occupation. This was later in the century, when, as we have elsewhere remarked, men and women were throwing off the vulgarity and ignorance which had for some time enveloped them.

Another amusement, which certainly was indicative of an advance in ingenuity, was making conundrums. Walpole speaks of them as being introduced at *all* assemblies; adding, that "they are full silly enough to be made a fashion." Books of them were printed.

It required somewhat more skill to produce the *Bouts Rimés*, a fashion which seems to have been introduced into England in the last century. They were a list of words which rhymed to each other, drawn up by one person, and given to another who was expected to form a poem without altering the arrangement of the rhymes at all. After all not the very easiest task in the world, though Walpole does sneer at it. But he must have been born with a sneer on his face. The more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary, of course, must be the ingenuity of the poet to adapt his verses to them. They were originally, says Mr. Addison, tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers, and were favourites of the

French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning.

We do not hear much of them in England until the latter half of the last century, when they formed one of the chief amusements, if not a ground of introduction at Bath-Easton, where a sort of Parnassus was instituted, of which Walpole gives the following description:—

"You must know, madam, that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle tree, a weeping willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been new christened Helicon. Ten years ago there lived a Madam Riggs, an old rough humourist who passed for a wit; her daughter, who passed for nothing, married to a Captain Miller, full of good-natured officiousness. These good folks were friends of Miss Rich, who carried me to dine with them at Bath-Easton, now Pindus. They caught a little of what was then called taste, built and planted, and begot children, till the whole caravan were forced to go abroad to retrieve. Alas! Mrs. Miller is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth muse, as romantic as Mademoiselle Scuderi, and as sophisticated as Mrs. Vesey. The Captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with *virtù*, and that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts-rimés* as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus-fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at

Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, decked with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope Miller, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle, with —I don't know what. You may think this is fiction or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed, published."

A year later he writes thus to Sir H. Mann of Mrs. Miller:—"Ten years ago I knew her and her husband, the faithful companion of her travels, at Bath, near which they have a small house and garden in a beautiful spot called Bath-Easton. They were mighty civil, simple people, living with her mother, Mrs. Riggs, a rough kind of English humorist. They ran out their fortune, and all went to France to repair it. In France the mother was left with the grandchildren, while the fond pair resorted to Italy. Thence they returned, *her* head turned with France and *bouts-rimés; his* with *virtù*. They have instituted a poetic academy at Bath-Easton, give out subjects and distribute prizes; publish the prize verses, and make themselves completely ridiculous; which is a pity, as they are good-natured, well-meaning people. The poor Arcadian patroness does not spell one word of French or Italian right through her three volumes of Travels."*

* Walpole to Mann, con. ser. vol. ii. 366.

Of Mrs. Miller's compositions Walpole adds, that they "have no fault but wanting metre"—rather an important one in poetry, but certainly characteristic of hers, if the following—which we take at random from the published collection—be a fair sample :—

"Ever brilliant, ever charming, I defy the power of time
To deprive me of adorers, tho' oft I'm purchased by a rhyme;
To possess my glowing beauties, poets would resign the bays;
Court and Senate, still contending, sing my praise in various lays;
Midnight ball, nor opera, glitt'ring, without me afford no pleasure;
Yet joyless pass his anxious moments, who to me devotes his leisure." *

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* How very superior the following adaptation of the same rhymes by George Pitt, Esq.

RECEIPT TO MAKE BOUTS-RIMES.

"Take of jest and of humour, an ounce at a time,
Mix the flowers of fancy, and tincture of rhyme;
To some smart repartees, add the essence of bays,
With the sugar of sense, just to sweeten your lays;
Then quick lively ideas throw in at your pleasure,
Of the spirit of wine add some drops at your leisure."

Another :—

"'Tis in vain, my good friend, quoth Apollo to Time,
That you sharpen your scythe 'gainst us dealers in rhyme;
Still green on our foreheads shall flourish our bays,
Whilst Miller encourages us, and our lays.
Ever more at Bath-Easton we'll revel in pleasure,
While you your dull weapon may whet at your leisure."

The following, on a Buttered Muffin, are by the Duchess of Northumberland,

"The pen, which now I take and brandish,
Has long lain useless in my standish.

Walpole, however, is rather too sarcastic: Miss Burney says in her diary, that notwithstanding Bath-Easton is so laughed at in London, nothing at Bath was more tonish than to visit there; and we all know that at that time Bath gave the *ton* to all the world. Lady Miller, she says, was exceedingly chary as to her acquaintance, admitting few persons but those of rank and fame; — a common weakness, by the way, of parvenues—but associating with none who were not of *unblemished character*. A high tribute, in such times, and with her own aspirings after fashion and fame, to her own character. She appears to have been a flashy, vulgar looking woman, but exceedingly good-natured; not certainly designed by nature for a star of fashion, but attaining that enviable position by her own assiduous and never-ceasing efforts.

The fashion or amusement, whichever it might be, was new enough and conspicuous enough to excite much satire and ridicule; the vase, which was really an antique, was a fruitful theme for the wits of ribald poets. Though much of the poetry was

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Know, ev'ry maid, from her in pattin,
To her who shines in glossy satin,
That could they now prepare an oglio
From best receipt of book in folio,
Ever so fine, for all their puffing,
I should prefer a butter'd muffin.
A muffin, Jove himself might feast on,
If ate with Miller at Batheaston."

There are several others on the same rhymes, but her Grace's are decidedly the best.

very ridiculous, though many of the poets could hardly escape the imputation, they were not universally so; nor was Lady Miller herself so, as many of her friends and contributors prove. Mr. Anstey, the celebrated author of the new Bath Guide, in a Bath Easton prize ode, published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1779, speaks of wooing the Muses

> "while they smile around
> Eugenia's laurel'd shrine."

Lady Miller died on the twenty-fourth of June, 1781, in the forty-first year of her age.

This century, too, saw the introduction of a species of amusement—combined often with instruction—which was unknown at an earlier period. This was exhibitions of various kinds, now to be met with in every street.

Perhaps the first on record is that of Don Saltero at Chelsea, who had a collection of artificial and natural curiosities which now would hardly attract the attention of a well taught boy of ten years old, but which were then highly in favour with people of fashion. Chelsea was then a beautiful drive from town, and the virtuoso's show-room an excuse for the excursion, and a convenient place of assignation. His name appeared in the newspapers for the first time, June 22nd, 1723.

> "Through various employs I've past:
> A scraper, vertuo's' projector,
> Tooth-drawer, trimmer, and at last
> I'm now a gim-crack whim collector.

Monsters of all sorts here are seen,
Strange things in nature as they grew so;
Some relics of the Sheba Queen,
And fragments of the fam'd Bob Cruso.
Knickknacks too dangle on the wall,
Some in glass cases, some on shelf;
But what 's the rarest sight of all,
Your humble servant shews himself."

This beginning was, as we have said, in 1723; in 1770 Horace Walpole thus writes:—"It is incredible what sums are raised of mere exhibitions of anything: a *new fashion*, and to enter at which you pay a shilling or half-a-crown." He adds, "there has lately been an auction of stuffed birds, and as natural history is in fashion, there are physicians and others who paid forty or fifty guineas for a single Chinese pheasant; you may buy a live one for five."

How forlorn should we think the case of a visitor in London in these days if it were not for exhibitions. Sailing on the Thames is out of fashion; Ranelagh and Vauxhall are no more: their cool alcoves no longer tempt the morning lounger to breakfast; nor their shady walks offer a retreat from the noon-tide heat, nor their delicious music, their glittering lamps, their voluptuous incitements to pleasure serve to wing the evening hours. Our ancestors almost lived at Vauxhall and Ranelagh, or if they were not there, it was because the gay and spirited fashionables of the day gave entertainments which they by no means churlishly confined, as the exclusives of our own day do, within the

barriers of their own high and impenetrable walls. Of continual recurrence were such fêtes as that of the Duke of Richmond, who, in 1749, had fireworks, on his terrace. All the grandees of the Court and many foreign Princes and Nobles were assembled; the water was covered with boats of spectators; and the King and the Princess Emily were in the royal barge; just under Richmond-terrace. Walpole writes "The King and Princess Emily bestowed themselves upon the mob on the river; and as soon as they were gone the Duke had the music into the garden, and himself, with my Lady Lincoln, Mrs. Pitt (a celebrated beauty, afterwards Lady Rivers), Peggy Banks, and Lord Holderness, entertained the good subjects, with singing "God save the King" to them over the rails of the terrace;" and a few years afterwards the same spirited nobleman gave another fête, which Walpole thus describes:—

"There has been a sad alarm in the kingdom of white satin and muslin. The Duke of Richmond was seized last night with a sore throat and fever, and though he is much better to-day, the masquerade of to-morrow night is put off till Monday. Many a Queen of Scots, from sixty to sixteen, has been ready to die of the fright."

A week later:—

"Last night we had a magnificent entertainment at Richmond House, a masquerade and fireworks. The Duchesses of Richmond and Grafton, the first

as a Persian Sultana, the latter as Cleopatra; and such a Cleopatra! were glorious figures in very different styles. Mrs. Fitzroy in a Turkish dress, Lady George Lenox and Lady Bolingbrooke as Grecian girls, Lady Mary Coke as Imoinda, (see p. 57) and Lady Pembroke as a pilgrim, were the principal beauties of the night. The whole garden was illuminated, and the apartments. An encampment of barges decked with streamers in the middle of the Thames, kept the people from danger, and formed a stage for the fire-works, which were placed, too, along the rails of the garden. The grand rooms lighted, with suppers spread, the houses covered and filled with people, the bridge, the garden full of masks, White-hall crowned with spectators to see the dresses pass, and the multitude of heads on the river, who came to light by the splendour of the fire-wheels, composed the gayest and richest scene imaginable, not to mention the diamonds and sumptuousness of the habits. The Dukes of York and Cumberland, and the Margrave of Anspach were there, and about six hundred masks."

We have no such gala doings now: the enchanted castles of old, guarded by dragons, were hardly more difficult of access to those unprovided with the "open sesame" rank or fashion, than are the private festinos of our nobility; and public ones there are none. But if on the one hand we have lost the exciting amusements of our ancestors, on

the other we have gained a variety of substitutes of which they never thought. In 1770 Horace Walpole writes of "a mere exhibition" of anything with some degree of contempt, endurable only perhaps because it is "a new fashion." Thirty years later he might have counted a vast number of exhibitions, most of them attractive, many of them informing. Various panoramas were then to be seen: the siege of Seringapatam, that of St. John d'Acre, the battle of Alexandria, the great earthquake at Lisbon, &c. &c. Mr. Coxe was exhibiting his magnificent Museum: many ingenious automata and most curious mechanical contrivances were to be seen: phantasmagoria were astonishing and alarming the uninitiated: views of Rome and Windsor Castle in wrought ivory were delighting the ingenious; and Miss Linwood's exhibition was beginning to win its way to fame.*

Thirty or forty years later still, it is hardly possible to count them. London is made up of exhibitions, and if a fashionable lady of 1750 could be resuscitated, her time might be so fully occupied, or to speak more correctly, so actively wasted, that she might positively lay her head on her pillow night

* Goede names a pair of artificial canary birds having been detained at the Custom House for the non-payment of duty. Mr. Pitt, among others, went to see them, which increased their fame. A printseller in Cockspur Street bought them for 500 guineas, and exhibited them publicly with such success, that a month afterwards he refused 2,000 guineas for them. What would Walpole have said to this!

after night without having had time to lament the exit of drums, routs, hurricanes, masquerades, and Ranelagh.

Many of these exhibitions are as informing as pleasing, and leave after them the happy reflection that even in the pursuit of pleasure you have not wantonly been killing time. The Chinese exhibition, for instance, the most remarkable thing of modern times, and occurring as it does just on the opening of that marvellous and heretofore closed country—is an exhibition which, though attractive to a young child, is fraught with interest to all who have minds to think. The National Institution, and more especially the magnificent British Museum, open without fee or favour to every body, has attractions for every taste. To the naturalist our zoological gardens afford a treat of which the Royal menagerie in the Tower of the last century gave a very inefficient idea. There are various collections of paintings and statuary accessible to all who have taste to enjoy them; and various other exhibitions are open where the wonderful achievements of mechanical science are displayed. And above all, it is not to the Metropolis, as in former times it would have been, that these exhibitions are confined. Numerous, and not unfrequently, excellent, are the provincial institutions for the encouragement of arts and science, natural history, &c., each with their respective exhibitions, perpetual or annual. These are not now, as in Walpole's time, "a new fashion,"

but an existing testimony, and an inevitable consequence of, and accompaniment to, the wide spread of cultivation, the awakening of intellect, the diffusion of information, the extension of education, the refinement of mind and manners, and above all the improvement in morals, which has occurred in the present century.

These are certainly the most elevated style of exhibition; but many of the dioramas, panoramas, &c. are beautiful and interesting, and marvellous products of art and ingenuity. Of a different class are scores at least of exhibitions which we have not thought it necessary to record specifically. General Tom Thumb, the industrious fleas,* *et id genus omne*, require not extraneous aid.

This was decidedly a play-going age, and fortunately the Theatre had been reclaimed from the gross and disgusting licentiousness which had degraded it in the former century. This change had gradually accrued from the time of Jeremy Collier's satire. On being awakened by its reproofs, men started, we are told, "at the mass of impudence and filth which had been gradually accumulated in the Theatre during the last reigns; and if the

* "Industrious fleas." The natural capacity of these "affectionate" insects for a yoke and harness, is not, as visitors to their chariot-course in the Strand are apt to think, a new invention. Pope speaks in the Rape of the Lock of "Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea;" and in reference to their aptitude for the race, Jonson says in the Alchemist, act v. sc. 1. "Or't may be he has the fleas that run a tilt upon a table."

Augean stable was not sufficiently cleansed, the stream of public opinion was fairly directed against its conglomerated impurities."

It still remained, however, at the commencement of the last century, sufficiently indecent to call forth the warm animadversions of Steele and Addison: they pointed out the disfiguring coarseness of the old writers, whilst at the same time they did justice to the rich corn hidden in this loathsome chaff, in the productions of such authors of the past day as Congreve, Farquhar, and Sir John Vanbrugh; they directed attention to the most worthy productions of their own day, and erected a standard of propriety by which it is not too much to suppose, the rising generation of writers shaped their productions.

Setting aside, too, the qualifications of dramatic authors, the stage had, during this century, brilliant and talented expositors, such as it never produced at any other period. Garrick, Quin, Kemble, Cooke, Young, Kean! were enough to raise the ghost of a drama into life and vitality; they had the advantage of female associates fully competent by their histrionic talents to give them powerful support on the boards, and better still, such women as England's noble and virtuous daughters might regard in public with delight, and meet in private with friendship. The profession of acting, however undesirable, was no longer inaccessible to a virtuous woman.

But the theatre had many rival attractions in

this century by the advancing favour and claims of the Italian Opera, and of public concerts, vocal and instrumental, which had been introduced in the reign of William and Mary.

The first essays at an Italian Opera were ludicrous enough. The lover of the piece was an Italian, the heroine an Englishwoman; neither of them understood one word of the other's language; the lady's part was translated for her, and she chanted in English while her enamoured swain sighed his soul away in elaborate Italian cadences. This was at the very commencement of the eighteenth century; but in a very few years an opera cast for foreign singers only, was introduced at the Haymarket with perfect success.

How the attraction of the Italian Opera has increased, and how, like Aaron's rod, it swallows up all other claimants on public favour, to the prejudice, it is to be feared, of native talent, we need not here stop to remark.

The Italian Theatre was for some time under the control of Handel, but a powerful party was raised against him, and he withdrew from the management and retired to Ireland, where he commenced his immortal works, the Oratorios.* There are many

* What is there that party feeling cannot misrepresent, that talent cannot satirize? Read what Walpole writes of one of those almost superhuman productions which one would think no one with a heart to feel melody could avoid loving.

1743. Feb. 24.—"Handel has set up an oratorio against the Opera, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from

amusing passages in Walpole's letters regarding the contentions which ensued between the friends and opponents of Handel in the establishment of the Opera. Strange, says Swift,

> "Strange, all this difference should be
> 'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee."

The English Opera was probably very mainly indebted to Gay's production for its absolute fashion, or at least for its permanent establishment. The "Beggar's Opera" was brought out in 1727. Gay's aim in this piece was merely, it is said, to form a parody on the fashionable Italian Opera, indulging likewise in some political satire against the existing Administration: but it is considered to have laid the foundation of the English Opera. Its success was unprecedented, and almost incredible. For the time it gave a shock to the hitherto triumphant Italian Opera, and for that season drove it out of England. The heroine Polly, until then an obscure, unknown actress, became a universal favourite; pictures of her were engraved, her life written, and even her sayings and jests published. Fashionable ladies had the favourite songs of the Opera emblazoned on their fans.*

farces, and the singers of *Roast Beef* from between the acts at both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever a one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune."

* Fashion, with its usual fickleness, at one time deserted even the Italian Opera-house in the Haymarket; and led her

King George the Third and his Queen were unshaken in their attachment to the Theatre, which they very frequently visited: it grew into comparative disfavour with the high fashionists, even when supported by some of its greatest ornaments. This, perhaps, is not to be referred then as now to the superior fashion of the Italian Opera, or the exclusive love, whether real or affected, of Italian music, but to the more engrossing, exciting, and exacting pleasures which were usual: the enjoyment of a masquerade at Ranelagh or Vauxhall, was hardly compatible with a some-hours' sojourn at the theatre. Yet, the supereminent talents of a Mrs. Siddons called back even the fashionable world from their own more peculiar recreations, and for a period, whilst her star was in the ascendant, the theatre was the focus of fashion, as well as of intellect.

Now, the more is the pity, the legitimate drama is a mere dead letter: a thing of the past.

But not content at that period with giving their patronage to the public theatres, the aristocracy encouraged the fashion of private ones, and amateur

votaries to another in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. "I looked in at the other house," said the witty Lord Chesterfield as he joined his friends at the more fashionable one; "but I saw nobody but the old King and Queen there, and as I thought they might be talking about business I did not stay." Probably the house was full; but as it was not filled with the *beau monde*, or people of *ton*, of course the fashionist saw nobody but the King and Queen: indeed we rather wonder he condescended to acknowledge their presence.

performances; prompted thereto, it is reasonable to suppose, by the inciting effects of the public performances.

The following letter of Walpole to Sir H. Mann, gives perhaps the first intimation we have of the rising fashion:—

March, 1751.

"There have been two events not political, equal to any absurdities and follies of former years. * * The other is a play that has been acted by some people of fashion, at Drury Lane, hired on purpose. They really acted so well, that it is astonishing they should not have had sense enough not to act at all. You would know none of their names should I tell you; but the chief were a family of Delavals, the eldest of which was married by one Foote, a player, to Lady Nassau Poulett, who had kept the latter. The rage was so great to see this performance, that the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose; the footman's gallery was strung with blue ribands."

Towards the close of the century amateur performances prevailed to a considerable extent. Perhaps the Duke of Richmond's dramatic corps was the most celebrated and the most perfect. In the "World" newspaper of January 4, 1788, it is thus eulogised:—"The theatrical of *ton* at Richmond House goes on in the best manner. The rehearsals

are attended with as much strictness as would be exemplary in a common playhouse. And the business of the scene, as well as the words of it, are nearly perfect."

Their Majesties honoured more than one of these performances with their presence, and on one occasion a motion in the House was potsponed, in order to enable Mr. Pitt to be present at a representation.

There are frequent notices also of performances in the theatres at Blenheim (the Duke of Marlborough's); at Cashiobury, the seat of the Earl of Essex; at Winterslow House, the seat of the Hon. Stephen Fox, &c. &c. The various "companies" consisted of persons of the highest rank and *ton*.

But neither the cabals of the Opera, the inducements of the Theatre, nor the attractions of the various exhibitions, must withdraw our attention longer from the drums, routs, and hurricanes, the festinos, masquerades, and ridottos-al-fresco, which were marking characteristics of the gay world of this period.

The drum, of which we hear so much, seems only to have been a card-party, more crowded than was consistent either with health or comfort; and of consequence more fashionable than any more convenient and more select party would have been.

"A drum," says the author of Pompey the Little, "is at present the highest object of female vain-glory; the end whereof is to assemble as large

a mob of quality as can possibly be contained in one house; and great are the honours paid to that lady who can boast of the largest crowd. For this purpose, a woman of superior rank calculates how many people all the rooms in her house laid open can possibly hold, and then sends, about two months before-hand, *among the people one knows*, to bespeak such a number as she thinks will fill them. Hence, great emulations arise among them."*

And in 1753, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, then at Louvère, writes to her daughter regarding the confirmed fashion of crowding rooms beyond reason or a chance of comfort:—

"By the account you give me of London I think it very much reformed; at least you have one sin the less, and it was a very reigning one in my time, I mean scandal: it must be literally reduced to a whisper, since the custom of living altogether. I

* "Among the great (and families of middling rank have imitated them) are several sorts of assemblies, under the names of drums, drum-majors, routes, and hurricanes: what constitutes each assembly is needless to explain. The hurricane is fullest of company, noise, and nonsense; and all are full of gaming tables. I am surprised at the continuation of these foolish diversions in private families, after the lapse of so many wives and daughters as they have occasioned; husbands must grow insensible of their own shame, fathers regardless of the reputation of their daughters, and all masters and mistresses of families indifferent to every thing but their mad round of pleasures, to promote such unprofitable scenes of delight; and they must be tasteless to all rational pleasure who place their delight in them."—*From a contemporary publication*

hope it has also banished the fashion of talking all at once, which was very prevailing when I was in town, and may perhaps contribute to brotherly love, and unity, which was so much declined in my memory, that it was hard to invite six people that would not, by cold looks, or piquing reflections, affront one another. I suppose parties are at an end, though I fear it is the consequence of the old almanack prophecy, 'Poverty brings peace:' and I fancy you really follow the French mode, and the lady keeps an assembly, that the assembly may keep the lady,* and card money pay for clothes and equipage, as well as cards and candles. I find I should be as solitary in London as I am here, it being impossible for me to submit to live in a *drum*, which, I think, so far from a cure of uneasinesses, that it is, in my opinion, adding one more to the heap."

A Festino was a much more attractive scene, and it was by no means appropriated solely to public entertainments. In 1762, the Duchess of Northumberland had one in honour of the Queen's brother, who was visiting here; not only her whole house, but her garden also was illuminated. Arches and pyramids of light gleamed on every side; necklaces of lamps were twined over railings, and looped along the walls; bands of musicians were placed in various parts, and the whole was like a fairy scene.

* We have shewn that at a later period this was actually the case. See pages 74 and 75.

Illuminations and the display of fireworks seem to have been a very usual accompaniment and embellishment of the private *fêtes* of the last century. We have referred to the Duke of Richmond's, which were splendid. Walpole names many which were in a similar style; amongst others, two given by Miss Chudleigh (Duchess of Kingston) to the Court.*

Of this description, were frequently the decorations at Ranelagh and Vauxhall.

Ranelagh was so called from the Earl of Ranelagh, on whose estate, eastward of Chelsea Hospital, this building, somewhat resembling the Pantheon at Rome, and said "for beauty, elegance, and grandeur, not to be equalled in Europe," was erected. The estate of the Earl of Ranelagh having been

* The Court itself did nothing of the kind. On the occasion of the King's recovery, indeed, the Queen gave a magnificent entertainment, accompanied by fireworks and illuminations. But even in their early years, immediately after the King's accession and marriage, the parties *they* preferred were such as Walpole thus describes:

1761. Nov. 28.—"There has been a very private ball at Court, consisting of not above twelve or thirteen couple; some of the Lords of the Bedchamber, most of the Ladies, the Maids of Honour, and six strangers, Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Jane Stewart, Lord Suffolk, Lord Northampton, Lord Mandeville, and Lord Grey. Nobody sat by, but the Princess, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Bute. They began before seven, danced till one, and parted without a supper."—Walpole, vol. iv. 191.

The King danced the whole time with the Queen, and Lady Augusta with her four younger brothers. The Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton danced a little; Lady Effingham and Lady Egremont much.

sold, was vested, ultimately, in thirty-six shareholders, by whom this magnificent speculation was undertaken.

The grounds and gardens were extensive and very beautiful, and were laid out, of course, to the best advantage: the building itself, called the Rotunda, was a noble edifice.

There were four entrances, by Doric porticoes opposite each other, an arcade encircled the building, and over it was a gallery. Within were forty-seven boxes beautifully painted and ornamented, and each lighted by a bell lamp in front. They were divided by pillars, each alternate one having a looking-glass from top to bottom in a gilt frame. Over these boxes, which were occupied by parties taking refreshment, was a gallery. The ceiling was divided into oval panels, connected with wreaths of flowers, each panel containing a celestial figure on a sky-blue ground. The whole was lighted (exclusively of the lamps in the boxes and gallery above) by twenty-eight glass chandeliers, hung from the ceiling in two circles.

The Prince of Wales, the great patron of Ranelagh, had a magnificent box about twelve from the orchestra; this, though originally built in the centre, was removed to one of the porticoes. On the dissolution of Ranelagh in 1805, the fine organ, having been purchased, was removed from this orchestra to the Church of Tetbury, in Gloucestershire.

Before the building was quite finished, the proprietors made much money by allowing people to see it, and breakfast there; of course it was all the rage to do this: of course Horace Walpole did it; and he tells us that the previous day, 380 persons had breakfasted there at 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

It was finished and opened in May, 1742. Walpole thus describes it:—

1742. May 26.

"Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvepence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost 16,000*l.* Twice a week there are to be ridottos, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water."*

This seems prosaic enough; but how quickly and absolutely fashion stamped it as her own, we learn from a letter of a two years' later date.

1744. June.

TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

"That you may not think I employ my time as idly as the great men I have been talking of,

* Vol. i. 188.

you must be informed, that every night constantly I go to Ranelagh; which has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else—everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it, that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. If you had never seen it, I would make you a most pompous description of it, and tell you how the floor is all of beaten princes—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or Duke of Cumberland. The company is universal: there is from his Grace of Grafton down to children out of the Foundling Hospital —from my Lady Townshend to the kitten—from my Lord Sandys to your humble cousin and sincere friend."*

Its fashion being thus indisputably ascertained, Ranelagh became the focus of pleasure and excitement, and continued for fifty years to be the grand rallying point of all fashionable re-unions.

It was opened, as we have seen, with a public breakfast; and this species of entertainment was continued for some time, but then suppressed by Act of Parliament, as being conducive to immorality. It might perhaps be difficult to prove that, with very few exceptions, any of the entertainments thereafter introduced were less so.

Morning concerts were held there, at first chiefly selections from oratorios; the music was of the highest order possible. Masquerades there were

* Vol. i. 353.

very frequent; at a later period private subscription dancing assemblies were held there, and finally fireworks and other outdoor exhibitions were the order of the evening, an arrangement which contributed to its speedy downfal.

A few years after Ranelagh was opened, King George the Second gave an entertainment there, "in the Venetian style," which was attended by all the Royal Family and six thousand other persons. It is thus described by Walpole:—

"The next day was what was called 'a jubilee masquerade, in the Venetian manner,' at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to Court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a Maypole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masqued, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola,

adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, &c., and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange-trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches, too, were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. It is to be once more, and probably finer as to dresses, as there has since been a subscription masquerade, and people will go in their rich habits."

In 1775 was a grand regatta, which concluded with a supper and music at Ranelagh. The tickets of admission to this fête, engraved by Bartolozzi, are now highly valued by collectors. After supper there was dancing, and the Rotunda and Gardens were illuminated with vari-colcured lamps. The orchestra, on this occasion, consisted of two hundred and forty performers.

It is needless to recur to the private re-unions there; they were perpetual. Ranelagh was a never-failing resource either against a fit of the spleen, or

as an alfresco entertainment on a sudden meeting of friends in a morning call or at a fashionable lounge. But it attained its highest celebrity during the early manhood of the Prince of Wales, who was passionately fond of it, was perpetually there, and of course attracted all the young nobility to his orbit, not less to the promenades than to the concluding masquerades, which were fraught with immorality, and became at length crying evils, but were, unfortunately, too much to the taste of his Royal Highness. On such frequent occasions, and more especially on the birthday of the King (June 4), the Rotunda would perhaps display, at one view, near three thousand of the first persons of the kingdom, headed by the magnificent Prince and the transcendant Duchess of Devonshire. After all, this parade in the Rotunda—the facility which it afforded of the *sine qua non* of fashion to see and be seen—was not one of the least attractive features of Ranelagh. One who was of too humble a station and too unsophisticated a nature, to think fashion worth the sacrifice of comfort which it entailed, Robert Bloomfield, "the farmer's boy," thus humorously describes the *delights* of Ranelagh :—

RANELAGH.

To Ranelagh, once in my life,
By good-natur'd force I was driv'n:
The nations had ceas'd their long strife,
And PEACE* beam'd her radiance from Heav'n.

* A grand fête in honour of the Peace of 1802.

What wonders were there to be found
That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
First we trac'd the gay ring all around,
Ay—and then we went round it again.

A thousand feet rested on mats,
A carpet that once had been green;
Men bow'd with their outlandish hats,
With corners so fearfully keen!
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean, as slowly they pac'd,
And then—walk'd round and swept it again.

The music was truly enchanting!
Right glad was I when I came near it;
But in fashion I found I was wanting:—
'Twas the fashion to walk and not hear it!
A fine youth, as beauty beset him,
Look'd smilingly round on the train;
"The King's nephew!" they cried, as they met him,
Then—we went round and met him again.

Huge paintings of heroes and peace
Seem'd to smile at the sound of the fiddle,
Proud to fill up each tall shining space
Round the lanthorn * that stood in the middle.
And George's head too; Heav'n screen him!
May he finish in peace his long reign!
And what did we when we had seen him?
Why—went round and saw him again.

A bell rang announcing new pleasures,
A crowd in an instant prest hard,
Feathers nodded, perfumes shed their treasures,
Round a door that led into the yard.

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* The intervals between the pillars in the centre of the Rotunda were filled up by transparent paintings.

'Twas peopled all o'er in a minute,
As a white flock would cover a plain!
We had seen every soul that was in it,
Then we went round and saw them again.

But now came a scene worth the showing,
The fireworks! midst laughs and huzzas,
With explosions the sky was all glowing,
Then down stream'd a million of stars:
With a rush the bright rockets ascended,
Which spurted blue fires like a rain;
We turn'd with regret when 'twas ended,
Then—star'd at each other again.

There thousands of gay lamps aspir'd
To the tops of the trees and beyond;
And, what was most hugely admir'd,
They look'd all up-side-down in a pond:
The blaze scarce an eagle could bear;
And an owl had most surely been slain;
We return'd to the circle, and there—
And there we went round it again.

'Tis not wisdom to love without reason,
Or to censure without knowing why:
I had witness'd no crime, nor no treason,
"O life, 'tis thy picture," said I.
'Tis just thus we saunter along,
Months and years bring their pleasures or pain,
We sigh midst the *right* and the *wrong;*
And then *we go round them again!*

The Earl of Chatham, in a poetical epistle addressed to Lord Cobham, alludes to the same circumstance:—

"Haste then away,
Nor round and round for ever rove
The magic Ranelagh."

One of the most magnificent entertainments ever known here, was given by the Spanish Ambassador in honour of the recovery of George the Third from his sad illness. The Queen was here of course, and the Royal Family; and six hundred other ladies were invited, who all obtained a prize in a lottery, which formed part of the evening's entertainments. The highest prize was a gold watch enriched with diamonds; the Queen obtained an etui-case containing a medallion of the King.*

On this occasion, the circle of boxes in the Rotunda was thrown into the form of a Spanish camp, each tent (or box) guarded by a boy dressed in Spanish uniform. The gallery above was arrayed as a Temple of Flora. The rotunda and gardens were brilliantly illuminated; and twenty pleasure boats, also highly illuminated, sailed up and down the Thames in front of the gardens, letting off rockets as they passed. There were fireworks, and illuminated arches, temples, &c., in the gardens.

Tea was made by women ornamented with

* This mode of offering trinkets to ladies under the guise of a lottery had been very usual in France, and was introduced there by Cardinal Mazarin. Louis the Fourteenth used to make magnificent presents to his courtiers in this manner. Of course no blanks were ever drawn, and it was usually contrived that certain prizes *should* be drawn by such persons as the donor especially wished to obtain them. Doubtless the etui-case named in the text as drawn by the Queen at Ranelagh was expressly intended for her. George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, had more than once recourse to this ingenious mode of complimenting those whom he wished to honour.

wreaths of flowers, and the company, generally, were attended by a hundred valets in scarlet and gold, and as many footmen in sky-blue and silver.

The supper service of the Queen and Royal Family was entirely gold: the tablecloth alone cost ninety guineas; many of the wines and fruits were imported from Spain for the occasion.

Towards the close of the century the glories of Ranelagh were on the wane. The absolute adoption of evening entertainments, to the discouragement if not exclusion of those of the morning, the regular display of fire-works and other exhibitions, which of course did not commence until a latish hour—and, in a great degree, no doubt, the versatility of fashion, which attracted its chief supporters elsewhere, led to its gradual disuse as a promenade.

It displayed a dying gleam of splendour in 1804, when the Countess of Harrington, in behalf of the Queen, presented to her Majesty's Royal Volunteers the colours designed and wrought for them by the Queen and Princesses; but this was the last occurrence there worth notice, and in the subsequent year, 1805, the whole of the premises were taken down.

Vauxhall was of earlier date, and of later continuance than Ranelagh; and though somewhat eclipsed during the halcyon days of the latter place by the blaze of splendour there, was still a very attractive and a very fashionable spot.

The first notice of it occurs in the "Spectator,"

No. 383, May 20, 1712, under the name of Spring Garden—which our readers must in nowise confound with the Spring Garden in St. James's Park, of notorious memory, of which they read in vol. 1, and which still retains its name. The Spring Garden which, under the revived name of Vauxhall, was a contemporary of, and in some measure a rival to Ranelagh, was situated a full mile higher up the river, and on the opposite bank; indeed *is* situated, for there it still is, the enclosure looking shattered and worn, the trees dusty and melancholy, and the placards holding out in vain, as it should seem, their tempting invitations to heedless passengers to purchase it "in lots for building on." Yes, there it still is, but alas!—

> "—— fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
> Fall'n from its high estate."

It seems to have been but a humble place of entertainment at the time in which the "Spectator" speaks of it; a spring garden, little more, to which people sailed for change of scene and country air, and had what refreshments they called for from the house attached to it. Our Spectator and his friend, Sir Roger de Coverly, regaled themselves with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. Sir Roger was much shocked by a lady in a mask who tapped him on the shoulder, and thus "interrupted his thoughts of the widow;" and on paying his reckoning at the bar, he thought fit to utter some

justice-like animadversions on the morals of the place for the behoof of the lady who supplied his change.

Twenty years later, however, in different hands, Vauxhall was re-opened in very different style with a *ridotto al fresco*, for which silver tickets were issued at one guinea each. The *ridotto*, says Byron, is a hall

> "The company is 'mix'd:'
> Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;
> Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball,
> But that 's of no importance to my strain;
> 'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
> Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain."

The first notice in England of a Ridotto was in the year 1698, when the "Post Boy" announces (Feb. 12) that on Thursday the 17th would be a new entertainment called a Redoubt, after the Venetian manner, with basset banks and other entertainments, where no person was to be admitted without a ticket and masked, or before ten o'clock at night. This masquerade evidently belonged to the class of amusements called by the Italians *Ridottos*, but whatever might be the design of the projectors,—it was stopped by authority.

Vauxhall was now a very beautiful place; it had dropped its appellation of Spring Garden, and recurred to its original one, or rather an adaptation of it; for the original name of the house and estate was Faux, or Fauks Hall.

The gardens at last, amid groves and avenues, arcades and colonnades, arranged with exquisite taste, and brilliantly illuminated with innumerable vari-coloured lamps, boasted a magnificent orchestra, a pavilion called the Hall of Mirrors, (from the walls being lined with looking-glass) which was the principal supper-room: a rotunda, a large handsome building for feats of horsemanship, and the performance of ballets, fitted with pit, boxes, gallery, &c.—a Turkish divan—a Swiss cottage—a Gothic gateway—an Italian walk—a dark walk, and a profusion of white statues glittering amid the dark and shady trees.

The dial-hand of the fashionable circles, Horace Walpole, was now moving in the enchanted alleys of Vauxhall, and even is seduced from Court by its fascinations. In 1748 he writes:—

"I did not stay till Thursday to kiss hands, but went away to Vauxhall: as I was coming out I was overtaken by a great light, and retired under the trees of Marble Hall to see what it should be. There came a long procession of Prince Lobkowitz's footmen, in very rich new liveries, the two last bearing torches; and after them the Prince himself, in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat, fringed, leading Madame L'Ambassadrice de Venise in a green sack with a straw-hat, attended by my Lady Tyrawley, Wall, the private Spanish agent, the two Miss Molyneuxs, and some other men.

They went into one of the Prince of Wales's barges, had another barge filled with violins and hautboys, and an open boat with drums and trumpets. This was one of the *fêtes des adieux*."

And from a letter to Mr. Montagu some years later (May 11th, 1769), it would seem that though ridottos might be stopped by authority in an earlier century, they were not uncommon in this:—

"There was what they called a *Ridotto-al-fresco* at Vauxhall, for which one paid half-a-guinea, though, except some thousand more lamps and a covered passage all round the garden, there was nothing better than on a common night. Mr. Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock; the tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious, that it was half-an-hour after nine before we got half-way from Westminster-bridge. We then alighted; and after scrambling under bellies of horses, through wheels, and over posts and rails, we reached the Gardens, where were already many thousand persons. Nothing diverted me but a man in a Turk's dress and two nymphs in masquerade without masks, who sailed amongst the company, and, which was surprising, seemed to surprise nobody. It had been given out, that people were desired to come in fancied dresses without masks. We walked twice round and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance; for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half-an-hour. There

is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition the greater is the crowd. I have suspended the vestimenta that were torn off my back to the god of repentance, and shall stay away."

The price of admission here has varied greatly: before 1792 it was one shilling: then, after some new and expensive decorations had been introduced, it was two shillings, including tea and coffee: during the present century four shillings, without any refreshment, have been long paid. The next change was to the original price of a shilling, and for a little while before the disposal of the property the price was three shillings.*

Its doors have been closed, its lights are fled only within the last five years; but its stamp of fashion had long been removed, and its own complete abrogation was desirable, not only for the comfort of the inhabitants, who have congregated thickly round this once rural place, but for the promotion of morality, whose interests were supposed to suffer there materially.† It has a suc-

* Knight's "London."

† Since the foregoing pages were written Vauxhall has been re-opened for six nights, exhibiting the ghost of its former splendour to whomsoever chose to pay a shilling for the view.

We read in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1773, that one of the ballets of the opera at Palermo is a representation of Vauxhall Gardens; and this is the third time I have seen Vauxhall brought upon the Italian theatre, at Turin, Naples, and here. The gardens are tolerably well represented, and

cessor at a very remote and humble distance, in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, where fireworks are exhibited and evening promenades take place, and flirtations are abundant; and where Mounts Hecla and Vesuvius being utterly consumed, Old London is nightly burnt down to the great delight of a multitude of spectators, and discomfiture of the poor animals, who are roused from their nightly slumbers by sounds of which it is impossible they can understand the import or the propriety.

In addition to fireworks, there were at Vauxhall many feats and performances which were usual at minor theatres, such as tight-rope dancing, tumbling, posture masters, and feats of horsemanship. At one period Ducrow and his whole troop exhibited there.

But one of the greatest attractions was the ascent of balloons. Occasionally, in its declining days, they were added to the attractions of Ranelagh, as, for instance, in 1802, on occasion of a festival

the idea must have been given by some person that had been on the spot. A variety of very good English figures are brought in; some with large frizzled wigs, sticking half a yard out behind their necks; some with little cut scratches, that looked extremely ridiculous; some come in cracking their whips, with buckskin-breeches and jockey-caps: some are armed with a great oaken stick, their hair tied up in an enormous club, and stocks that swell their necks to double its natural size. But what affords the principal part of the entertainment is, three Quakers who are duped by three ladies of the town, in concert with three Jack-tars, their lovers.—Gents. Mag. vol. xliii. 480.

there of the Pic Nic Society, M. Garnerin, the celebrated aeronaut, ascended in his balloon, accompanied by Lieutenant Sowden, of the Navy. But they were a frequent, and latterly almost a perpetual, adjunct to the pleasures of Vauxhall. The Great Nassau Balloon has of late years taken its flights from there; and if balloons have been so much thought of in the present century, when they are comparatively so common, as to collect enormous crowds to witness them, what must have been the case formerly when aeronautism was in its infancy; nay, when it was but just emerging to the light?—for in its infancy it still is, if there be any truth in the visions of the "Aerial Machine" Company.

What would Horace Walpole — who records being called out by his servants to see a balloon —what would he have said could he have foreseen the realization, in theory at least, of the improbable visions with which he amused his fancy after witnessing the ascent of the balloon? He writes to Marshal Conway (Oct. 15, 1784:)—

"As I was writing this my servants called me away to see a balloon. I amused myself with ideas of the change that would be made in the world by the substitution of balloons to ships. I supposed our seaports to become *deserted villages;* and Salisbury Plain, Newmarket Heath, (another canvas for alteration of ideas,) and all downs (but *the* Downs) arising into dockyards for aerial vessels.

Such a field would be ample in furnishing new speculations. But to come to my ship news :—

"The good balloon Dædalus, Captain Wing-ate, will fly in a few days for China; he will stop at the top of the Monument to take in passengers.

"Arrived on Brand-Sands, the Vulture, Captain Nabob; the Tortoise-snow, from Lapland; the Pet-en-l'air, from Versailles; the Dreadnought, from Mount Etna, Sir W. Hamilton, commander; the Tympany, Montgolfier; and the Mine-A-in-a-bandbox, from the Cape of Good Hope. Foundered in a hurricane, the Bird of Paradise, from Mount Ararat. The Bubble, Sheldon, took fire, and was burnt to her gallery; and the Phœnix is to be cut down to a second rate.

"In those days Old Sarum will again be a town and have houses in it. There will be fights in the air with wind-guns, and bows and arrows; and there will be prodigious increase of land for tillage, by breaking up all public roads as useless. But enough of my fooleries; for which I am sorry you must pay double postage."*

Incited perhaps by the splendid success of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, "a winter Ranelagh" was erected about 1770 in the "Oxford Road," at an expense of £5,000. This was the Pantheon in Oxford Street, (now a bazaar), the splendour of which seems to have astonished foreigners who visited it. Walpole says, when speaking of the

* Vol. vi. 233.

impression it made on a foreigner whom he took there. "It amazed myself. Imagine Balbec in all its glory! The pillars are of artificial *giallo antico*. The ceilings, even of the passages, are of the most beautiful stucco in the best taste of grotesque. The ceilings of the ball-rooms and the panels painted like Raphael's Loggias in the Vatican. A dome like the Pantheon glazed. M. de Guisnes said to me, "Ce n'est qu'à Londres qu'on peut faire tout cela."

Miss Burney thus describes it—

"About eight o'clock we went to the Pantheon. I was extremely struck with the beauty of the building, which greatly surpassed whatever I could have expected or imagined; yet it has more the appearance of a chapel than a place of diversion; and though I was quite charmed with the magnificence of the room, I felt I could not be as gay and thoughtless there as at Ranelagh, for there is something in it which rather inspires awe and solemnity than mirth and pleasure.——The tea-room is large, low, and underground, and serves merely as a foil to the apartments above."

Surely Mr. Walpole has somewhat too highly coloured the following—

"The town has wound up the season perfectly in character by a fête at the Pantheon by subscription. Le Texier managed it; but it turned out sadly. The company was first shut into the galleries to look down on the supper, then let to

descend to it. Afterwards they were led into the subterraneous apartment, which was laid with mould, and planted with trees, and crammed with nosegays; but the fresh earth, and the dead leaves, and the effluvia of breaths made such a stench and moisture, that they were suffocated; and when they remounted, the legs and wings of chickens, and remnants of ham (for the supper was not removed) poisoned them more. A Druid in an arbour distributed verses to the ladies; then the Baccelli* and the dancers of the Opera danced; and then danced the company; and then it being morning, and the candles burnt out, the windows were opened; and then the stewed-danced assembly were such shocking figures, that they fled like ghosts, as they looked."

As a contrast to this, which seems to have been rather an unhappy affair, we read in Swinburne's Letters of a ball given here by White's Club, which was the most brilliant spectacle possible, quite unapproached, he says, by any thing he had seen (and he had seen much,) in foreign countries. All the pillars were wreathed with lamps, and the dome was illuminated. But by a concatination of ideas of which we can by no means unravel the chain, the writer concludes by saying, that "the dresses and feathers of the ladies, and the excellence of the supper were objects of great—(and as it should seem)—of equal, praise."

* A celebrated opera dancer, M^elle^. Baccelli.

CHAPTER VII.

AMUSEMENTS.—PART II.

"'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world."

COWPER.

FASHIONABLE assemblies, of a more select kind of course than those which awakened the echoes of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, were held at Carlisle House, in Soho Square, under the auspices of a Mrs. Cornely, who has obtained great celebrity from her elegant taste, from the skill which she displayed in her arrangements, and the spirit with which she conducted them. She appears to have been originally a public singer,* and known by the name of Pompeiati. Afterwards, as a speculation, she took Carlisle House, and established subscription balls and assemblies there, which, though at first they excited some reprobation, were quickly and highly patronised. Incited by encouragement, she enlarged her house until it became "a fairy palace for balls, concerts, and masquerades." At length, however, venturing too far, she trenched on the privileges of the Opera; the manager,

* Walpole to Mann, con. ser. vol. ii. 133.

Mr. Hobart, a brother of Lord Buckingham, informed against her, and her career was checked. "For," says Walpole, "the bench of justices, less soothable by music than Orpheus's beasts, have pronounced against her."

But Mrs. Cornely was doomed to receive in the institution of Almack's a blow far more overwhelming than any the bench of magistrates could inflict. The origin of this assembly is very singular, or rather it took its origin in a singular state of society, and its continuance has been not less remarkable; its existence or arrangement now is a perfect anomaly. For while women of the highest rank, of the highest character, and the most refined manners may sue for admission—if they will so condescend—and they *do* so condescend—in vain; others immeasurably less calculated to confer lustre on an assembly, by some strange *tracasserie* are admitted, and thus stamped fashionable. But to the origin of Almack's.

In the necessary limitation of establishment, and curtailing of expenses, which the heavy taxations of the great war in the last century entailed on those even of the highest rank whose incomes were fixed and unincreasable, and who had thitherto lived to the extent of those incomes—in this necessary limitation of expenses, its inevitable consequence, a limitation of pleasure, was keenly felt by the fashionable and the gay. It was this state of things which, perhaps, gave commercial wealth

its first step within the charmed circle of the aristocracy, and the last tinge of feudality grew dim and pale in the broad horizon of wealth illumined by the sun of intellect. Keenly watchful of every means to raise themselves in the scale of social existence, the holders of wealth now offered to their impoverished superiors those expensive pleasures of which they were hitherto deprived, on the only condition of being themselves admitted to the circle: a compact equally disgraceful to the low-born millionaire and the degraded aristocrat. It was, however, accepted in numberless instances, and ladies of rank and title entertained large assemblies at the houses and at the expense of persons who knew not even the names of those who thus crowded their saloons, but who condescended to become mere ciphers in their own houses in hopes of an introduction to, and a future glance of notice from, the titled crowd who revelled there. Thus we find that the ridiculous stories which have occasionally been handed down of strange mistakes which occurred at these parties, were by no means unlikely to happen: as, for example, when a guest desired a waiter to intimate his wish to take wine with his master, and the man respectfully begged the gentleman "to point his master out, as he did not know him by sight, having been hired for the night only," and it happened that the gentleman did not know him either; or others still more palpable, where a gentleman

has ordered his host to take his hat, or place him a chair; or an aristocratic lady has stared her hostess out of countenance, supposing her to be the housekeeper got in by accident. An anecdote is recorded of Brummell, who, when a friend preferred to him the petition of a gentleman that he (Brummell) would dine at his house, inviting his own party and choosing his own dinner, the beau asked whether the gentleman of the house himself meant to be present, and being answered "Of course."

"Then," said he, "most certainly I shall not go."

This particular anecdote may be true or false: it matters not which; it would not have been invented (if invented) if such or similar circumstances were not occurrent; it proves, indeed,

> "That such things were,
> And were most dear to us."

However chary the titled votaries of pleasure were of encouraging the advances of their moneyed friends, or of returning their civilities, farther than the very letter of the bond compelled them, there can be no doubt that the intercourse thus strangely commenced, facilitated the inroads which the moneyed world was now fast making into that of fashion. All that money could do, they could do, and therefore it was no longer by magnificence of appointments that the world of fashion could hope to rival that of wealth. Yet to be outbearded on

their own thresholds was not to be borne. Therefore, in a moment of happy inspiration, the idea was formed of an assembly, "which, though originating in necessary economy, by the good taste and popularity of its institutors and directresses, soon rose to distinction and celebrity. An admission to it became a sort of necessary license to practice in the best company. The expense did not amount to a tenth part of that incurred at any former fêtes prepared for the same society. All who thought, by their own former entertainments, they had purchased the freedom of the company to which they were ambitious to belong, found themselves cruelly thrown out." *

This was the origin of Almack's.

Horace Walpole says, "There is a new institution which begins to make, and if it proceeds, will make, a considerable noise. It is a club of both sexes to be erected at Almack's, on the mode of the men at White's. Mrs. Fitzroy, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Leynell, and Miss Lloyd, are the patronesses."

And again:

"The new assembly-room at Almack's was opened the night before last, and they say is very magnificent, but it was empty; half the town is ill with colds, and many were afraid to go, as the house is scarcely built yet. Almack advertized that it was built with hot bricks and boiling water

* Social Life in England and France.

—think what a rage there must be for public places, if this notice, instead of terrifying, could draw anybody thither. They tell me the ceilings were dropping with wet."

It assumes rather a more hopeful aspect from the pen of George Selwyn's correspondent, though he seems by no means to anticipate its future supremacy.

GILLY WILLIAMS TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Feb. 22, 1765.

"If ever you condescend to look again upon this unhappy and divided country, you will see we are a little improved as to gaiety. There is now opened at Almack's, in three very elegant new built rooms, a ten-guinea subscription, for which you have a ball and supper once a week for twelve weeks. You may imagine, by the sum, the company is chosen; though, refined as it is, *it will be scarce able to put old Soho* out of countenance.* The men's tickets are not transferrable, so, if the ladies do not like us, they have no opportunity of changing us, but must see the same persons for ever."†

We quote the following picture of it at the present moment from the pages of a very popular Magazine:—

"The *exclusives* are a queer set, some of them not by any means people of the best pretensions to lead the *ton*. Almack's, as everybody knows

* Mrs. Cornely's.

† Jesse's "Selwyn and his Contemporaries."

who has been there, or who has talked with any observing *habitué* of the place, contains a great many queer, spurious people, smuggled in somehow by indirect influence, when Royal command is not the least effectual: a surprising number of seedy, poverty-stricken young men, and, in the inverse ratio, women who have anything more than the clothes they wear; yet, by mere dint of difficulty, by the simple circumstance of making admission to this assembly a matter of closeting, canvassing, balloting, black-balling, and so forth, people of much better fashion than some of the exclusives, make it a matter of life and death to have their admission secured. Admission to Almack's is to a young *débutante* of fashion as great an object as a seat at the Privy Council Board to a flourishing politician: your *ton* is stamped by it; you are of the exclusive *set*, and, by virtue of belonging to that set, every other is open to you as a matter of course, when you choose to condescend to visit it.

"We will give, in his own words, all the information we could contrive to get from a man of the highest fashion, who is a subscriber.

"'Why, I really don't know that I have anything to tell you about Almack's, except that all that the novel-writers say about it is ridiculous nonsense: the lights are good, the refreshments not so good, the music excellent; the women dress well, dance a good deal, and talk but little. There

is a good deal of envy, jealousy, and criticism of faces, figures, fortunes, and pretensions: one, or at most two, of the balls in a season are pleasant; the others *slow*, and very dull. The point of the thing seems to be, that people of rank choose to like it because it stamps a set; and low people talk about it because they cannot by any possibility know anything about it.'" *

Mr. Rush, the American Ambassador, who visited the Court of England about twenty years ago, writes thus:—

"We were at Almack's last night. The younger part of the company danced. They were not the most numerous part. Statesmen, Cabinet Ministers and their ladies, Peers, Peeresses and their daughters, foreign Ambassadors, and others, were present. In these circles, if all *classes* do not intermingle, all *ages* do. Gibbon, writing to Lord Sheffield from Paris says, that Horace Walpole gave him a letter to Madame du Deffand, '*an agreeable young lady of eighty-two*,' who had constant suppers at her house, and the best company. There may be seen in society in London, and as part of its ornaments, ladies whom I should set down as not much short of that youthful age. It would be doing injustice to the stronger sex to suppose that they give up sooner."

The dances chiefly practised at assemblies about the time of the institution of Almack's were minuets and country dances. Every lady was expected and

* Blackwood.

did expect to dance a minuet before the country dances began. The Duchess of Queensberry, in 1764, gave a ball, opened it herself with a minuet, and danced two country dances. At Bath, the very theatre of *haut ton*, each gentleman was expected to dance two minuets, and on the conclusion of the first, the master of the ceremonies led the lady to her seat, and conducted another fair one to the expecting gentleman who stood awaiting her in *statu quo*, with his opera hat and his "dancing feet" in the most perfect position which the skill of his dancing master or his own good taste enabled him to assume. Rather a nervous situation this, one should think; certainly quite enough to make a young man not thoroughly seasoned to the exhibition feel "rather all-overish." But he would probably be inwardly supported by thinking of the saying quoted and approved by the infallible Chesterfield: "La belle danse donne du brillant à un jeune homme." The young ladies of that day, too, must have had considerable nerves to brave the slow ordeal of a minuet with the eyes of a whole assembly of scrutinizing dowagers, jealous-eyed young ladies, and quizzical men fixed upon them. We seldom hear however of the ordeal being declined:

> "For then her acquaintance would never have known
> Mrs. Shenkin Ap Leck had acquired the *bon ton*."

But if to dance a minuet well required a degree of self-possession not always found in very young persons, it also entailed inevitably the cultivation

of some degree of grace and dignity in manner and in movement; circumstances which, as every one knows, are by no means indispensable to the performance of the modern quadrille, or to the mazurka, or to the gallopade, or to the polka. No, it must surely be in the performance of the stately and graceful minuet — a descendant of the *pavan* of the knights and dames of chivalrous times—it must certainly be in the performance of the minuet that a woman dancing may claim the epithet which has been bestowed upon her—"a brandished torch of beauty."

It was probably from the preponderance of the numbers of the ladies at Bath that each gentleman was required to dance two minuets, for we do not find this the case elsewhere. Walpole records a ball at Sir Thomas Robinson's, which seems to have been arranged admirably throughout, and each gentleman danced one minuet with his partner, and then began country dances. There were four-and-twenty couples divided into twelve and twelve; one set danced two dances, and then retired into another room, whilst the alternate set danced two, and so on throughout the evening. The ball opened at eight, and supper was served at twelve, hot, for the lady dancers. Dancing was then renewed until four, when the company took tea and coffee before they separated.

This retiring in order after two dances, leads one to infer that the fashion of changing partners known

of late days, might occasionally be practised then. This change however was not usual, nor was there any choice as now; as may be learned from the following extract from a letter of Mrs. Montagu. We wonder what a modern beau who finesses all the evening to obtain the "prettiest girl" as a supper partner, would say to drawing lots, and thinking himself honoured by being permitted to do the agreeable to any partner whom fate might assign him:—

"In the afternoon I went to Lord Oxford's ball, at Mary-le-bone. It was very agreeable. The partners were chosen by their fans, but with a little *supercherie* in the case. I believe one of our dancers failed, so our worthy cousin, Sir T. ——* was invited and came; but when he had drawn Miss ——'s fan, he would not dance with her; but Mr. Hay, who, as the more canonical diversion, had chosen cards, danced with the poor forsaken lady. The knight bore the roast with great fortitude, and to make amends, promised his neglected fair a ball at his house. It did not end till two in the morning."

It is not very long since minuets were exploded, in the country at least. In London, no doubt, the reign of the minuet was prolonged by the exquisite skill and grace with which the Prince of Wales performed it. We read of them invariably during his early life as beginning the entertainments at the Queen's balls: yet cotillions had now become naturalized. The Earl of Carlisle was probably one

* Sir Thos. Robinson.

of the earliest introducers of this dance: he writes in 1768 from Turin, that he and the Marquis of Kildare are learning to dance *cotillions*.

No one was better qualified by rank, manners, education, and appearance to give *ton* to a new fashion than the Earl of Carlisle. He had a brilliant reputation in his own time. He was a successful poet; he was considered—with the exception of Charles Fox—the best dressed man of his day—no slight character in the fashionable world; and his handsome person, his high courtesy, and most engaging manners rendered him a universal favourite. He was a shining star in the galaxy of fashion, though by no means slavishly confined within her sphere, for we regard him in a higher light, when we learn that in that age of licensed gambling and unrestrained extravagance, he struggled with, and ultimately conquered his own passionate love for gaming. He married, in 1769, a daughter of the Marquis of Stafford. In our own time he is best known as the guardian of Lord Byron, and as the father of that "young gallant Howard," whose death is so exquisitely touched in the third canto of Childe Harold; a tribute, as it would seem, to the injured father, drawn from the repentant pen of the often-erring but not ungenerous Lord Byron.*

* Selwyn and his Contemporaries, vol. ii. pp. 130—148. The stanzas referred to are the following:

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend with me his line,

He had various posts of high honour and importance in the country, and was a liberal and judicious encourager of the fine arts, but he has been universally celebrated and satirized for his taste in dress, and his skill in dancing. He and his friend Charles Fox, maccaronies of their day, revived the far-famed fashion of the beau of the "Tatler's" day, that of wearing red-heeled shoes. At a masquerade at Mrs. Cornely's, Feb. 5, 1770, he appeared as a running-footman, but even in this inferior character his costume was perfectly appropriate, and the taste displayed in it exquisite. "It shewed," says the reporter of the day, "that the universal opinion of the wearer's superior taste in dress of any kind has its foundation in truth." In another part of this work we have quoted a poem called the "First of April," dedicated to the Duchess of Devonshire; in the same publication Lord Carlisle is thus satirized:—

When Folly, pointing to the splendid show
Of star and ribbon that bedeck'd the beau,
"For shame, my Lord, she cried, your doubtings cease!
"With such a wish and such a power to please
"As you possess—Oh think not of the strife
"And labours of the politician's life!

And partly that I did his Sire some wrong,
And partly, that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard!"

"Let gentle Stormont threat intriguing France!
"You shine, my Lord, unrivall'd in the dance.
"'Tis yours, with nimble step and graceful air,
"In measur'd mazes, to delight the fair.
"Of all the various arts, how few are known
"To gain an excellence in more than one.
"What real praises then become your due!
"For who can DRESS and DANCE so well as you!"

On the 30th of March, 1786, his Excellency Le Comte d'Adhemar gave the most brilliant ball that has been in England for many years. Fourteen of the most distinguished beauties of this country, whom his Excellency, in pure gallantry, named Les Filles de Minerve, wore a uniform. The ladies were the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Beauchamp, Lady Duncannon, Lady William Gordon, Lady Horatio Waldegrave, two Miss Ingrams, Lady C. Powlett, Lady Caroline Barry, Miss Keppel, two Miss Colmans, Mrs. Fawkener, Miss Pointy, *Une Inconnue*, and Mrs. Fitzherbert. The dress was celestial blue satin, covered with spangles and laced down the seams, with a most superb embroidery; from the middle of the arm towards the wrist was a decoration chiefly of white and silver; and the petticoat, which was of the purest white, was gathered into folds, and bordered at bottom with black and blue velvet. The shoes were blue and white, and corresponded with the dress. "The form and position of the casque or helmet was finished and decisive, each feather had a charm, and, on their heavenly brows, commanded more awe than the plumage of Hector!"

At the close of the same year a magnificent fête was given at Hatfield by the Earl and Countess of Salisbury, of which a fuller account is given in vol. i. chap. i. It was a ball and supper, and the public press of that day * quarrels with the exotic word *fête* being applied, (as it would seem, newly) to a good old-fashioned English entertainment.

But balls, public and private, however frequent and brilliant—and they were both—yet bore no comparison in frequency and splendour to those entertainments which were the universal mania of the last age—masquerades. From early in the century until its close, they maintained their high supremacy among the pleasures of fashionable life. Such places as Vauxhall and Ranelagh were, indeed, their own proper spheres, their own most fitting and appropriate courts ;† but they seem to have been as common in private houses as at these public places of entertainment. Their fascinations seem even to have won King George the Second from his reserve: there are frequent records of his attendance at masquerades. He went, accompanied by thirty masks, to one at the Duchess of Bedford's, and attended one shortly after at the Duchess of Queensberry's. At this time Walpole commemorates three or four in one week. One by subscription, at the Haymarket was, he says, the most magnificent ever

* See "World," Jan. 2, 1787.

† A series of evening diversions at Ranelagh were advertised under the title of Comus's Court.

seen. The King and the Prince attended this. Seven hundred people were present, and the subscribers of five guineas were entitled to four tickets.

It was at a masquerade that an awkward incident occurred which the King instantaneously averted in so kindly a spirit. He accompanied a lady—both masqued of course—to a sideboard for refreshment. "To the health of the Pretender," said the lady, raising her glass. "With all my heart," rejoined the King; "I am always happy to drink to the health of unfortunate Princes."

In the year 1768 a masquerade was held at the Haymarket, given by the King of Denmark, which must have utterly eclipsed the one commemorated by Walpole as the "most magnificent ever seen," and shews the rapid strides which luxury and magnificence made. The jewels worn by the guests on this occasion were considered to be worth two millions of money.

It seemed as if not even public riots and commotions could quell the thirst for masquerading which raged. At the time the demagogue Wilkes was exciting the people, a subscription masquerade was held in Soho, to attend which the House of Commons adjourned (1770).* The mob was beyond

* Walpole to Mann, Coll. Ser. ii. 96. Many years previously to this, the House had adjourned in order that the Members might witness some amateur acting in Drury Lane (see sup. 194); and at a later period, an important motion was postponed to enable Mr. Pitt to attend the Duke of Richmond's private theatre.

all belief: they held flambeaux to the windows of every coach, and demanded to have the masks pulled off and put on at their pleasure, yet did these *enivrées* to pleasure persist in masquerading. The mob, Walpole says, was civil and goodhumoured; yet the good humour of a mob is but an uncertain reliance.

"You have not," says Walpole, still later, "You have not more masquerades in carnival than we have here." *

Happily these mischievous and immoral entertainments are now exploded. They were loudly reprobated in the last age by the press, but entirely without effect. We have adverted to the gross abuses which they fostered, and the heavy mischiefs attending them in the earlier part of the century in the first section of our chapter on manners. Many years later a censor writes (1770): "These assemblies are now become more frequent than formerly, and it has been remarked that more divorces have been sued for at Doctors' Commons within the period of the last five years than in twenty years before." †

* Walpole's Letters, Coll. Ser. vol. ii. p. 320.

† The following brief abstract of a masquerade at Mrs. Cornely's, on the evening of Feb. 26, 1770, most fashionably attended, may be interesting to some of our readers, as many of the leading stars of fashion of that day are named:—

"It was illuminated in the most splendid and picturesque manner possible, with between 3,000 and 4,000 wax lights, and there were about a hundred musicians dispersed in various parts. An individual of rank had the ill taste and indecency to appear as Adam, in a close-fitting dress of silk, with embroi-

Yet with all the licence and freedom which such amusements might be supposed to generate, there was an extreme stiffness and formality in manners which especially pervaded the *soirées* or *conversaziones* which now began to be fashionable. And even in assemblies not especially devoted to con-

dered fig-leaves. This was for a wager, which of course he won; but he was avoided by every person present.

"The Duke of Buccleugh, as Nobody.

"Colonel Fitzroy, his friend, as Somebody; both appeared afterwards in other characters.

"Dukes of Grafton, Bedford; Lords Camden, Beaulieu; most of the foreign ministers, &c., &c., in dominos.

"Mrs. Ligonier, Minerva—a most excellent figure

"Lady Waldegrave, Jane Shore, almost sinking under the weight of pearls and beads.

"Lady Harrington and Lady Warren, fancy masques, elegant and uncommonly rich in diamonds.

"Miss Monckton, an Indian Sultana, lovely in spite of her colour.

"Lady Pomfret, Greek Sultana.

"Duchess of Bolton, Diana, Diana herself!

"Duchess of Ancaster, Mandane.

"Duke of Gloucester,* English Nobleman of the time of Edward the Fourth.

"Lady Stanhope, Melpomene, the very picture of elegant affliction, dignity and distress.

"Duchess of Buccleugh, Pomona.

"Lady Barrymore, Flora.

"Lady Augusta Stewart, a Vestal Virgin.

"Earl of Carlisle, a Running-footman; the prettiest imagined dress in the ball.

"Above a hundred paid their compliments to Lady Shelburne before they went to the ball. Princess Amelia there to see them. Also many visited Sir William Mayne and lady."

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* Father of the Princess Sophia Matilda, recently deceased.

versation, the same stiffness prevailed, and a party not occupied in cards or dancing, instead of being broken into knots, looking at albums, gossiping over music, turning the leaves of an annual as a cover to a little sly satire, or honestly and openly enjoying a social gossip, used then to sit in a large formal circle, looking at each other, and listening, of course, to anything that was said; and the formality of a minuet can hardly have been a greater damper to motion than this formal circle was to conversation.

> "The circle form'd, we sit in silent state,
> Like figures drawn upon a dial plate;
> Yes, ma'am, and no, ma'am, uttered softly, shew
> Every five minutes how the minutes go;
> Each individual suffering a constraint
> Poetry may, but colours cannot, paint."

Mrs. Vesey seems to have been the first lady who ventured to infringe the existing order of things which constrained sentient men and women to sit like automata, rigid and formal, lining the walls of the room. None better than Mrs. Vesey was qualified to venture on such an encroachment, for she is said to have been "the charm of every society." Her parties have been thus described: —

"Mrs. Vesey had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease without the least appearance of design. Here was no formal circle to petrify an unfortunate stranger on his entrance; no rules of conversation to observe; no holding forth of one to his own distress and the stupifying of his audience; no reading of his works by the

author. The company naturally broke into little groups, perpetually varying and changing. They talked, or were silent, sat, or walked about, just as they pleased. Nor was it absolutely necessary even to talk sense. Here was no bar to harmless mirth and gaiety; and while perhaps Dr. Johnson in one corner held forth on the moral duties, in another two or three young people might be talking of the fashions and the opera, and in a third Lord Orford (then Mr. Horace Walpole) might be amusing a little group around him with his lively wit and intelligent conversation.

"In these parties were to be met with occasionally most of the persons of note and eminence, in different ways, who were in London either for the whole or part of the winter. Bishops and wits, noblemen and authors, politicians and scholars,

"Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place,"

all met there without ceremony and mixed in easy conversation." *

"Small were that art which would ensure
The circle's boasted quadrature!
See Vesey's plastic genius make
A circle every figure take;
Nay, shapes and forms, which would defy
All science of geometry;
Isosceles and parallel,
Names, hard to speak, and hard to spell!
Th' enchantress wav'd her wand, and spoke!
Her potent wand the circle broke;
The social spirits hover round,
And bless the liberated ground.

* Pennington's Life of Mrs. Carter.

Ask you what charms this gift dispense?
'Tis the strong spell of COMMON SENSE.
Away dull ceremony flew,
And with her bore Detraction too."

The infringement met with supporters, but even by her it was not made quite with impunity. We learn from Mdme. D'Arblay's Diary how absolute the custom was, but we also learn how readily the alteration was acceded to, though how strongly also it was satirized :—

"Lord Harcourt, speaking of the lady from whose house he was just come, said,

"'Mrs. Vesey is vastly agreeable, but her fear of ceremony is really troublesome; for her eagerness to break a circle is such, that she insists upon everybody's sitting with their backs one to another; that is, the chairs are drawn into little parties of three together, in a confused manner all over the room.'

"'Why, then,' said my father, 'they may have the pleasure of caballing and cutting up one another, even in the same room.'

"'Oh, I like the notion, of all things,' cried Mrs. Cholmondely; 'I shall certainly adopt it!'

"And then she drew her chair into the middle of our circle. Lord Harcourt turned his round, and his back to most of us, and my father did the same. You can't imagine a more absurd sight.

"When next there was a rat-tat, Mrs. Cholmondeley and Lord Harcourt, and my father again, at

the command of the former, moved into the middle of the room, and then Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Wharton entered.

"*You may imagine there was a general roar at the breaking of the circle.*" *

This circumstance occurred at one of the then fashionable reunions, called conversaziones. Everybody has heard of Mrs. Montagu's; Lady Miller's literary penchant we have already described (page 179), imbibed, if Walpole says true, during a brief sojourn in Italy. Mrs. Montagu's *soirées* were of a different and a higher order, though still fraught with the formality of an unaccustomed thing, and perhaps in some slight degree with a tinge of pedantry not unnatural ere literature was a common acquirement. Mrs. Montagu herself was most highly celebrated in her day as the writer of an Essay on Shakspeare; she was an intimate friend of Lord Lyttelton, and of the celebrated Mrs. Carter; and presented the then very unusual combinations of a celebrated literary and somewhat pedantic character, with one also of decided fashion. This was not an usual combination even then; at an earlier part of the century it was, as we have elsewhere shewn, unheard of; when ignorance, or, at least, want of mental cultivation was reckoned decidedly *ton*. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lord Hervey, and a few others, ventured to pass the narrow limits which fashion

* D'Arblay's Diary, vol. i. 170, 171.

prescribed, but they were marked exceptions to the general rule of their time; for as it has been truly said,

> "For polish'd Walpole shew'd the way,
> How wits may be both learn'd and gay."

But soon it was not enough to talk general literature at these meetings; the novelty was worn off, and something more exciting was wanted, and then came the rage of lionizing—of having somebody to shew whom nobody else had shewn, of having somebody to talk before whom no one else dare open their lips.

One of the most extraordinary, celebrated, and successful of these lion-hunters was the late Countess of Cork, formerly Miss Monckton. Her parties were very brilliant, as many now living can testify; and her very carelessness of, and inattention to, usual modes and manners, seem to have been no slight agents in obtaining for her the throne of singularity and notoriety which she held so long. She quickly seized upon Miss Burney, and at a later period on the "Wild Irish Girl," Lady Morgan, then Miss Owenson. We give the impressions of both these debutantes in their own words.

Miss Burney went December 8, 1782, to a party at Miss Monckton's, and writes thus—

"Everything was in a new style. We got out of the coach into a hall full of servants, not one of which inquired our names, or took any notice of us. We proceeded and went up stairs, and when

we arrived at a door, stopped and looked behind us. No servant had followed or preceded us. We deliberated what was to be done. To announce ourselves was rather awkward, neither could we be sure we were going into the right apartment. I proposed our going up higher till we met with somebody; Miss Thrale thought we should go down and call some of the servants; but Mrs. Thrale, after a ridiculous consultation, determined to try her fortune by opening the door. This being done, we entered a room full of—tea-things, and one maid servant!

"'Well,' cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing, 'what is to be done now? I suppose we are come so early that nothing is ready.' The maid stared, but said, 'There's company in the next room.'

"Then we considered again how to make ourselves known; and then Mrs. Thrale again resolved to take courage and enter. She therefore opened another door, and went into another apartment. I held back, but looked after, and observing that she made no courtesy, concluded she was gone into some wrong place. Miss Thrale followed, and after her went little I, wondering who was to receive, or what was to become of us.

"Miss Monckton lives with her mother, the old Dowager Lady Galway, in a noble house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The room was large and magnificent. There was not much company, for we were very early. Lady Galway sat at the side

of the fire, and received nobody. Such part of the company as already knew her, made their compliments to her where she sat, and the rest were never taken up to her, but belonged wholly to Miss Monckton.

"Miss Monckton's own manner of receiving her guests was scarce more laborious; for she kept her seat when they entered, and only turned round her head to nod it, and say, 'How do do?' after which they found what accommodation they could for themselves."*

And thus writes Lady Morgan:

"A few days after my arrival in London, and while my little book † was running rapidly through successive editions, I was presented to the Countess-dowager of Cork, and invited to a rout at her fantastic and pretty mansion in New Burlington Street. Oh, how her Irish historical name tingled in my ears, and seized on my imagination.—I was freshly launched from the bogs of the barony of Tireragh, in the province of Connaught, and had dropped at once into the very sanctuary of English *ton*, without time to go through the necessary course of training in manners or millinery, for such an awful transition; so, with no *chaperon* but my incipient notoriety, and actually no toilet but the frock and

* D'Arblay, vol. ii. 188.

† "The Wild Irish Girl," Lady Morgan's first publication, and one which gave abundant promise of the superior talents which, since that period, she has, unfortunately, desecrated.

flower in which, not many days before, I had danced a jig, on an earthen floor, with an O'Rourke, Prince of Brefney, in the county of Leitrim, I stepped into my job-carriage at the hour of ten, and 'all alone by myself'—as the Irish song says—

"To Eden took my solitary way."

"What added to my fears, and doubts, and hopes, and embarrassments, was a note from my noble hostess, received at the moment of departure, which ran thus:—'Everybody has been invited expressly to meet the Wild Irish Girl: so she must bring her Irish harp. 'M. C. D.'

"I arrived at New Burlington Street without my Irish harp, and with a beating heart; and I heard the high-sounding titles of Princes and Ambassadors, and Dukes and Duchesses announced long before my own poor plebeian Hibernian name puzzled the porter, and was bandied from footman to footman, as all names are bandied, which are not written down in the red-book of fashion, nor rendered familiar to the lips of her insolent menials.

"Lady Cork met me at the door of that suite of apartments which opens with a boudoir and terminates with a sombre conservatory, where eternal twilights fall upon fountains of rosewater which never dry, and on beds of flowers which never fade, —where singing birds are always silent, and butterflies are for once at rest.'

"'What, no harp, Glorvina?'* said her ladyship.

* The heroine of the tale of the Wild Irish Girl is called Glorvina.

"'Oh, Lady Cork!'

"'Oh, Lady Fiddlestick!—you are a fool, child; you don't know your own interests. Here, James, William, Thomas, send one of the chairmen to Stanhope Street for Miss Owenson's harp.'

"Lady Cork, whose parties are the pleasantest in London, because they are exempt from the monotony which broods like an incubus over the circles of English fashion, has been accused of an inordinate passion for lions. In my own respect, I have only to say, that this *engouement* indulged, in the first instance, perhaps, a little too much at my expense, has been followed up by nearly twenty years of unswerving friendship, kindness, and hospitality.

"I shall never forget the cordiality with which, upon this memorable occasion, she presented me to all that was then most illustrious for rank and talent in England; even though the manner savoured, perhaps, something too much of the Duchess de la Ferté's style of protection, on a similar occasion, '*Allons, Mademoiselle, parlez—vous allez voir comme elle parle;*' for if the manner was not exactly conformable to the dignity of the Princess of *Coolavin*, the motive rendered all excusable; and I felt with the charming *protégée* of the French Duchess, that 'so many whimsical efforts proceeded merely from an immoderate desire to bring me forward.

"Presenting me to each and all of the splendid

crowd, which an idle curiosity, easily excited, and as soon satisfied, had gathered round us, she prefaced every introduction with a little exordium, which seemed to amuse every one but its subject. 'Lord Erskine, this is the "Wild Irish Girl," whom you were so anxious to know. I assure you she talks quite as well as she writes. Now, my dear, do tell my Lord Erskine some of those Irish stories you told us the other evening at Lord C——ville's. Fancy yourself *en petit comité*, and take off the Irish brogue. Mrs. Abington says you would make a famous actress, she does indeed! You must play the short-armed orator with her; she will be here by and by. This is the Duchess of St. A——, she has your "Wild Irish Girl" by heart. Where is Sheridan? Do, my dear, Mr. T——; (this is Mr. T——, my dear—geniuses should know each other) do, my dear Mr. T——, find me Mr. Sheridan. Oh! here he is! what! you know each other already; *tant mieux*. This is Lord Carysfort. Mr. Lewis, do come forward; that is Monk Lewis, my dear, of whom you have heard so much—but you must not read his works, they are very naughty. But here is one whose works I know you have read. What, you know him too!' It was the Hon. William Spenser whose 'Year of Sorrow' was then drawing tears from all the brightest eyes in England,* while his wit and his pleasantry cheered every circle he distinguished by his presence.

* Published in 1804.

"Lewis, who stood staring at me through his eyeglass, backed out at this exhibition, and disappeared. 'Here are two ladies,' continued her ladyship, 'whose wish to know you is very flattering, for they are wits themselves, *l'esprit de Mortemar*,* true M——'s. You don't know the value of this introduction. You know Mr. Gell, so I need not present you. He calls you the Irish Corinne. Your friend Mr. Moore will be here by and by. I have collected all "the talents" for you. Do see, somebody, if Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons are come yet; and find me Lady Hamilton. Now pray tell us the scene at the Irish baronet's in the Rebellion, that you told to the ladies of Llangollen; and then give us your blue-stocking dinner, at Sir Richard Philips's; and describe us the Irish priests. Here is your countryman, Lord L——k, he will be your bottle-holder.' †

"Lord L——k volunteered his services. The circle now began to widen—wits, warriors, peers, and ministers of state. The harp was brought forward, and I attempted to play; but my howl was funereal; I was ready to cry in character, but endeavoured to laugh, and to cover out my real timidity

* The family of Mortemar, of whom Mdmlle. Montespan. the imperious mistress of Louis the Fourteenth, was a most accomplished member, were so celebrated for keen and polished wit, that similar talent came to be universally called *l'esprit de Mortemar*.

† Lord Limerick, whose funeral recently in Ireland was the scene of such a disgraceful outrage.

by an affected ease, which was both awkward and impolitic. The best coquetry of the young and inexperienced is a frank exhibition of its own unsophisticated feelings—but this is a secret learned too late.

"A ball at Mrs. Hope's drew off my auditory, and towards midnight the ring was thinned to a select few, some fifty particular friends, who had been previously asked to stay supper. It was my good fortune to be placed at table between Lords Erskine and Carysfort, who had both been particularly kind to me during my perilous probation; and now, no longer 'the observed of all observers,' I had leisure to observe for myself, and to be amused in my turn.

"I had got into a very delightful conversation with my veteran beaux, when Mr. Kemble was announced. Lady Cork reproached him as 'the late Mr. Kemble,' and then, looking significant at me, told him who I was. Kemble, to whom I had been already presented by Mrs. Lefanu, acknowledged me by a kindly nod; but the intense stare which succeeded was not one of mere recognition. It was the glazed, fixed look, so common to those who have been making libations to altars which rarely qualify them for ladies' society. Mr. Kemble was evidently much preoccupied and a little exalted; and he appeared actuated by some intention which he had the will, but not the power, to execute. He was seated *vis-à-vis*, and had repeatedly raised

his arm, and stretched it across the table, for the purpose, as I supposed, of helping himself to some boar's head in jelly. Alas, no! the *bore* was, that my head happened to be the object which fixed his tenacious attention; and which being a true Irish *cathah* head, dark, cropped, and curly, struck him as a particularly well organized Brutus, and better than any in his *repertoire* of theatrical perukes. Succeeding at last in his feline and fixed purpose, he actually stuck his claws in my locks, and addressing me in the deepest sepulchral tones, asked 'Little girl, where did you buy your wig?' Lord Erskine 'came to the rescue,' and liberated my head. Lord Carysfort exclaimed, to retrieve the awkwardness of the scene, '*Les serpents de l'envie ont sifflés dans son cœur*;' on every side

"Some did laugh,
And some did say, God bless us;"

while I, like Macbeth,

"Could not say, Amen!"

"Meantime Kemble, peevish as half-tipsy people generally are, and ill brooking the interference of the two Peers, drew back muttering and fumbling in his coat pocket, evidently with some dire intent lowering in his eyes. To the amusement of all, and to my increased consternation, he drew forth a volume of the "Wild Irish Girl," (which he had brought to return to Lady Cork), and reading, with his deep emphatic voice, one of the most high-flown of its passages, he paused, and patting the page

with his forefinger, with the look of Hamlet addressing Polonius, he said, ' Little girl, why did you write such nonsense, and where did you get all these d—d hard words ?' "

Contrast with the above a *soirée* at her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland's as described by Mr. Rush.

" Went, the evening before last, to a party at the Duchess of Cumberland's, St. James's Palace.

" We drove under a gate-house leading to a paved courtyard. Here we were set down at the entrance to the Duke of Cumberland's apartments. Directed by servants, who lined the way, we passed up to the rooms of entertainment. The company was not very large. In a rich arm-chair sat the Prince Regent; on one side of him the Duchess of Cumberland, on the other the Marchioness of Hertford. The rest of the company stood. When we entered all were listening to music. Members of the Royal Family, Cabinet Ministers, the foreign Ambassadors, with their respective ladies, and others, formed the groups. On a pause in the music there was conversation. The Duchess of Cumberland spoke kindly of my country and individuals belonging to it. The Duke talked to me of the United States, embracing in his inquiries language; with a desire to learn how far, if at all, we fell into changes in idiom or pronunciation from the parent stock.

" I had introductions to several persons.—He (Lord Erskine) sauntered about with me and looked at

the paintings.' There was a full-length likeness of George the Second, another of George the Third, and one of Mary of Scots; a 'royal jade,' he feared, 'but very pretty.' We ended in a room at the extremity of the suite, where was a table set out with golden urns for tea, and other light refreshments, to which those went who were inclined. At one o'clock we came away. The music was by professional performers. Not only are the first musical talents of England engaged for private entertainments at houses of distinction, but the best from Italy, France, and other parts of the Continent; the Fodors, the Pastas, the Ambrogettis, the Catalanis, who may always be seen in London."

Our readers probably imagine that the days of drum-majors and hurricanes are over. By no means: it would indeed shock a fashionable ear now to talk of a drum or a redoubt; but it appears to us that

> "The pleasures vast and various,
> Of routs, not social, but gregarious,"

which we read of in this century have very similar characteristics: take, for instance, the account of one in "The Stranger in England:"*—

"One of the social pleasures of London is a rout; but to me it appears the most unsocial of all possible meetings, and exclusively peculiar to this metropolis. It would be very difficult in few words, to convey a suitable idea to the reader of

* Goede.

this prevalent amusement. I shall, however, call it a colossal caricature of an assembly. It can only be given at a very large house, as the number of invitations is immense; I have heard of two thousand five hundred cards being issued for one entertainment. When the apartments are not sufficiently capacious for the company, temporary rooms are erected in the yard, and most elegantly fitted up. The scene in the street serves as a prelude to that within doors; a long range of carriages fills up every avenue, and sometimes a party cannot get up to the door for an hour or two. Having, however, accomplished this arduous task, on entering the temple of pleasure, nothing is presented to the view but a vast crowd of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen; many of whom are so overpowered by the heat, noise, and confusion, as to be in danger of fainting. Every one complains of the pressure of the company, yet all rejoice at being so divinely squeezed. The company moves from room to room; and the most an individual can do, on meeting a particular friend, is to shake hands as they are hurried past each other.

"This confusion increases when the supper rooms are thrown open. The tables, it is true, are laid out with Asiatic profusion: every hothouse for many miles yields up its forced treasures to grace this splendid banquet; but not one fifth part of the guests can be accommodated. Behind each chair are ladies standing three or four deep;

others are enclosed in the doorway, unable to advance or retreat; and many are not even permitted to get a peep at the supper-tables, whose magnificence, perhaps, would only serve to tantalize them."

The following amusing sketch (extracted from the Magazine of the Beau Monde,) gives a still more animated idea of a modern rout or—hurricane:—

"About three o'clock the fashionable world give some signs of life, issuing forth to pay visits, or rather to leave cards at the door of friends never seen but in the crowds of assemblies—go to the shops—see sights—or lounge in Bond Street. At five or six they return home to dress for dinner. From six to eight the noise of wheels increases—it is the dinner hour. For two hours, or nearly, there is a pause; at ten, a *redoublement* comes on. This is the great crisis of dress, of noise, and rapidity — a universal hubbub; a sort of uniform grinding and shaking, like that experienced in a great mill with fifty pair of stones; and if I was not afraid of appearing to exaggerate, I should say that it came up to the ear like the fall of Niagara, heard at two miles distance.

"Great assemblies are called routs or parties; but the people who give them, in their invitations, only say that they will be *at home* such a day, and this some weeks beforehand. The house in which this takes place is frequently stripped from top to bottom—beds, drawers, and all but ornamental

furniture, are carried out of sight to make room for a crowd of well-dressed people, received at the door of the principal apartment by the mistress of the house, standing, who smiles at every new comer with a look of acquaintance. Nobody sits; there is no conversation, no cards, no music, only elbowing, turning, and winding from room to room; then at the end of a quarter of an hour, escaping to the hall door to wait for the carriage, spending more time upon the threshold among footmen, than you have done above stairs with their masters. From this rout you drive to another, where, after waiting your turn to arrive at the door, perhaps half an hour, the street being full of carriages, you alight, begin the same round, and end in the same manner."

We got to Almack's, says Mr. Rush, after having been at Covent Garden Theatre to see Miss O'Neil's Bianca. In like manner, it is after the Opera, that we go to the weekly parties of Lady Castlereagh, the invitation specifying that time. Neither the Opera nor Covent Garden break up until twelve. Parties beginning at that hour, last until two or three. Most of those who have been at them, do not rise until towards noon next day. About two commences the roll of carriages. At six in the evening, the *morning* ends. Then, scarcely sooner, the throngs of carriages, with gentlemen and ladies on horseback, disappear from the streets and parks, the hour of preparation for

dinner being at hand. This is no overdrawn account, but the daily routine. This kind of life opens by degrees in February, gets to its crisis in May and June, and ends in July.

Speaking of an evening at the Marquis of Stafford's, he says, "It was past eleven when we arrived; yet fresh names were every moment announced."

"But would ye learn, ye leisure loving 'Squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground."

Our sketch of the prevailing amusements of the last century will be very incomplete without some reference to that sport, pastime, occupation, or business, emphatically called the Turf. It is a peculiar characteristic of England,

"We justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the Turf as all our own."

In the chapter on Amusements in our first volume, we very briefly referred to horse-racing as becoming fashionable in that period, as Pope sarcastically observes,

"Then Peers grew proud in horsemanship to excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;"

but though it then became a prevalent and fashionable amusement, and in some degree a scientific

pursuit, it was not then first introduced. We read of George Earl of Cumberland in the reign of Elizabeth, as a devotee of the Turf;* and in the reign of James the First racing was common, and public race-meetings were held at Garterley in Yorkshire, Croydon in Surrey, and Theobald's on Enfield Chase. The annual prize on these occasions was a golden or silver bell.† James was fond of the amusement, and had imbibed a taste for it in Scotland, where it had come into vogue from the spirit and swiftness of the Spanish horses thrown on the coast from the wreck of the Armada.‡ This King, James the First, also built a house at the present metropolis of the turf, Newmarket; but this appears to have been for the facility of hunting alone: races were not then held there; nor do we hear of them until 1640.

Charles the Second gave new life to the affairs of the turf, by the personal interest he took in them. He rebuilt his grandfather's house at Newmarket, which had fallen into decay; he gave several plates to be run for, and he established a Royal stud.

All his Royal successors, whether taking any personal interest in the turf or not, have promoted its several interests by giving additional plates, and by liberally, often magnificently, keeping of the Royal

* The Chace, the Turf, and the Road.

† It has been suggested that the very common expression for excellence "to bear away the bell," may have had its origin in this custom.

‡ Beauties of England and Wales.

stud. This was sold however soon after the accession of her Majesty.

The Turf has never wanted Noble patronage. The Duke of Cumberland, uncle to King George the Third, the Earl of Grosvenor (the father of the present Marquis of Westminster), the Duke of Queensberry, and the late Earl of Derby, are perhaps the most conspicuous of the names recorded as its supporters in the last century. The Earl of Derby instituted the Oaks and the Derby Plates, still celebrated at Epsom. The Duke of Queensberry was quite a Star of Fashion. He succeeded so late in life to the title, on the demise of his cousin, the patron of Gay, the poet, that he is better known for a considerable part of his life as the Earl of March, the compeer of Horace Walpole, the correspondent of George Selwyn, the haunter of Green-rooms, the terror of pretty actresses, the willing slave of opera dancers. He was Lord of the Bedchamber to George the Third, and Vice-Admiral of Scotland. He was the best gentleman jockey of his day, and was unrivalled in his knowledge of the Turf; and whether, says Nimrod, "we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success, he was one of the most distinguished characters on the English Turf." He had some habits which hardly seem accordant with the hard nerves of a jockey, such, for instance, as bathing in milk; but he combined very varying characteristics. He was a most polished gentleman, and his dress, manners

equipage, and appointments were considered as models in the fashionable world. But his profligacy and libertinism were so notorious, so unbounded, so unrestrained, that his name was a bye-word with the populace, and his character considered with disgust by all rightly thinking people. He never married, though it was said that he sought to contract a union with Miss Pelham, the niece of the Duke of Newcastle and daughter of the Minister. He resided in Piccadilly, where he died in 1810, at the advanced age of 85; his bed being covered with *billets doux*, which he had not the power to open.

Under the name of "Old Q," he was a never-failing subject for the unruly pens of newspaper satirists and scribblers. One satire written on his supposed death, six years before that event really took place, records the dirge of the Newmarket boys on the occasion.

> And what is all this grand *to do*,
> That runs each street and alley thro',
> 'Tis the departure of old Q,
> The Star of Piccadilly.
>
> The jockey boys, Newmarket's crew,
> Who know a little thing or two,
> Cry out—'He 's done! We 've done old Q!
> The Star of Piccadilly!'

George the Fourth was greatly attached to the Turf, and an excellent judge of horses. He withdrew from Newmarket in 1791 in consequence of offence he received there, but did not, therefore, discontinue his patronage to provincial races. His

OLD

favourite, the Earl of Clermont, the late Earls of Egremont, and Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Leeds, Sir Charles Bunbury, &c., have all been celebrated patrons of the Turf.

From a long list of its present supporters given by Mr. Whyte in his history of the "British Turf," we quote the following names :—

Duke of Grafton.	Earl of Jersey.
Duke of Portland.	Earl of Chesterfield.
Duke of Rutland.	Earl of Burlington.
Duke of Cleveland.	Earl of Wilton.
Duke of Richmond.	Earl of Albemarle.
Marquis of Exeter.	Lord George Bentinck.
Marquis of Westminster.	Sir Gilbert Heathcote.
Marquis of Conyngham.	Sir T. M. Stanley, &c. &c.*
Marquis of Sligo.	

But it will interest the majority of our readers more to learn of the exploits of a lady jockey—if indeed the terms are not incompatible. This was Mrs. Thornton, the wife of Col. Thornton, who, in 1804, rode a match, on which 200,000*l.* were depending, and again in 1805 rode a match at the York Races against the celebrated jockey Buckle, and beat him. She was dressed in a purple cap and waistcoat, and short nankeen coloured skirt, displaying embroidered stockings and purple shoes. There are ladies of rank now, we know, not inferior in horsemanship (again we doubt our word) to this Amazon, but they have the good taste to retire from so conspicuous a display of their skill.

Mrs. Thornton seems to have been a votarist of

* Vol. ii. 610—615.

the muses as well as of the Turf, and has recorded her exploit thus:—

To the post we advanc'd, at the signal to start,
Brisk I flourish'd my whip o'er Louisa's ears;
When springing amain, by a resolute dart,
I gain'd a whole length of the jockey of peers;
That advantage to keep, as I rode fleet along,
Behind me full many a glance did I throw—
I soon found I'd the foot, but Allegro was strong,
And the jockey of peers carried weight, as you know.

I tried then to cut the third post pretty close,
At the same time, the length I had gain'd to preserve,
Gave whip to my mare, but she kick'd at the dose,
And—a vile little devil—attempted to swerve;
I chang'd, and a left-handed cut brought her to,
But Buckle 'tween me and the post made a push,
And lay neck and neck with me, all I could do,
Not seeming to value my efforts a rush.

I led him, however, at length to a slough,
Where he sank to the fetlock at every stroke,
My Buck had the bone—he press'd hard at me now,
And seem'd to enjoy much the best of the joke;
But I cross'd at the next post, and stretching my hand—
As I hope to be sav'd, without malice or heat—
I put all his trials of skill to the stand,
For the jockey Buck I nearly threw from his seat.

He recover'd his saddle, by seizing the mane,
My mare darted forward, as swift as the wind,
Nor heard I of the horse or of Buckle again
Till I turn'd, and beheld them come panting behind;
My pleasure alone that sensation defines,
Which the Laplander courts from the breeze of the south,
When I saw my Buck distanc'd, and dash'd up the lines
With my mare hard in hand, and my whip in my mouth.*

* From Whyte's Hist. of the Brit. Turf.

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn that the finest racer ever known, and which was never beaten, was called Eclipse, was foaled in the fourth year of the reign of George the Third; gained for his owner, Mr. O'Kelly, upwards of 25,000*l.*; died on the 28th February, 1789, aged twenty-five years; was buried with state "under the shade of melancholy boughs," ale and cake being distributed around; and that his abounding natural courage was attributed to his "great heart," which weighed, when taken out, fourteen pounds.

Very different are the records of racing now from what they were when, in James's time, adventurous Turf-ites ran for a golden bell at "Garterley, in Yorkshire; Croydon, in Surrey; and Theobald's, on Enfield Chase." There are now (1839) races held at one hundred and thirty-two places in England. The most important of these, after Newmarket, are Epsom, Ascot, York, Doncaster, and Goodwood. Of these, Epsom are perhaps the most important, Ascot the most aristocratic and fashionable, being usually honoured by the presence of the Queen, who, of course, attracts all the greater stars to her orbit. "But the charms of Ascot, to those not interested in the horses, consist in the promenade on the course between the various races, where the highest fashion, in its best garb, mingles with the crowd, and gives a brilliant effect to the passing scene. In fact, it comes nearest to Elysium of any thing here, after Kensington Gardens, in 'the leafy

month of June.' Then the King's approach, with all the splendour of majesty, and what is still more gratifying, amidst the loud acclamations of his subjects, sets the finish on the whole."*

But the Metropolis of the Turf is, and long has been, Newmarket, where races are held seven times in the year. The race-course and training-grounds are the finest in the kingdom, and about four hundred horses are constantly in training. As we have before said, the first notice of racing here was in 1640, and the place was brought into especial notice by Charles the Second. About the middle of the last century the races were in such repute, that we learn from a dull paper, by the Earl of Bath, in the "World," (No. 17, April 26th, 1753), that garrets were let for four guineas each, for the time of meeting.† His Lordship adds, that he has been sometimes put a little to the blush at incidents that were pretty pregnant in the place. Everybody is dressed so perfectly alike, that it is extremely difficult to distinguish between his

* Nimrod.

† That was in the eighteenth century: compare the nineteenth. "Some years since, a French gentleman visited Doncaster, and gave it the appellation of 'the guinea meeting,'—nothing without the guinea. 'There was,' said he, 'the guinea for entering the rooms to hear the people bet. There was the guinea for my dinner at the hotel. There was the guinea for the stand, for myself; and (*oh, execrable!*) the guinea for the stand for my carriage. There was the guinea for my servant's bed, and (ah! mon Dieu!) *ten* guineas for my own for only two nights!'"—"The Turf, Chase, and Road."

GRACE and his GROOM. I have heard a stranger ask a man of quality how often he dressed, and watered his horses? how much corn, and bread, and hay, he gave them? how many miles he thought they could run in such a number of minutes; and how long he had lived with his MASTER? Those who have been at the place will not be surprised at these mistakes; for a pair of boots, and buck-skin breeches, a fustian frock, with a leathern belt about it, and a black velvet cap, are the common covering of the whole town: so that if the inside do not differ, the outside of my Lord and his rider are exactly the same.*

"Newmarket," says its modern historian,† "may truly be styled the classic ground of racing, and it is here only that this delightful sport may be said to exist in perfection. No crowd, no booths impede the view; none of those discordant sounds which make a perfect Babel of other race-courses distract the attention. The number of spectators seldom exceeds five hundred, and they are mostly of the highest classes, the majority on horseback, with perhaps a few close carriages and barouches, for invalids and ladies. Before each race, a busy group surrounds the betting-post, when an animating scene takes place, and bets are offered,

* It will be remembered that this was in the days of velvet and embroidery, not then, as now, relinquished to footmen and valets.

† Whyte.

taken, and booked, with a regularity and industry that would do credit to the members of the Stock Exchange. In a moment the crowd disperses; some gallop to the place of starting to see the horses off and follow them in; others, again, place themselves opposite that particular part of the course where they think the struggle will take place, and the race, in point of fact, be decided; while others surround the judge's chair, eager to know at once the issue of the event by which they will be either losers or gainers. The whole scene is one of great interest, and which can nowhere else be witnessed." *

The only rival, or rather, we should say, parallel attraction to Newmarket, in the eyes of the initiated, is Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire—the very paradise of fox-hunters. Till lately, it was a prettily-situated insignificant town; but it is quickly becoming a sort of metropolis for the fox-hunting aristocracy of the country. The Earl of Wilton—celebrated in the archives of Newmarket as one of the best, if not the best gentleman jockey of the day—has completed a beautiful residence there for himself and his Countess, and other convenient and elegant houses have sprung up abundantly. Indeed," says Nimrod, " the uninitiated reader would perhaps be surprised by an enumeration of the persons of rank, wealth, and fashion, who, during several months of every year,

* Vol. i. 209.

resign the comforts and elegancies of their family mansions for a small house in some town or village of Leicestershire,—to any but the eye of a sportsman, nearly the ugliest county in England."

The same unquestionable authority gives us the following *coup d'œil* of the legitimate Meltonian:—

"The *style* of your Meltonian fox-hunter has long distinguished him above his brethren of what he calls the *provincial* chase. When turned out of the hands of his valet, he presents the very *beau ideal* of his *caste*. The exact Stultz-like fit of his coat, his superlatively well-cleaned leather breeches and boots, and the generally apparent high breeding of the man, can seldom be matched elsewhere; and the most cautious sceptic on such points would satisfy himself on this fact at one single inspection."

But English gentlemen, though neither smitten with Melton, nor bitten at Newmarket, have always a resource for their leisure hours, and a vent for their superfluous money in their clubs. The Club Houses now are most marked and magnificent features of fashionable London. There are not fewer than thirty of them at the Court end of the town, and each new one as it rises seems to surpass all others in costly magnificence.

One of our earliest notices of a club is that at the Mermaid, founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and celebrated as the resort of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare.

One of the most widely famed clubs of the last

century was the Kit Cat Club, which originating in the determination to meet periodically for the laudable and social purpose of discussing the super-excellent mutton-pies manufactured by Mr. Christopher Kat, resulted in what, in these days, would be called a Reform Club—comprehending upwards of forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank, who were stanch Hanoverians, and friends to that succession.

The present Reform Club, however, consists of about sixteen hundred members.

The Beef-Steak Club, too, which was formed about the year 1735, had as great a share of fame in its own days as that arrogated by the devourers of mutton-pies. It originated in the merest accident. Lord Peterborough was visiting Rich, the famous Harlequin, in his own apartment, and

"With *him* conversing *he* forgot all time;"

not so Mr. Rich, who had an internal unfailing monitor. Without interrupting his discourse, or giving the least intimation to his aristocratic visitor of his intentions, he stirred his fire, laid his cloth, drew a beef-steak out of his cupboard and cooked it. My Lord was courteously invited to partake of it, and did so, and so much to his satisfaction, that before parting from his humorous acquaintance, he made an engagement to dine with him in the same room, at the same hour, and on a similar dish, on that day week. The suggestion—or the steak, was relished by others as much as by my Lord and Mr.

Rich—and this was the origin of the Beef-Steak Club.

The club-houses of the present day combine the social conveniences of the coffee-house and tavern of the early part of the last century, with various features of a higher order; being, in fact, associations for intercourse, literary, scientific, or political, on the most complete and extensive scale.

Macky, in the account of his "Journey through England in 1722," in describing the principal coffee or chocolate-houses, gives an admirable picture of the customs of life of the time.

"I am lodged in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the King's Palace, the Park, the Parliament Houses, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, it is thus: we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or as in Holland, go to tea-tables. About twelve the *beau monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate-houses; the best of which are the Cocoa-Tree and White's Chocolate-Houses, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British Coffee-Houses, and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans), which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour, and your chairmen serve you for porters,

to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice.

"If it is fine weather we take a turn in the park till two, when we go to dinner; and if it be dirty, you are entertained at picket or basset at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna or St. James's. I must not forget to tell you, that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received; but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-Tree or Ofinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the coffee-house of St. James's.

"The Scots generally go to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little coffee-houses much frequented in this neighbourhood.

"At two we generally go to dinner; ordinaries are not so common here as abroad; yet the French have set up two or three pretty good ones, for the conveniency of foreigners in Suffolk-street, where one is tolerably well served; but the general way here is to make a party at the coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, then we go to the play, except you are invited to the table of some great man, which strangers are always courted to, and nobly entertained.

"After the play the best company generally go to Tom's and Wills's Coffee-houses, near adjoining, where there is playing at piquet, and the best of conversation till midnight. Here you will see blue and green ribbons and stars sitting familiarly, and

talking with the same freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home; and a stranger tastes with pleasure the universal liberty of speech of the English nation. Or if you like rather the company of ladies, there are assemblies at most people of quality's houses. And in all the coffee-houses you have not only the foreign prints, but several English ones with the foreign occurrences, besides papers of morality and party disputes."

Near the Exchange there were, Macky says, three celebrated coffee-houses, Garaway's, Robin's, and Jonathan's.

Mr. Wilberforce in 1781, speaks of five celebrated and fashionable clubs, Miles and Evans's, Brookes's, Boodle's, White's and Goostree's. The name of White's is familiar to every one. Mr. Rush names a circumstance of somebody speaking of the lights kept burning throughout the night at White's: "Yes," replied a member, "*they have not been out, I should think, since the reign of Charles the Second.*" Watier's, called by Lord Byron, "the Dandy Club," was a highly fashionable one in the early part of this century: but is said to have been ruined by the deep play there.

CHAPTER VIII.

FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACES.

"On fashions a ditty I mean to indite,
Since, surely you'll own, 'tis the fashion to write;
And, if you don't like it, then e'en lay it down,
The fashion is not to be scar'd with a frown.

"To fashion our healths, as our figures we owe;
And while 'twas the fashion to *Tunbridge* to go,
Its waters ne'er fail'd us, let ail us what would;
It cemented crack'd bones, and it sweeten'd the blood.

"When fashion resolv'd to raise *Epsom* to fame,
Poor *Tunbridge* did nought: but the blind or the lame,
Or the sick, or the healthy, 'twas equally one,
By *Epsom's* assistance their business was done.

"*Bath's* springs next in fashion came rapidly on,
And outdid by far whate'er *Epsom* had done;
There the gay and the sullen found instant relief,
And the sighing young widow was eas'd of her grief.

"Unrivall'd by any, *Bath* flourish'd alone,
And fail'd not to cure in gout, cholic, or stone,
Till *Scarborough* waters, by secret unknown,
Stole all the fam'd qualities Bath thought her own.

"Ev'n *Islington* waters, *though close to the town,*
By fashion one summer were brought to renown;
Where we flock'd in such numbers, that for a supply,
We almost had tippled the *New River* dry."

THE humorous author of the foregoing lines has not exaggerated in attributing to fashion a vast pro-

portion of the fame which the celebrated watering-places have acquired. That their healthful influence in the first instance attracted visitors to their vicinity there can be no doubt. What else could have induced a sojourn among the dreary and dismal wilds in which Buxton is situated, or in the filthy and disgusting un-accommodations which alone Bath once offered, if some advantage to health were not the hoped result—for pleasure in such circumstances there could be none. But when fashion turned her glance thitherwards, and inns were built, and crescents were erected, and public promenades were laid out, and public breakfasts beguiled the morning hours, and public balls winged the evening ones ; — then indeed matters were very different, and health, though the plea of the many, was in reality sought but by few of the crowds who periodically revelled there. And when, forsaking chalybeate, fashion turned towards the sea,

> "Then all, with ails in heart or lungs,
> In liver or in spine,
> Rush'd coastward to be *cured* like tongues,
> By dipping into *brine*."

Another most potent influence in the super-eminent fashion of watering-places had been the facilities which they afforded or were supposed to afford to matrimony, facilities arising of course from the freedom of intercourse which the usages of these places allowed. The novels of the last century and

of the early part of the present one teem with the adventures of fortune-hunting "officers," or speculators habited as such, and rich and interesting young ladies, who had nearly succeeded in being duped by them, but were suddenly enlightened to the great interest of the reader and happy denouement of the plot by the unexpected appearance of an impoverished lordling, whose titles and quarterings dazzle the judgment of papa and mamma not less than they flatter the pride and fancy of the young lady; and so the professed fortune-hunter is rejected with disdain for the sake of his not less money-loving, not less insignificant, but titled rival; and a brilliant marriage winds up the fortunes of the heroine.

And these pictures were drawn from the then existing, and not yet extinct, customs of watering-places. To this day, many a belle disappointed in the London season, looks forward with renovated hope to the autumn one: many a "hard-up" lordling casts scrutinizing glances over the lists of arrivals at the fashionable watering-places for the name of some well-known millionaire whom his wife and daughter, nerved by fashion, may have dragged from his obscure city abode: still withered young ladies of slender means, as well as make, live sparingly and toil unremittingly—at their wardrobes—in order to make an appearance which *may* lead to the wished for result—a husband—in the ensuing season at Bath or Brighton. Still

manœuvring and managing mothers trade their unappropriated daughters at these licensed and acknowledged marts for men and matrimony; still young men there, triflers on principle, trifle with those hearts which they see but too plainly are brought there as marketable commodity; and still others, on deeper thoughts intent, appear but to trifle with those whom they have marked for their own.

The early part of the last century is peculiarly marked by the fashion, (by the middle of it become an absolute one) of migrating annually to the neighbourhood of medicinal springs for health and relaxation. We hear little or nothing of any of these until the close of the sixteenth century. The Bath waters had been known almost from time immemorial, but after the Reformation, and the destruction there of the monastery and the hospitals dependent on it, they had fallen into desuetude, and were little known or heard of until the visit there of Anne of Denmark, the Queen of James the First, brought them again into notice. The hot-waters of Buxton were well known to the Romans, for the remains of their baths have been found near the springs, but they seem to have been little known since that time, except in their own immediate neighbourhood. The Earl of Shrewsbury was there for the rheumatism, and he took the captive Queen of Scots with him; and we learn from his letters in Lodge's Illustrations

that others of the Court of Queen Elizabeth were anxious to visit them: but it was not until the publication of a letter by a noted physician in 1572, enlarging on their wonderful properties, that any general notice, even of the higher classes, was attracted towards them. The town of Buxton is situated in the midst of the most dreary and cheerless scenery of the Peak, and, as we said above, necessity alone could formerly induce visitors thither. The first convenient inn there was erected by the Earl of Shrewsbury in Elizabeth's reign; but towards the close of the last century, the Duke of Devonshire, to whom the property belongs, erected a magnificent crescent, laid out walks, and crowded inducements to resort there, which fully answered, for Buxton has now for many years been, in its season, from June to October, a most fashionable and favourite resort of the idle as well as the afflicted.

It would lead us beyond our limits to detail the varied attractions of all the medicinal Spas,—Matlock, Cheltenham, Leamington, Harrowgate, Bristol, and Scarborough, which combines the advantages of chalybeate springs and sea-water.

The "Universal Spectator," of May 6th, 1732, has a description of Scarborough, and says—"'Tis usual for the ladies there to bathe publicly and frequently in the sea." An honest Bacchanalian, on such an occasion, wrote the following lines:—

"Is 't true, what ancient Bards suppose,
That Venus from the ocean rose,
Before she did ascend the skies
To dwell among the deities?
Yes sure: Why not? Since here you see
Nymphs full as beautiful as she,
Emerging daily from the sea."

Perhaps no waters have been in more repute than those of Cheltenham, and certainly no watering-place has been more abundantly patronised by the rich, fashionable, and healthy. So great was the repute of these waters, at one time, that it was feared the supply would not be adequate to the demand; nor would it, had not a new spring, possessing the same medicinal properties as the others, been accidentally discovered. Early in the last century the health-giving powers of these waters were discovered, and means were immediately taken to facilitate their use, and to render their location agreeable and attractive to invalids; but Fashion adopted the place, and minor aids were unnecessary. It is still much frequented.

Not so the waters of Islington, or "New Tunbridge Wells," as they were called, which were in such high repute *for one* season, that two of the Royal Princesses, and crowds of titled and fashionable visitors resorted to them every morning. They must have been very potent; for Mrs. Montagu, writing of them in 1758, says she has received benefit from them, but with this drawback, that they affected her head so powerfully that she was

unable to write until late at night, and that even then a headache remained. It was probably owing to their exceeding facility of access, which would induce crowds of visitors not sanctioned by fashion, that the *élites* of London deserted these waters at the end of one season, after their first resort to them.

Epsom, now only known as the favourite resort of Cockneys at race time, towards the conclusion of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the last century, was a place of fashionable resort, on account of its mineral waters. The spring, situated on the Common, half a mile west of the village, was accidentally found in 1618, or, according to another account, about the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Its beneficial properties soon became generally known, and began to attract strangers, for whose accommodation the lord of the manor erected a shed, and inclosed the pond formed by the spring. About 1640, the fame of these waters had spread into France, Germany, and other countries, and from them were prepared salts, for which, though sold at five shillings an ounce, the demand was greater than could be supplied. About 1649, the concourse of families and foreigners resorting to the well was so great, that Mr. Parkhurst, then lord of the manor, enlarged the first building, by erecting a ball-room, planted a long walk of elms from the London Road, and avenues leading in different directions. The village increased, many lodging-

houses were erected, and yet the place could not contain all the company; so that neither Bath nor Tunbridge exceeded it in splendour, or could boast more distinguished visitors. About the beginning of the last century these waters gradually lost their reputation, through the knavery of one Livingston, an apothecary, who having purchased a piece of land here, built a large house, with an assembly-room, and sunk a well. By means of concerts, balls, and other diversions, he contrived to allure the company from the old well; and at length, getting the lease of the latter into his hands, he locked up the place. The new water, however, was found not to possess the virtues of the old, and Epsom began to be deserted. At the expiration of the lease, Mr. Parkhurst repaired the buildings of the old well; and if the town was not so much visited by strangers, it was at least frequented by the neighbouring gentry, who had a public breakfast here every Monday in the summer. The practice was at length wholly superseded by the new fashion of sea-bathing. In 1804 the old building was pulled down, and a dwelling-house erected on its site. The well is preserved.*

Macky, in his journey through England, speaks in the highest terms of Epsom, as a place of agreeable and fashionable resort; but from the restrictions laid on the intercourse of visitors being even less stringent than custom made them at other

* Beauties of England and Wales.

places, he speaks of it as "swarming with that vermin called sharpers." That however Tunbridge did, and Bath, and all other places of fashionable resort; but Macky, who visited them all, seems to think that the opportunities of intrigue were more abundant at Epsom than elsewhere. A stunted row of pollards is now the only existing testimony here of the once "continued grove" which this writer refers to with such admiration.

But the only two English spas out of the vast number with which the island abounds, which maintain any trace or portion of their former resounding fame, are Tunbridge Wells and Bath.

The several springs, which, flowing variously about six miles from Tunbridge, are called by the general name of Tunbridge Wells, were discovered in the reign of James the First. Public attention was fully awakened then to the medicinal value of chalybeate waters, and these were soon brought into favour. Yet so unheard of and unthought of then were the accommodations that now seem absolutely requisite, that when Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles the First, stayed here six weeks for health, she and her suite remained under tents pitched upon Bishop's-down.

In the reign of Charles the Second, the Wells were in high fashion from the circumstance of his Queen having been ordered to drink the waters. The gay Court sojourned here for upwards of two months, and merry were the scenes enacted, which

De Grammont has recorded. He has left us a beautiful account of the place itself:—

"Tunbridge est à la même distance de Londres que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au tems des eaux. La compagnie toujours nombreuse y est toujours choisie, comme ceux qui ne cherchent qu'à se divertir, l'emportent toujours sur le nombre de ceux qui n'y vont que par nécessité. Tout y respire les plaisirs et la joie. La contrainte en est bannie, la familiarité établie dès la première connoissance, et la vie qu'on y mène est délicieuse.

"On a pour logement de petites habitations propres et commodes, séparées les unes des autres, et repandues par tout à une demie lieue des eaux. On s'assemble le matin à l'endroit où sont les fontaines: c'est une grande allée d'arbres touffus, sous lesquels on se promène, en prenant les eaux. D'un côté de cette allée règne une longue suite de boutiques garnies de toutes sortes de bijoux, de dentelles, de bas et de gants, où l'on va jouer comme on fait à la Foire. De l'autre côté de l'allée se tient le Marché; et comme chacun y va choisir et marchander ses provisions, on n'y voit point d'étalage qui soit dégoûtant. Ce sont de petites villageoises blondes, fraîches, avec du linge bien blanc, de petits chapeaux de paille, et proprement chaussées, qui vendent du gibier, des légumes, des fleurs et du fruit. On y fait aussi bonne chère

qu'on veut: on y joue gros jeu, et les tendres commerces y vont leur train. Dès que le soir arrive, chacun quitte son petit palace pour s'assemblir au Boulingrin. C'est là, qu'en plein air, on danse, si l'on veut, sur un gazon plus doux et plus uni que les plus beaux tapis du monde."*

A description of the usual mode of life at Tunbridge is given by Macky, and agrees in every respect with one in homely verse—prose would hardly have been so prosaical—by Mr. Peter Causton, a merchant, in a letter to a friend. His production is called "Tunbridgialia, or the Pleasures of Tunbridge," and is condemned to immortality by publication in the collection of "Poems on the affairs of State," 1703.

Mr. Peter Causton says:—

"By Tunbridge noble spring, much pleas'd, I lay
At truce with care passing the summer's day,
When the rich present came in shining verse—"

"Rich" as the present is, however, the author feels it incumbent on him to apologise to his friend for the infliction of the rhymes—a ceremony which our readers will hardly deem superfluous:—

"May your good-humour overlook mistakes,
And pardon all the faults which friendship makes."

He proceeds:—

"You fain would know how we employ the day,
Which of itself makes too much haste away;
What arts we use to keep off grief and care,
(Those flies which in our cup still bold intruders are)

* Mem. du Comte de Grammont.

With what receipts and helps prepar'd we come
To lose the thought of families at home."

His detail of the day's occupations extending to upwards of three hundred lines, we shall refer to very briefly.

It appears they were early risers in those days at Tunbridge Wells.

"Soon as the day on the streak'd hills appears,
Up with the sun we mount and travel—we
To the fam'd spring—he to the western sea."

A pipe we are told was universally resorted to on the walk even at this early hour: and

"Having now reach'd the spring, a country lass
Stands ready to present you with a glass."

Here the healing properties and multitudinous virtues of the waters are detailed at full length:

"—— after we've drunk a glass
Or two, to make the waters better pass,
We take a turn i' th' walks——"

They are crowded with gay and glittering company:

"You'd swear
The Cyprian goddess and her nymphs were there:
Hung round with all the riches that the East
Or West sends here, brisk, jaunty, and well drest."

Music, it seems, was constantly heard at promenade hours, and early prayers attended at

"The chapel, by the fountain rais'd,
Where its great author is devoutly prais'd:
And after prayers, a pipe can do no harm
In drinking, good to keep the stomach warm.
For this design appointed places are,
Lest smoking on the walks offend the fair.

And now we sit, after a careless rate,
Over a dish of tea, and fall to chat,"

During the conversation, which, from the specimen given of it, must have been somewhat of the heaviest, we may just remind our readers that tea was at this time a most expensive and aristocratic beverage, and marked with the stamp of highest fashion:

The catering for dinner seems to have been a most important part of the day's occupations, and a "noble market" was "daily kept" and attended by the visitors in person.

"Close by the wells, upon a spacious plain,
Where rows of trees make a delightful lane.

But, "by way of whet to dinner," another "whiff of the fam'd Indian weed" is inhaled, accompanied by something even more exhilarating, no doubt. After dinner, bowls, ninepins, cards and dice, or chess, are resorted to; or, for one of a literary turn, Horace, or *the Bible*, is recommended, but thrown aside at once, whether Horace or the Bible, upon an occurrence not likely to be a very infrequent one.

"*But if a friend comes in*, the book 's thrown by;
A bottle better suits in company.
Boy, reach that flask here: Come, Sir, if you please
Here's to the King, and both the Princesses.
Another health to the establish'd church;
Hang him who does that or his liquor lurch."

The evening usually closed with a dance on the green, and

"Tir'd but not cloy'd, with this and such like sport,
Home to our rest and lodgings we resort;
Refresht with sleep, next morn away we rig,
Nothing remains of yesterday's fatigue.

Thus, friend, from grief and care we purge our head;
In such a constant round of pleasures tread,
That Mecca's prophet, in his Paradise,
Has hardly past his word for more than this."

The music on the promenades, to which Mr. Peter Causton most especially refers, is thus criticised by Mrs. Montagu, some half century afterwards:—

"I remember a concert at Tunbridge, where the fiddles squeaked, the bass viol grumbled, the trumpets roared, and the bassoon did what is not fit to be mentioned; and the musicians, after having stunned us in this manner for two hours, took it ill we desired to be entertained with some country dances. However, after much entreaty, we brought them from playing overtures to operas to 'buttered pease.' I concluded the evening more to our satisfaction than we began it."

That this place, with the sole exception of Bath, and perhaps hardly excepting that, was in the highest fashion about the middle of the last century, we learn from many sources; and many references, not the least amusing, are found in the letters of the lively lady above quoted:—

"Why hesitate a moment about going to Tunbridge? The waters are good, the air incomparable, the place agreeable, and you cannot make a better

summer's campaign. Rural and polite life are happily associated there; you may have the most retired, or the most public walks, as you are disposed; the variety of persons and characters make Tunbridge an epitome of the world. I am apt to regret the absence of those things which propriety endears, as one's house, garden, &c., otherwise, I think, the Tunbridge life far from disagreeable."

"We cannot complain of want of numbers, for all nations and sects contribute to make up our complement of people. Here are Hungarians, Italians, French, Portuguese, Irish, and Scotch. Then we have a great many Jews, with worse countenances than their friend Pontius Pilate, in a bad tapestry hanging. In opposition to these unbelievers, we have the very believing Roman Catholics; and to contrast with these ceremonious religionists, we have the quaint Puritans, and rigid Presbyterians. I never saw a worse collection of human creatures in all my life."

"Indeed this is a strange place, for one has neither business nor leisure here, so many glasses of water are to be drank, so many buttered rolls to be eaten, so many turns on the walk to be taken, so many miles to be gone in a post-chaise or on horseback, so much pains to be well, so much attention to be civil, that breakfasting, visiting, &c., &c., leave one no time even to write the important transactions of the day. Since I wrote to you, we have had a change of persons but not of amusements; we

have lost most of those, who, by the courtesy of the world, are called good company; but of politeness or sense, no visible decrease. In the beginning of the season there are many people of quality whose behaviour is extremely *bourgeoise;* at the end of it, citizens, who, by their pride and their impertinence, think they are behaving like persons of quality; and each, by happily deviating from the manners and conduct their condition of life seems to prescribe, meet in the same point of behaviour, and are equally agreeable and well-bred. Tunbridge seems the parliament of the world, where every country and every rank has its representative."

Bath, however, was the Helicon *par excellence* of the high fashionables of the last century, until the dictum of Dr. Russell sent all the world to the coast.

This city was founded by the Romans about the middle of the first century, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, and its chronicles connect it with the conquests of the Saxons, the marvellous achievements of Arthur, and the supremacy of the Danes. In happier times it was famed for its monastery, and its assemblage of good and holy men and pious hermits. It has been a city of much importance, and of marked note during the Civil Wars, and at other stirring periods of our historical records. But any detail of these (and the same observation applies to other watering-places) would be irrelevant here. It is solely as a much frequented and very

fashionable watering-place that our present interest attaches to it.

Lost to notice after the dissolution of the monastery, the attention of the public was reawakened to the virtues of the Bath waters by the visit there of Anne of Denmark, Queen of James the First; a visit said to have cost the country an enormous sum, and to have been undertaken by her as some relief to her vexation at the marriage of her daughter, the Princess Palatine. Mary, the Queen of James the Second, also visited Bath, and there were not wanting many who attributed the birth of the unfortunate Prince of Wales (the Pretender), to the efficacy of these waters. Queen Anne also visited Bath, and from this period may be dated its vast increasing popularity and extreme fashion. In 1728, John Lord Hervey writes thus to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu :—

Bath, Oct. 8, 1728.

"I came to this place but yesterday, from which you may imagine I am not yet sufficiently qualified to execute the commission you gave me; which was, to send you a list of the sojourners and inmates of this place; but there is so universal an affinity and resemblance among these individuals, that a small paragraph will serve amply to illustrate what you have to depend upon. The Duchess of Marlborough, Congreve, and Lady Rich, are the only people whose faces I know, whose names I ever heard, or who, I believe, have any names belonging to them; the

rest are a swarm of wretched beings, some with half their limbs, some with none, the ingredients of Pandora's box *personifié*, who stalk about, half-living remembrances of mortality; and by calling themselves human, ridicule the species more than Swift's Yhahoes. I do not meet a creature without saying to myself, as Lady —— did of her *femme de chambre*, '*Regardez cet animal, considérez ce néant, voilà une belle ame pour être immortelle.*' "

At a later period, Mrs. Montagu writes in a somewhat similar strain:

"I should be glad to send you some news, but all the news of the place would be like the bills of mortality—palsy, four; gout, six; fever, one; &c., &c. We hear of nothing but Mr. Such-a-one is not abroad to-day; oh! no, says another, poor gentleman, he died to-day. Then another cries, my party was made for quadrille to-night, but one of the gentlemen has had a second stroke of the palsy, and cannot come out; there is no depending upon people, nobody minds engagements. Indeed the only thing one can do to-day we did not do the day before, is to die, not that I would be hurried by a love of variety and novelty to do so irreparable a thing as dying."

Yet it does not appear that all these sights and sounds of miserable mortality had ever the slightest influence in deterring pleasure-hunting fashionists from the places where they were from natural and necessary causes most thickly congregated. Indeed

Bath, though most abounding in invalids, was especially thronged by the healthy and the gay, at whose arrival, strange to say, the bells were always set a ringing. Thus, in the season, it must have been almost impossible for the most nervous invalid to obtain the comfort of a quiet hour. Moreover, it was customary for a band of musicians to follow each "new arrival" even to the very door of his apartment, to compliment him with a serenade, totally heedless of his wish or pleasure therein, and professionally indifferent to the comfort of any hapless sufferer who might be sick or dying in the same house.

If we may infer from the different tenor of their pursuits the relative number of those who resorted to Bath for health or for pleasure, the proportion of the latter must have been great. In the spring season of the year 1760, Subscription Books were opened for prayers at the Abbey, and gaming at the Rooms. At the close of the first day the number of subscribers for prayers was *twelve*, and for gaming *sixty-seven*. The following lines were written on the occasion :

> "The Church and Rooms the other day
> Opened their books for prayer and play.
> The Priest got twelve, Hoyle sixty-seven—
> How great the odds for Hell 'gainst Heaven!"

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in her "Farewell to Bath," from which we quote a few stanzas, enumerates some of the fashionable amusements there :

"To all you ladies now at Bath,
And eke, ye beaus, to you,
With aching heart, and wat'ry eyes,
I bid my last adieu.

"Farewell, ye nymphs, who waters sip
Hot reeking from the pumps,
While music lends her friendly aid,
To cheer you from the dumps.

"Farewell, ye wits, who prating stand,
And criticise the fair;
Yourselves the joke of men of sense,
Who hate a coxcomb's air.

"Farewell to Deard's, and all her toys
Which glitter in her shop,
Deluding traps to girls and boys,
The warehouse of the fop.

"Lindsay's and Hayes's both farewell,
Where in the spacious hall,
With bounding steps and sprightly air,
I've led up many a ball," &c., &c.

Called into notice, as we have said, very early in the last century by the visit there of Queen Anne, and this at a time when watering-places were just beginning to be resorted to as places of recreation as well as for the promotion of health, Bath quickly became the focus of fashion of the whole kingdom. For this pre-eminence it was in no small degree indebted to the excellent order and regulation maintained in the various amusements of the place under the superintendence of Mr. Nash. It maintained its empire throughout the century, in spite of quickly accumulating rivals to public favour;

and so late as 1787, a certain column of information in "The World" newspaper began thus:—

"*Bon ton*—Bath:
For not to have been at Bath is not *bon ton*."

But at length even Bath succumbed beneath the fast increasing mania for seaside watering-places: its glory is departed, its palmy days are fled. A more detailed account of it during the period of its supremacy will be found in a subsequent chapter.* But probably the following lively remarks written about 1740, by the witty and fashionable Mrs. Montagu, will amuse our readers:—

"The morning after I arrived, I went to the Ladies' Coffee House, where I heard of nothing but the rheumatism in the shoulder, the sciatica in the hip, and the gout in the toe. I began to fancy myself in the hospital or infirmary; I never saw such an assembly of disorders. I dare say Gay wrote his fable of the Court of Death from this place. The waters employ the morning, visits the afternoon, and we squander away the evening in great stupidity. I think no place can be less agreeable; how d'ye do, is all one hears in the morning, and what is trumps in the afternoon.—I believe there is a great circulation of company, for the bells are always ringing for somebody come, or tolling for somebody gone."

Again:

* Chapter IX. "Bath and Beau Nash."

Bath, Jan. 7, 1740.

"The pleasure your Grace's letter gave me convinced me that happiness can reach one at Bath, though I think it is not an inhabitant of the place. —— Lord —— was wheeled into the rooms on Thursday night, where he saluted me with much snuff and civility, in consequence of which I sneezed and curtsyed abundantly; as a further demonstration of his loving-kindness, he made me play at commerce with him. You may easily guess at the charms of a place where the height of my happiness is a pair royal at commerce, and a Peer of threescore. Last night I took the more youthful diversion of dancing; our beaux here may make a rent in a woman's fan, but they will never make a hole in her heart; for my Lord —— has made me a convert from toupets and pumps to tiewigs and a gouty shoe. But to my misfortune he likes the queen of spades so much more than me, that he never looks off his cards, though were I queen of diamonds, he would stand a fair chance for me. I hope the Bath waters are as good for the gout in the heart as the gout in the stomach, or I shall be the worse for the journey. We have the most diverting set of dancers, especially amongst the men; some hop and some halt in a very agreeable variety. The Dowager Duchess of ——— bathes, and being very tall, had nearly drowned a few women in the Cross Bath, for she ordered it to be filled till it reached her chin, and so all those

who were below her stature, as well as her rank, were forced to come out or drown, and finding it, according to the proverb, in vain to strive against the stream, they left the bath rather than swallow so large a draught of water."

But the omnipotence of chalybeate springs in all cases, whether of health or pastime, or rather whether as a relief from sickness or a resource from ennui, received an irrecoverable shock about the middle of the last century by the professional skill of Dr. Patrick Russell, who having taken up his abode at Brighton, then an insignificant fishing-village, a bare, barren, and unattractive spot, introduced or revived with success, the medical use of sea-water, and used all his influence to promote the usage. This did much, novelty more, and fashion all; and in a few years the periodical resort to the coast became so absolute a custom, that

> "E'en cits the spot a desert call,
> Where London, widow'd one,
> Raises her smoky parasol,
> To screen her from the sun:
> In London not a soul you meet,
> The town is seaward fled."

This custom, now become so universal, must not however, in its origin, be altogether ascribed either to health or fashion. The peremptory necessity for retrenchment entailed on the higher classes by the heavy taxation to which they were subjected during the war—and which was felt perhaps more keenly by them than by the middle and trading classes who

could in some measure "hedge" themselves in the way of business—this necessity led to a wide alteration in their accustomed manner of life. They not merely laid down unnecessary carriages, and dismissed supernumerary servants, adopting generally a simpler style of living, but at the close of the London season numbers resorted to a watering-place under the plea perhaps of health, but in reality to save the outlay which their munificent hospitality and "open houses" in the country had theretofore rendered necessary. Many might do this without absolute necessity, but many doubtless were led to it by that alone; and numbers, we are told, did this —and honoured be their names for it—and endured confined and inconvenient lodgings at an obscure watering-place, rather than curtail one iota of the extended charities in which a considerable portion of their income was dispensed, and which must have been discontinued if their accustomed personal enjoyments had not been curtailed.

Originating thus in a combination of peculiar circumstances, the custom soon became an absolute fashion, and was followed from fashion alone. Of course it soon extended to all classes—to all, that is, whose position in life warranted, or whose circumstances might be strained to admit of such a relaxation — all fled periodically to the coast. Cowper severely censures the fashion :

> "Your prudent grandmammas, ye modern belles,
> Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge Wells,

When health required it would consent to roam,
Else more attach'd to pleasures found at home.
But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
Ingenious to diversify dull life,
In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys;
And all, impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea."

"The coast" of our happy island has no very circumscribed signification. Our autumnal pleasure-hunters were not limited in their choice—except by fashion. It is impossible here to enumerate the tenth part even of those sanctified by her magical *imprimatur*. Brighton, for many years, has ranked as supreme above the rest, as once Bath did, but, like the Roman empire, Brighton carries even in its own supremacy the seeds of its decay: it has overgrown all reasonable limits: its very extent is an emblem of its fall; its very strength is turning to weakness. Rome did not fall in a day, nor will Brighton: Rome even nourished in its own capacious bosom for many a day the powers to which it ultimately succumbed; and so does Brighton: and not more fatal to the imperial city were the hordes of barbarians who poured into it, than are to Brighton those swarms from the land of Cockaigne, daily and weekly disgorged on its Steyne from the cancer-like arms of the railroads. Brighton may live and flourish for ever; but she must resign the palm of fashion. In fact she has already done so.

"Brighton! Thou man-menagerie!
Thou brick and mortar ark!
We recognise each kind in thee,
The noddy and the shark!

"The short, the tall, the lean, the fat,
Seek bath-rooms and the news,
With morning robe and planter hat,
And bilious featured shoes.

"Here gamesters hie in search of gold,
Here flourish swaggering whips,
Sleek chandlers here, of every *mould*,
May come and take their *dips*.

"Dandies throng here of every hue,
Oh, for a Cuvier's pen!
For some look white, some black, some blue,
And some have beards like men."

Brighton, as we have said, was sixty years ago a small insignificant place, little known, less visited. The circumstance of Dr. Russell fixing his abode there had some influence in attracting visitors; but for its *fashion* and its consequent immensity, it is indebted to the mere accident of the Prince of Wales (George the Fourth) paying a visit in 1782 to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, who had a house there. His Royal Highness was pleased with the spot, and determined to build a cottage there, where, as he said, or as it was said for him, even the Londoners would not think of following him! A most royal mistake.

"Well, Cockney, may you ask, 'What's there?'
'Tis the Pavilion—see!
The architecture's worth a stare,
The order Cherokee!"

The "cottage" which the Prince bought or built in 1784, has ended in a "Pavilion" which is a world's wonder. It is fitted up with all the sumptuousness and luxury which fancy could devise, or money procure, entirely in the Chinese taste.

"First, here's a Chinese human figure,
Large as life, or somewhat bigger;
There are Chinese fields and houses,
Chinese husbands, Chinese spouses;
Chinese palaces and boats,
Chinese men with naked throats;
Chinese groves, and Chinese trees;
Chinese rivers, ships, and seas;
Chinese bulls, and Chinese cows.
Chinese sheep, and boars, and sows;
Chinese sky, and Chinese clouds;
Chinese birds that fly in crowds;
Chinese mandarins and tailors,
Chinese soldiers—Chinese sailors;
Chinese tassels, pulls, and bells;
Chinese ornamental shells;
And many mythologic beasts,
On which imagination feasts."

Hastings is a very favourite watering-place, and from characteristics peculiar to its position, it appeals to the holiest, tenderest, and gentlest sympathies of our nature. It is considered that the peculiarities of its situation and its sheltered aspect, render its climate so genial as to adapt it especially for the residence of invalids; and it is here that the gentlest and fairest of England's daughters —for it is these more especially whom consumption prostrates—are sent, sometimes indeed to recruit

and invigorate, but more frequently to languish and die. Here it is said the passing bell tolls so continuously as scarcely to be heard, certainly not to be noted, except by the mourning family especially interested. The frequent funeral train is hardly observed by the accustomed and careless eye.

But with this deeply interesting characteristic, Hastings has of late combined the anomalous distinction of a fashionable watering-place. This may be ascribed in a considerable degree to the *éclat* produced by the frequent visits of our honoured Queen Dowager to the almost adjoining village of St. Leonard, now dignified with marine parades, hotels, bazaars, and all the insignia of aristocratic patronage.

If one could divest oneself entirely of the melancholy reminiscences attached to Hastings, it were easy to admit that England can hardly shew a lovelier spot, or one more worthy of the attention of the tourist, or the patronage of the noble and wealthy. The town itself is insignificant enough, and is nestled beneath the shelter of lofty hills, which protect it from adverse blasts; but this situation — how beautiful! These hills are the very extremity seaward of the rolling and luxuriant county, and they are clothed to the very sea—a most unusual circumstance—with profuse verdure and rich foliage. There is hardly perhaps in the midland counties a road more richly em-

bowered in trees than is the London high road leading direct into Hastings. The prospect, too, is always beautiful, and as occasionally seen has every possible charm. The magnificent expanse of the Channel is bounded by the lofty table-land of Beachy Head on the one hand, and by the South Foreland on the other; the French coast is distinctly visible; the glistering sea is enlivened with the passing vessels; the flat coast is dotted with Martello Towers; churches and villages attract the eye in various directions; while, to complete the interest of the scene, a dim castle raises its shattered relics close above the town.

Thirty years ago Margate and Ramsgate were crowded in the season by those who now would not be seen but at Brighton, and perhaps will not continue to go there long. It requires marvellous courage now to confess any interest in places so utterly discarded by fashion as are Margate and Ramsgate. They are still crowded, but by decidedly unfashionable people. To those who remember the former place "in its glory" it must be strange to read the historian's account of it a hundred years ago.

"Meregate seems to have had its name from there being a gate or way into the sea, which lies just by a little Mere called by the inhabitants now the Brooks. It is a small fishing town, irregularly built, and the houses very low; and has formerly been of good repute for the fishing and coasting trade."

The erection of the delightful and very magnificent pier, which is indeed most deservedly the pride of Ramsgate, has doubtless mainly contributed to obtain for this agreeable albeit, now unfashionable, watering-place the high reputation it has gained.

It were curious, though irrelevant here, to trace the strange vicissitudes which this shore has witnessed from the time when the woad-stained Briton launched his skin-covered coracle under shelter of these cliffs. As a panorama revolving before the mind's eye, we see a party of steel-clad Romans parading the heights: they disappear—and with shouts and gestures of exultation, and antics that seem to us frantical, the yellow-haired Saxons are dancing in sacrificial adoration around their idol gods. This sinks beneath a purer rite, and while,

> "Upon the soft winds swelling
> Float the holy vesper chimes,"

even then the fierce Dane, under cover of the advancing night, is furtively glancing round the precipices, intent only on rapine and crime. Yet were not their deeds more fearful in their day than in later, in civilized times, have been the outrages of the dark and ruthless smuggler, as, breaking the silence of night only by oaths and curses, he hove his contraband cargo ashore here.

How shall we give the picture of to-day? We cannot do it: we will offer the materials, and our readers will combine them at pleasure.

Look at these sands! They appear one indis-

criminate moving mass of cabs, cars, carts, and carriages; horses, ponies, dogs, donkies, and boys; men, women, children, and nurses; and, the least and the biggest—babies and bathing-machines.

Imagine of course all proper associations and accompaniments: little boys with spades; nurses with babies; mammas with sewing; young ladies with novels; young gentlemen with Byron, canes, and eye-glasses; older ones with newspapers, sticks, and spectacles.

Then the hawkers are a most noisy, important, and persevering fraternity here: such opportunities for "cheap bargains;" nothing in the world that you mayn't buy, from a puppy-dog to "a yard of cushion-lace, real thread, for the low price of one penny farthing;" from a pincushion to a garden-chair; from a memorial of the Deluge, in the shape of a Folkstone fossil, to a sample of modern skill in the form of a threepenny doll; from a "splendid set" of ornaments of Derbyshire spar, to a nightcap, a pair of garters, or a watch-pocket.

But mark the contrast! Turn your eye for a moment to the light boats on the Goodwin Sands, one of which at least is visible from the cliff above. Spread around, in a wide crescent, on the bright ocean, you may count a hundred vessels, all busy furling and unfurling their glittering sails, to the inspiriting breeze—but THIS never spreads a sail. When the sun gleams on it, its bright red glares unnaturally on the green sea, but usually it appears one dark, heaving mass.

If the waves rolled cheerily and the well-freighted vessel sped merrily on its course, *this* rocked to and fro, but nor gained nor lost way.

If the ocean was tempestuous, *this* indeed heaved like a doomed thing, changing not its position: if the sea was calm and still, there, there she lay, like a log on the waters.

> "There no brave ship rides buoyant to debel,
> Or breasts the billows with a peaceful prow,"

for there *this* boat lies like a thing to be shunned by every other vessel; a warning mark, a beacon to be avoided by every living soul.

But on the shore—"Confusion worse confounded," may indeed aptly characterise the scene on a bright, warm morning, "in the Season." Yet is the happy turmoil not at its height. Oh, no! A SHOWER COMES: despite the blue sky, despite the weather-glasses, the almanacs, and everything else, a sudden and most unprovoked shower comes—comes pepperingly, and without notice. Alas, then! for the gossamer bonnets—the primrose tulle, and the pink crape: alas! for the fair ones whose ringlets and whose habiliments are alike of summer-day strength: alas! for the mammas who cannot keep pace in the retreat with their fairy-footed daughters; and alas! and a double alas! for the stout and portly papas, who, unceremoniously interrupted in the middle of Peel's speech by a sudden shower-bath, look up, and ejaculate "very extraordinary!" but finding that notwithstanding this oracular demonstration of their

surprise the rain continues, ay, and in earnest too, hastily turn up their collars, button their coats, thrust their spectacles into one pocket, at the same time dropping the case from the other, crush the newspaper under one arm, grasp their stick with the other hand, and set off sturdily after their wives and daughters; first, however, casting another glance at the pitiless horizon, and again ejaculating loudly, "very extraordinary!"

Meanwhile the chairs are set as for a game at leapfrog, to keep the seats dry; and the nurses, and babies, and donkies, and boys, are all huddled together under the awnings of the bathing-machines, by this time drawn up in order under the cliff. Some amphibious animals, with lots of legs and arms, very scanty trowsers, and jackets *non est inventus*, scamper about, performing sundry cabalistic manœuvres with the chairs, and collecting the stray gloves, books, parasols, scissors, and thimbles, which have been dropped in the hurry of the retreat; and just as all these arrangements are satisfactorily completed, the raindrops cease, the cloud has passed over, the sun comes out bright and brilliant, and the whole horizon is laughing in his beams. Papas and mammas have had enough of such "very extraordinary" weather; they return not, but the younger people do. The chairs resume their "native" position;* the bipeds and quadrupeds emerge from the

* In the account of a launch a short time ago it was said, that the ship glided gracefully to her *native* element. That

shelter of the bathing-machines, the donkies shaking their ears, and the nurse-maids their bonnets: and the sands, which three minutes before were "full of desolation," are again ringing with life and merriment.

the sea is the appropriate element for a ship we allow: but, with submission, was she not at that moment rather an *exotic* than a *native* on the water?

CHAPTER IX.

BATH AND BEAU NASH.

"While at St. James's Walpole's wisdom flows
At Bath alike great Nash his genius shows.
If one unrival'd, long has steer'd the state,
The other long has here triumphant sate,
This commonwealth of pleasure rul'd, alone,
And the despotick, all his candour own.
Beaux, belles, and bishops—nay, the judge, and wit,
To his decisive nod at once submit:
Not the red ribbon more respect can claim,
Than the white hat of everlasting fame.
At balls, the pump, parade, or at the play,
Each sex, all ages, ready homage pay;
A bow, a smile, a whisper, or a hand,
By turns employ'd, does every heart command."

But whom have we here? Who is this? Right regally he approaches, right royal is he in his appointments. His six spanking greys whirl his chariot along in dashing style,

"Curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat."

How animated look his train, his outriders, and the fellows clustered leg and wing behind his carriage! How enlivening the music of the band which accompanies him; how brilliant the tone of

those horns, which startle the air with their clangour. How the people stop on every side to gaze on the *cortége* as it passes! How the sick poor, creeping homeward to the hospital, clasp their hands and utter benedictions on him by whose exertions it was raised! How others, ladies and gentlemen of all degrees, offer him courteous homage, which he as courteously acknowledges. And now another carriage meets his, and its occupant—a Prince of the blood, by'r Lady!—pulls his check-string and thus invites to conference. After a few moments' conversation, the hats are raised from the heads, (not, reader, the heads taken out of the hats,) the Prince of Wales proceeds, and then the horns re-awaken their clamour, the postillions crack their whips, the fiery greys spank onwards, and in this guise the monarch of Bath, King Nash, arrives at the Pump-room.

How different was the arrival, in this very spot, of a monarch of an earlier generation! Would you like to hear about it?

Hudibras who, chroniclers say, was King of Britain about the time when Haggai and Joel were prophets in Israel, had a son named Bladud, so grievously afflicted with leprosy, that his father, the king, was necessitated to comply with the requisitions of the courtiers, and banish him the Court. Bladud experienced all the vicissitudes proper to a hero of romance of those days, and at length became swineherd near the place where Keynsham

now stands; but to his horror he found, in no long time, that the pigs had imbibed his loathsome complaint. To conceal this disaster as long as possible from his employer, he proposed to drive the swine to the other side of the river (Avon), under pretence of the acorns being richer and more abundant.

While thus employed, and ruminating dejectedly on his perverse and hapless lot, and uttering ejaculations to heaven, the swine, as if seized with frenzy, set off at full speed along the valley. He followed perforce, but was unable to overtake them till they stopped of their own accord, which they did in a marshy place, rolling and revelling with infinite delight. He erected crues or pens near the place, but could not help observing that daily, on being set at liberty, the swinish multitude returned not merely to their wallowing in the mire, but always chose this particular spot to wallow in; neither could it escape the observation of so careful and accomplished a swineherd that his diseased pigs quickly recovered their healthy condition. "Upon this hint he"—not spake, but acted, and addressing himself to a closer survey of the cozy spot, he found it warm, and certain springs near the centre of the bog, to which he penetrated, absolutely hot. He took a lesson from his pigs, bathed regularly twice a-day, became perfectly cured, threw up his swineherd's place, or, in modern phrase, "discharged his master," and returned to Court, where he was not

recognised, and would scarcely have made his identity good, if he had not produced a ring, the parting gift of his mother, the queen.

In due time Lud Hudibras went the way of all flesh, and Bladud became king; and almost the first recorded of his kingly acts were to make cisterns about the hot-springs where he was cured, to build himself a house there, and to reward his quondam employer; who, by the king's liberality, was enabled happily to establish himself and his swine in the north part of the town, still called, from that circumstance, Hogs-Norton.

It is distressing to complete our narrative. Whether from the system of antipathies an irresistible impulse caused him to soar as far distant as possible from the mud in which he had formerly wallowed—or from whatever cause—Bladud, who had made a proficiency in science sufficient to have caused him (had he lived in our fortunate days) to be promoted to the honourable position of President of "The Society for the General Diffusion of Universal Knowledge," invented and made himself wings to fly with—and did fly—but to the consternation, surprise, and inexpressible grief of all his admiring subjects, he fell and broke his neck.*

His son and successor was Lear, the father of Goneril, Regan, and the gentle Cordelia.

How would the British King, all accomplished as he was, have stared in unmitigated wonder at the

* Jeffrey of Monmouth, Book ii. cap. 10.

personal appearance of the royal successor to whom it is now our pleasant duty to refer; nor perhaps would the astonishment of Beau Nash have been inferior. Great was the difference in the appearance of the two potentates, both Stars of Fashion themselves, and both, from their regal position, supreme dictators of *ton*.

King Bladud had naturally fine features, and when restored from illness was remarkably handsome. He had piercing blue eyes and light hair which, put back from his forehead, hung in golden waves over his shoulders; was tall in form, and dignified though agile in movement. He wore a yellow tunic reaching nearly to the knees, girded round the waist with a torques of twisted iron, in which hung the knife with which he cut his dinner, and—mayhap—killed it. He had a woollen mantle so strongly welded in vinegar that it would turn the edge of a sword, and this was fastened at the throat with a fibula. His legs were bare, but he wore a sort of buskins on his feet made of wolf-skin, with the hair outside, and a tall spear in his hand. By his side was an enormous bull-dog or mastiff, of that British breed so much in request for the Roman Amphitheatre. His attendants were variously attired; some had cloaks, and some had tunics, and some had neither one nor the other, but rejoiced infinitely in a skin stained with woad, and an iron torque; while, if any very great good luck befel them, they would emulate a class a de-

gree higher than themselves in fashion and *ton*, who had the luxury—more esteemed, by the way, for appearance than use—of a wolf-skin round the neck. For even thus early, as in our own times, were comfort, convenience, and freedom of movement willingly sacrificed to Fashion. These courtiers followed their leader with great animation, as aided by the butt-end of his spear, he leapt from one part of the bog to another, till he came to the spot where the water bubbled up the hottest. "Behold," said he, "where I and the swine were cured!"

On this spot, seventeen ages afterwards, stood King Nash and a crowd of admiring friends and followers, but their appearance and belongings were widely different. The monarch himself was heavy in figure, coarse in feature; he had a long curled peruke-wig, surmounted by a white, or more frequently a yellow three-cornered beaver, and instead of the tunic and mantle which had flowed carelessly over the elegant proportions of his predecessors, Nash had highheeled shoes and large buckles, blue silk stockings (with silver clocks) and breeches; a waistcoat reaching to his knees, and a coat with cuffs to the elbows, both profusely covered with silver lace. The hunting spear of Bladud was transformed in Nash's hand to a clouded cane, with gold head and silk tassels,

This was the monarch of the eighteenth century, and an absolute monarch was he: his laws were like those of the Medes and Persians, unalter-

able: but it must be conceded to him, that he never abused the "right divine." Survey we this monarch in his rule.

Though Nash governed as if born to empire, the throne of Bath was not his by right; he had no hereditary claim: he was merely a citizen of the world, an idler of London, an impoverished Templar, a man living as multitudes of men did then, and do now—by his wits, when he was summoned by the voice of the people to take upon his shoulders the sovereignty of Bath. He obeyed the call, and like the King of the French, became the King of the People.

Like all popular monarchs, King Nash was a strenuous advocate of reform, and at Bath promoted it with all the influence of his potential voice, and enforced it with all the weight of his supreme authority. His first care was to improve the accommodations of his seat of empire. When he first undertook the government of Bath, it was a mean, dirty, and incommodious place; the lodgings for visitors were shabby, dirty, and expensive; the public rooms were desecrated by all sorts of vulgarity and rudeness. Under the direction and authority of their new monarch, the corporation of Bath re-edified their city, and noble streets, beautiful squares, verdant gardens, soon combined their attractions with the medicinal waters of the place, to render it the most fashionable city in England. He drew up a code of ceremonial

laws which he rigidly enforced, and which were implicitly submitted to by the inhabitants and visitors of the city.

Like all popular monarchs, he became very absolute.

"I pray your Majesty to permit us one dance more," said her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia, to King Nash, as the clock was striking eleven.

"Impossible, Madam; my laws are like those of Lycurgus, immutable."

"But just one, Mr. Nash," persisted the Princess.

"I regret to deny your Royal Highness anything, but *it cannot be.*"

The disappointed Princess was compelled to acquiesce.

"Your Grace seems to have forgotten my mandate," said he to the Duchess of Queensberry, pointing to her apron.

"Oh, Mr. Nash, it is such a love of an apron; look at this edging, the finest Brussels point: the shape too altogether new, and quite the *ton*, I assure you."

"It is, I doubt not, all that your Grace describes; and in the morning, in your domestic apartments, I shall be happy to note its beauties; but now"—and he held out his hand for it.

"But, Mr. Nash—"

"Madam—" persisted he, firmly, and not without a touch of rudeness.

The Duchess coloured, hesitated a moment, and

then quietly resigned the apron, saying, with much good humour:

"I believe I was wrong; your Majesty must forgive me."

The King bowed, took the apron, and gave it to the care of an attendant.

An intimation of his royal will carried with it the form of a mandate with all the gentle sex; the other was often refractory. The King, however, was firm, and invariably, in the end, successful. The gentlemen's boots, it is said, made the most obstinate stand against his authority—for our readers must know that up to the era of this King's reign, the fashionable assemblies of Bath were held in a booth, where the ladies wore aprons and hoods at pleasure, and the gentlemen went equipped with swords, boots, and tobacco-pipes. The aprons were banished, as we have seen, though not without some demonstrations of opposition on the part of the fair sex: the tobacco and the swords disappeared, but the boots were obstinate. The good-natured king, who did not like to proceed all at once to the last extremity with his misled and and refractory subjects, had recourse to stratagem to effect his purpose. About this time, as we have elsewhere shewn our readers, the representations of Punch were the delight of the fashionable world, and the King of Bath announced to his loyal subjects that for their especial recreation, the celebrated proprietor of Punch, then in the city, would

exhibit a new scene in that hero's life. Full of eager anticipation, the fashionable world of Bath crowded to see the show, and intense indeed was expectation as the new scene opened with Punch and a beautiful lady preparing for their night's repose; but to the horror of the fair one, Punch was stepping into bed with his boots on. She desired him to remove them—he refused; she remonstrated, but Punch was firm.

"Madam," said he, "do you, a stranger, presume to instruct me, an inhabitant of this polished and fashionable city, in etiquette?—My boots! Remove my boots! why, Madam, you may as well tell me to pull off my legs: I never go without boots, I never ride, I never dance without them; and this, at Bath, is considered true politeness."

The lady, however, would not be appeased, neither would Punch submit to the wonted infraction, so the lovers separated in anger. We need hardly say that this ingenious lesson was Mr. Nash's contrivance.

The historian adds, that few thereafter ventured to appear in boots.

Would our readers like to know something of the usual daily routine near a century ago in

"—— This adorable scene,
Where gaming and grace
Each other embrace,
Dissipation and piety meet:—
And all who'd a notion
Of cards or devotion
Made Bath their delightful retreat."

At this time the bath itself was the first fashionable resort in the morning, whither the ladies were conveyed in chairs, attired in their bathing-dresses, but with their heads dressed as if for an evening assembly; and while their bodies were receiving the benefit of the healing waters, their beaming countenances were turned to the surrounding gallery, whither the gentlemen duly repaired to pay their morning compliments to the fair. Soft music played around; and that no luxury might be wanting, no sense ungratified, each lady had a small floating dish by her side containing her pocket-handkerchief, nosegay, and a snuff-box. Could the gods in Elysium have more?—Ye Powers! a finely dressed head, a warm bath, a crowd of beaux, a band of music, a bunch of flowers, and a snuff-box!

Then the water had to be drunk, and the gay invalids and fashionists of both sexes assembled in the Pump-room, where three glasses, at three different times, were drunk by each hygeist, soft music still filling up the intervals between swallowing water and emitting scandal. Oh, the charm of this assembly! talk of scandal broached at an old maids' tea-party! why that is milk and honey compared to the wormwood and verjuice diffused in the aqua solis of the Pump-room at Bath.

From the Pump-room, the ladies adjourned to the toy-shop the gentlemen to the coffee-house.

Then come public breakfasts, concerts, or lectures upon art and science, delivered to the Subscribers to the Rooms. "These lectures," says one historian, "are frequently taught in a pretty superficial manner, so as *not to tease the understanding*, while they afford the imagination some amusement.

And then,

> "Some for chapel trip away,
> Then take places for the play;
> Or they walk about in pattens,
> Buying gauzes, cheap'ning satins,"

for now it is time for prayers, and when they are ended it is noon; and some play cards at the Assembly House, and some walk on the Grand Parade, and others drive, and others ride; and thus two hours are disposed of, and then comes that ceremony in the due and regular performance of which all people in all places pique themselves, and which has never yielded (in itself) to the versatility of fashion. We mean DINNER. Every where people eat dinner (if they can get it), and yet it is pointed out in the list of the diversions of Bath as if the pleasant occupation appertained to that place alone. But this is owing to the undue partiality of local historians.

Well: after dinner people went to church again, and thence to the Pump-room; "from which they withdrew to the walks, and from thence to drink

tea at the Assembly Houses, and the evenings are concluded with balls, plays, and mutual visits; so that Bath yields a continued round of diversions; and people in all ways of thinking, even from the libertine to the Methodist, have it in their power to complete the day, the week, the month, nay, almost the whole year, to their own satisfaction."

Our readers need hardly be told that those were the days of minuets and country dances; quadrilles were unknown, even the parent cotillon had not appeared, gallopades were unheard of, mazurkas were hidden in the womb of time, polkas were an impossibility, and as to the exotic waltz, graceful though it be, young Englishwomen of those days, how wanting soever in some of the refining characteristics of these, had not learnt unblushingly to confide themselves to the arms of mere acquaintance of the other sex, to bear their close and not always respectful gaze, to feel their breath on their very necks, their cheeks, fanning the hair that strays on their face! Englishwomen can do this now, ay, and deem themselves modest, but — it is the FASHION.

The ball in King Nash's time began at six o'clock, and ended at eleven. This was a rule to which the master of the ceremonies most rigidly adhered, and from the worthiest motives, viz., out of regard to the comfort of the invalids with whom the city always abounded. The minuet which opened the ball was usually performed by two persons of high-

est distinction at it, and when concluded, the Bathonian King (or master of the ceremonies) conducted the lady to her seat, and led a new partner to the gentleman; that minuet over, both retired, and a second gentleman and lady stood up, and thus until the minuets were over, every gentleman dancing with two ladies. The minuets usually lasted about two hours; then came the country dances, in which ladies of quality, according to their rank, stood up first.

The strictest etiquette was enforced, and the claims of precedence were rigidly adhered to. In the due adjustment of these Nash was unrivalled, and doubtless derived therefrom no small portion of the respect and deference with which he was uniformly treated; and a great addition was made to the comfort of the vast number of respectable middle classes who resorted to Bath, in the courteous treatment which the monarch of all exacted for them, from those titled individuals who had thitherto arrogated somewhat too much to themselves from the circumstance of their rank.

At eleven o'clock, even in the middle of a dance, the King of Bath advanced up the room, raised his finger, and in an instant the music ceased.

The following rules, written by Mr. Nash, and placed in the Pump-room, are characterized by the historian of his life as being drawn up with an attempt at wit; he adds, however, that the wit was fully as elevated as that of the persons for whom it

was intended. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine perhaps more truly understood them, when he said that they were "artfully contrived to make a kind of penalty the necessary consequence of a breach of them," and added that they were "universally complied with, because they could not be violated without rendering the offender ridiculous and contemptible." They will be read with some interest now, as giving us a key to the state of society generally, when we find that in the very focus of fashion and *ton* such rules were not merely endurable, but were peremptorily called for, and were admirably well adapted to the manners and habits of those—viz.: the *élite* of the fashionable world—for whose behoof they were promulged.

They are here:—

"1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming, and another at going away, are all that are expected or desired by ladies of quality and fashion — except impertinents.

"2. That ladies coming to the ball, appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbances and inconveniences to themselves and others.

"3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before the ladies in gowns and caps, shew breeding and respect.

"4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play, or breakfast, and not theirs;—except captious by nature.

"5. That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen.—N.B. Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

"6. That gentlemen crowding before the ladies at the ball, shew ill manners; and that none do so for the future,—except such as respect nobody but themselves.

"7. That no gentleman or ladytakes it ill that another dances before them:—except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

"8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past, or not come to perfection.

"9. That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.

"N.B.—This does not extend to *Have-at-alls.*

"10. That all whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for their authors.

"11. That all reporters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all company;—except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

"N.B.—*Several men of no character, old women, and young ones of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of Levellers.*"

But we must not suffer our interest in the internal affairs of his kingdom to withdraw our attention entirely from the King himself, and as, though a chosen, he was not an anointed monarch, we hope it will not be construed into *lese majesté*, if we

descant somewhat more freely on his character than it is considered safe to do with regard to sovereigns generally.

Beau Nash had the unusual good fortune to be thrown by circumstances into the very position in which he was qualified to shine. Up to the time of his arrival at Bath his character was scarcely respectable. He had tried the law and the army, and had succeeded in neither; and at thirty years old he was a gamester by profession, and looked to that pursuit alone for the means of subsistence. London offered no harvest to his fraternity, save during the winter months, and the summer ones were passed at Continental watering-places; but a visit of Queen Anne to Bath in 1703 changed the destinies of that place, made it a resort of fashion, and consequently a home for gamblers. Thither, as a gamester, Nash went, and his resources through life were procured by those means; but the vice in him was ameliorated in some degree by his constant, undeviating fairness, and the uprightness (so to speak) of his play, when strict honour in the use of the dice was by no means a general attribute of gamesters. What he won easily he gave away freely; his generosity was great though indiscriminating, his sympathy with the distressed never palled, his money, his time, and his earnest exertions were always ready in their behalf. Still this goodness was more the result of constitution than of principle.

When Bath, on the occasion of the visit of Queen

Anne first emerged somewhat from the ruralities of a hop to a fiddle on the bowling-green, to a subscription dance at the Town Hall, a certain Captain Webster, a gamester, undertook to produce some sort of order in the arrangements. This Master of the Ceremonies was the incipient King of Bath; he laid the foundations of its future splendid royalty. But that its internal jurisdiction remained very imperfect notwithstanding the improvements which he introduced, may be gathered from the circumstances referred to above, that ladies went to the balls in hoods and aprons, gentlemen in boots; that smoking throughout the evening was usual; and that at the card-tables, those who were unlucky compelled their antagonists (if it so pleased themselves), to play all night to give them the chance of recovering their losses. And of the domestic regulations generally, some idea may be formed from the circumstance, that the floors of the best lodging-houses, all uncarpeted, were washed with a mixture of soot and small beer, which rendered them of so dark a hue, that *moderate* accumulations of dirt were not perceptible.

At this period, Beau Nash, then about thirty years of age, visited Bath. His fame had preceded him, for he had acquired much celebrity by the admirable manner in which a Masque, entirely under his superintendence, had been "got up" in honour of King William, who offered the young Templar knighthood, an unsubstantial honour which

he declined. Mr. Nash was also known to be an adept in the difficult science of etiquette, to understand rank and precedence to the very minutest punctilio, and to be in himself a perfect pattern of the most *recherché* and gentlemanly fashion of the day. These circumstances and qualifications pointed him out to the inhabitants of Bath (who had already felt the good effects even of Captain Webster's imperfect rule) as a proper successor to that gentleman, and he was requested to take upon himself the superintendence and arrangement of the amusements of Bath. He accepted the office; and with such skill, propriety, and energy did he address himself to his task, that the leading inhabitants of the place found it their own interest to support him in everything. They did so; the crowds of visitors had no alternative but to follow the example, and thus Nash's rule became absolute, and he was in act and in reality what he was universally called—the King of Bath.

His first endeavours were directed to the improvement of the baths, and the various accommodations pertaining to them: he had a new and handsome Pump-room built; new Assembly-rooms were erected; emulation was excited in various ways; new streets of commodious houses were built, handsome squares laid out, the roads widened and improved; and in a very few years, from an insignificant and muddling little place, Bath became a populous, flourishing, and most elegant city.

Amid a mass of frivolity and trifling, profusion and petty parade, many are the anecdotes recorded of Nash which would confer lustre on any man. He was a most shrewd and inveterate censor of slander and calumny; this qualification was an invaluable one to the Master of the Ceremonies at a fashionable and frivolous watering-place. His heart was most kind, his generosity great; and though himself a professed gamester, he was never-wearying in his endeavours to prevent the young and inexperienced from gaining the habit, or from being the dupes of another. To the young of both sexes, but to the fair especially, he was at all times a kind, a cautious, and a disinterested adviser, and the grave was not closer than himself on any domestic secret committed to his keeping. These were great points.

The beneficent institution, the Hospital at Bath, free to the poor of all England, who required the waters, owed its erection entirely to his unremitting exertions.

It is but incident to humanity that old age should bring its infirmities, and it is only just retribution that a long life wasted in superficial pursuits without definite moral occupation or elevated aim, should result in an old age of querulousness and disappointment. Such, we are told, was that of Beau Nash. Still the inhabitants of Bath forgot not their own and their city's obligation, and

on his death, at a very advanced age,* he was borne with all possible honour to the grave.

The ensuing lines will be read with interest:

"Yet here no confusion, no tumult is known,
Fair order and beauty establish their throne;
For order, and beauty, and just regulation,
Support all the works of this ample creation.
For this, in compassion to mortals below,
Sent Hermes to Bath in the shape of a Beau.
Long reign'd the great Nash, this omnipotent lord,
Respected by youth, and by parents adored;
For him not enough at a ball to preside,
The unwary and beautiful nymph he would guide;
Oft tell her a tale, how the credulous maid
By man, by perfidious man, is betrayed;
Taught Charity's hand to relieve the distrest,
While tears have his tender compassion exprest:
But alas! he is gone, and the city can tell
How in years and in glory lamented he fell.
Him mourned all the Dryads on Claverton's mount;
Him Avon deplored, him the nymph of the fount,
The crystalline streams.
Then perish his picture, his statue decay,
A tribute more lasting the Muses shall pay.
If true what philosophers all will assure us,
Who dissent from the doctrine of great Epicurus,
That the spirit's immortal, as poets allow;
If life's occupations are followed below;—
In reward for his labours, his virtue, and pains,
He is footing it now in th' Elysian plains,
Indulged, as a token of Proserpine's favour,
To preside at her balls in a cream-coloured beaver."

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* He died the 3rd of February, 1761, aged eighty-seven years.

CHAPTER X.

STARS OF FASHION.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

"Read CHESTERFIELD, and learn to be polite."

THERE is, perhaps, no fashionist of the last century, whose name has been so widely noised, far beyond the boundaries of that fashionable world on whose illustration in all its puerilities he bestowed so many years, and such superior talents, as the Earl of Chesterfield. The "Letters" which have especially procured him this far-sounding fame, were not published until after his decease; but their spread and extension was wonderfully rapid, and even so late as thirty years ago, an abridgment of them was usually put into the hands of young people of the middle classes. Now, happily, that fashion is exploded.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was the son of Philip, third Earl, by Lady Elizabeth Savile, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax, and was born in 1694. He was a man of condesirable talent, of unwearied industry and energy,

and of much travelled experience. He went abroad early, and observed accurately. His own success in the varied objects to which he devoted his attention, he has ascribed almost entirely to his habit of never deferring till to-morrow what might be done to-day.

But no doubt it was also referrible to that exquisite grace of manner, winning conversation, and consummate tact in worldly intercourse, which enabled him whilst acutely detecting the foibles of others, skilfully to guide them to his own purposes: a species of knowledge which he endeavoured so unweariedly, and so unavailingly, to instil into his son; and which has handed his name down to posterity with far more *éclat* than his worthier talents and more elevated actions have done. He occupied, deservedly, political stations of high importance.

In his twenty-first year, he was appointed Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales (George II.), and sat in Parliament for the borough of St. Germains, in Cornwall, before he was of age. He became a distinguished speaker, an accomplishment on the attainment of which he had set his heart, and to which he devoted every energy. He fully succeeded; and the importance of style and manner, and language, on which he lays so very much stress when inculcating their study to his son, was often justified in the course of his Parliamentary career; but, on one occasion, very

peculiarly so. In the debates concerning the alteration of the Style, which took place in 1751, he spoke in favour of the measure; and his speech was universally lauded as the first, although he had only a superficial smattering of astronomy, and frankly declared (in private) that he did not understand the subject; while Lord Macclesfield, "one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of;" but his exposition was rated as much inferior to that of the superficial but polished *arbiter elegantiarum.*

After holding various posts at home and abroad, Lord Chesterfield was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and afterwards Secretary of State. During his occupancy of these high and honourable stations, he had the good taste, the good sense, and, above all, the firmness to abstain from play himself, and strictly to prohibit it in his household. He was habitually addicted to it, and had been so from early youth: his unshaken firmness, therefore, in these instances, shows his self-mastery.

He lived much with the wits of the age, amongst whom he occupied no secondary position. His miscellaneous writings evidence considerable ability. He was celebrated in private and social life, not less for the wit than the polish of his conversation. Dr. Johnson has defined him, happily

enough, as "a wit among lords, and a lord among wits;" and Walpole, more poetically said, "Chesterfield's entrance into the world was announced by his *bon mots;* and his closing lips dropped repartees that sparkled with his juvenile fire." His acquaintance was naturally much sought, and he was a general favourite in the higher social circles. Many complimentary effusions addressed to him by his contemporaries have been published. The following is selected from its brevity,

"Can ease be consistent with state?
Can freedom and pomp thus agree?
O STANHOPE, who would not be great,
If easy in greatness like thee?
Let statesmen pretend to despise
Those talents that furnish delight,
'Tis Stanhope's alone to be wise,
Yet pleasure with wisdom unite."

In the same collection* is preserved, among other poetical effusions by Lord Chesterfield, the following once well-known song, addressed by him to Lady Fanny Shirley, the niece of the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon. His attentions to this lady were so pointed, and so long-continued, as to excite the notice of the witty and satirical Sir C. H. Williams. *e. g.*

"There were Chesterfield and Fanny,
In that eternal whisper which begun
Ten years ago, and never will be done."† &c. &c.

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* Dodsley's Miscellany. † Isabella, or the Morning.

"When Fanny blooming fair
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight:
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She stole into my heart.

"In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand loves appear;
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there;
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

"Her well turn'd limbs confess,
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love:
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breast
Of that too charming maid
Rise, suing to be press'd!

"Venus round Fanny's waist,
Has her own Cestus bound,
With guardian Cupids grac'd,
Who dance the circle round:
How happy must he be,
Who shall her zone unloose!
That bliss to all, but me,
May heaven and she refuse."

But it is probable that neither his Parliamentary eloquence, nor his agreeable contributions to pe-

riodical literature, nor his social wit, nor his personal elegance, allowed though he was universally to be the glass of fashion of his time—it is probable that not all these would have obtained for him in after times one tithe of that celebrity which has attached to him as the author of a series of letters on manners and deportment, which Dr. Johnson describes as inculcating "the morals of a strumpet and the manners of a dancing-master." These were written with no view to publication, but entirely for the behoof of his natural son, to whom he was devotedly attached. They were published by the widow of that son after the death of their noble author, and obtained immense celebrity. The whole scope of these letters, their "being's end and aim," was to inculcate a graceful exterior, a polished surface, a plausible and fascinating *manner*. Of *heart*, Lord Chesterfield seems not to recognise the existence, or at least to acknowledge it only as a troublesome appendage to be polished away as soon as possible. It was evidently not his opinion that a kind heart is the fount from which all *true politeness* must emanate. The total absence of religion in these letters, and their vile profligacy, we do not here dwell on, but give merely one brief extract on the less important subject of manner:—

"There is a certain distinguishing diction that marks the man of fashion, a certain language of conversation that every gentleman should be master

of. Saying to a man just married, "I wish you joy," or to one who has lost his wife, "I am sorry for your loss;" and both, perhaps, with an unmeaning countenance, may be civil; but it is, nevertheless, vulgar. A man of fashion will express the same thing more elegantly, and with a look of sincerity, that shall attract the esteem of the person he speaks to. He will advance to the one, with warmth and cheerfulness; and, perhaps, squeezing him by the hand,* will say, "Believe me, my dear Sir, I have scarce words to express the joy I feel, upon your happy alliance with such or such a family, &c." to the other in affliction, he will advance slower, and with a peculiar composure of voice and countenance, begin his compliments of condolence† with, "I hope, Sir, you will do me the justice to be persuaded, that I am not insensible of your unhappiness, that I take part in your distress, and shall ever be affected where *you* are so."

Lord Chesterfield married in 1733, the Countess

* If a person now were to *squeeze* the hand of another, we fear his or her claim to gentility and politeness would be rated very low. Nay, Lord Chesterfield himself would be voted a barbarian.

† These "compliments of condolence" put one in mind of the courtesies of the now fashionable Maisons de Dueil: "What can I have the melancholy pleasure of showing you, Madam?"

Alas! for poor Lord Chesterfield! How little, in his high and palmy days, could he foresee that the manners of the counter-jumpers of the nineteenth century would be formed avowedly on the Chesterfieldian code.

of Walsingham, (Melesina de Schulenberg,) the supposed daughter of George the First, and the Duchess of Kendal. But he had no legitimate issue.

During his latter years, he suffered severely from disease and deafness; but a far severer trial to him than his heavy personal infirmities was the death of his natural son, Mr. Stanhope, which took place four years before his own.

Lord Chesterfield died in 1773, in his seventy-ninth year.

CHAPTER XI.

STARS OF FASHION.—BEAUX.

"Would you a modern beau commence,
Shake off that foe to pleasure, sense;
Be trifling, talkative, and vain—
Be it your pleasure, joy, and fame,
To play at ev'ry modish game,
Fondly to flatter and caress;
A critic styl'd in point of dress;
Harangue on fashions, point, and lace,
On this one's errors, t' other's face;—
Talk much of Italy and France,
Of a new song and country dance;—
"Affect to know each reigning belle,
That throngs the Playhouse or the Mell,
Declare you 're intimate with all
You once have met with at a ball;
At ev'ry female boldly stare,
And crowd the circles of the fair.
Though swearing you detest a fool,
Be vers'd in folly's ample school:
Learn all her various schemes, her arts,
To shew your merit, wit, and parts:
These rules observ'd, each foppish elf
May view an emblem of himself."

London Chronicle.

The above descriptive lines were written in the last century, when the term Beau, first introduced

in the reign of Charles the Second, had become perfectly naturalized and familiar to every one. It was, however, superseded for some time by the epithet Maccaroni,—a travelled young man, who had long curls and a spying glass, and rejoiced in two watches, which, never being known to keep time together, were probably, as Walpole said, "one to tell us what time it is, and the other to tell us what time it is *not*." That peculiar arrangement of the toupée and curls, by which the finished specimen was always distinguished, is still known by the name of the Maccaroni head dress. The Maccaroni, to speak in horticultural phrase, was but a varying species of the genus Beau, or Gallant, who had gone before him, and of the Buck, Dandy and Exquisite of later times. Before the reign of Elizabeth, this genus of humanity seems to have been little known. William Rufus was a dandy in his way, so was Henry the First, so was the gentle John, the lamb-like humpback Richard, the wife-loving Henry the Eighth. But these were so only or chiefly in dress: they were deficient in the other characteristics of a beau; or rather in their want of characteristics; for it has been remarked that "no man was ever distinguished by the title of Beau, if he had any thing in him superior to it." Much is owing no doubt to the want of chroniclers capable of doing justice to their subject, or in the way of placing it before the readers; as for instance, William of Malmesbury tells us that Rufus, whom he commemorates as an

exquisite, used to swear much, and that his favourite oath was "By the Crucifix at Lucca;" we read it, shake our heads, and think no more about it; whilst a more modern beau, whose lot has been cast in a happier period, has achieved an immortality by the mere transposition of "damn me" into the more liquid and euphonious "demmee." *

Yet certainly beaux did not increase and multiply in the land in olden times, as they have done for the last two centuries. Generally speaking, during those bye-gone generations, England's warlike sons were too fond of bloodshed and tumult, too eager for acquisition under the sounding title of honour, too fond of battering and bruising under the saving name of valour, to be able to give that full, continued, and uninterrupted devotion to "les petits riens" which is essential to, or which rather is the very essence of, the character of a beau. Hotspur indeed met with one.

"I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;—

* Sir George Hewitt: The original of Sir Fopling Flutter in "The Man of the Mode."—See Life of Beau Brummell.

Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:—And still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me: among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf;
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was permaceti for an inward bruise."

But we humbly submit, and we trust the Honourable Society of Antiquaries will take the point into their most careful consideration, that William Shakspeare of notorious memory, has here committed a most glaring and unjustifiable anachronism, for the beau whom he has made of the venerable age of Henry the Fourth was, in fact, in all the freshness of juvenility in the time of our gracious maiden Queen. We are wrong too in applying the term beau to Shakspeare's impersonation of the character: we do not meet with it, as we have before mentioned, until the time of Charles the Second. The fashionable fop of the times of Elizabeth and James was called "a gallant;" certainly a more attractive name than either buck,

beau, or maccaroni. It was a term of agreeable transition, too, between the hero of the chivalrous, and the beau of the lascivious age: it seemed to infer in some degree the mingling of the characteristics of both, and such we may suppose was the case. As the youthful knight in the then "good old times" girded a stout warlike sword on his thigh, so did the gallant of the new era his rapier, and if the former dealt chiefly in blows, the latter had no lack of blustering words. But the gallant of fashion of James's day was learned in the written code of honour, and was careful not to fight. It would have disarranged the cloak which hung so gracefully over one shoulder; it would have ruffled and sullied the white feathers which drooped so gracefully from his cap; it would have thrown into confusion the curls which waved so freely over his cambric ruff; it would have stained the delicate silk of which his vest was composed; it would have given too deep a dye to the artificial roses which bloomed on his cheek; it would have caused the rowels of his long spurs to jangle inharmoniously: or, finally, an unlucky cut or thrust might have driven his golden artillery * from their appropriate shelter in his side-pocket to too near a contact with his ribs. No, he did not fight. The age of chivalry was gone: that of gallantry was arrived; and the gallant, such as we have pourtrayed him, was the fitting sire to a long continuing race of fops and maccaronies.

* His tobacco-box, tongs, &c., see vol. i. p. 131.

Robert Fielding, one of the first of those who rejoiced in the epithet of "Beau," has long been known to the world as Orlando, under which *sobriquet* he figures in the pages of the Tatler. He was of a Warwickshire family, and intended for the law, but idleness and vanity soon drew him from his studies. He seems to have been indebted entirely to his handsome person for his success in life, or where that failed, the defect was supplied (as was most usual in those days) by the gaming table. Of his first wife, the daughter of Lord Carlingford, we know little: his second was a young woman whom he married in mistake, supposing her to be rich, and deserted immediately; his third, strange to say, the imperious Duchess of Cleveland, whilom mistress of Charles the Second. To her he behaved with such brutality, that far from feeling grief or humiliation, when, after the expiration of about a twelvemonth, she found that his second low-bred wife was living; the discovery caused her unfeigned joy. He was tried for bigamy, and sentenced to be burnt in the hand, but was pardoned. The remainder of his life was passed in obscurity.

The Tatler says of him, under the title of Orlando the handsome, "his descent is noble, his wit humorous, his person charming. But to none of these recommendatory advantages was his title so undoubted, as that of his beauty. His complexion was fair, but his countenance manly; his stature of the tallest, his shape the most exact: and though in

all his limbs he had a proportion as delicate as we see in the works of the most skilful statuaries, his body had a strength and firmness little inferior to the marble of which such images are formed."

To display his fair proportions to the best advantage, he rode often in a kind of open tumbril, of less size than ordinary, thus showing more by contrast the largeness of his limbs, and grandeur of his person. His appointments were all magnificent; crowds assembled round his carriage, following him with shouts and exclamations. His liveries were showy and gaudy, being yellow coats, with black sashes and black feathers, the Austrian colours, and his carriage bore the cognizance of the Eagle, to intimate his descent as a scion of the Denbigh family, from the Counts of Hapsburg, now on the throne of Austria.

Mr. Jesse, among the characters in his "Courts of England," commemorates another of these elevated specimens of humanity, under the title of Beau Wilson, (a few years earlier than Fielding,) whose handsome person attracted the notice of Lady Castlemaine, and who after cutting a figure for a short time on her liberality, was sacrificed to her fears, being killed unfairly in a duel, by a person whom she engaged for the purpose. Evelyn names it in his Diary.

Surely we may reckon in the list of beaux, though not historically distinguished by that epithet, the insignificant yet potent lady-killer of Charles the

Second's day, that "petit Jermyn, sur qui pleuvaient de tous côtés les bonnes fortunes." His success with the fair is really marvellous, if we take into consideration the total absence of superiority, mental or bodily, on his part. We do not read of one elevating circumstance in his career, and he was destitute even of the personal advantages which distinguished Orlando the fair, the far famed Beau Fielding. De Grammont says of him "il était petit: il avait la tête grosse et les jambes menues: son visage n'était pas désagréable; mais il avait de l'affectation dans le port et dans les manières. Il n'avait pour tout esprit qu'une routine d'expressions qu'il employait tantôt pour la raillerie, tantôt pour les déclarations, selon que l'occasion s'en présentoit. Voilà sur quoi se fondoit un mérite si redoubtable en amour."

He was, however, brave and gentlemanly, and owing to the munificence of his uncle, the Earl of St. Albans, the reputed husband of Henrietta Maria, was enabled to make a very dashing appearance. He certainly turned the heads of the Court ladies: it is said that the Princess of Orange, the sister of Charles the Second, was enamoured of him: it is beyond doubt that Lady Castlemaine carried her regard for him so far as to quarrel with the King on his account, and for a short period he was banished from the Court. He fought a duel on account of Lady Shrewsbury, and he made a deep but fortunately for her not a lasting impression, on the heart

of Miss Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel. We need not dwell further on his insignificant career. He was created Baron Jermyn of Dover, by James the Second, and died in 1708.

The following admirable sketch of the appearance and characteristics of a beau of the time of Anne and George the First, extracted from a modern publication,* would but be injured by any addition of our own.

"It appears from the popular literature of the earlier part of the eighteenth century, that the generality of men dressed, looked, acted, and studied entirely with a reference to the tastes and humours of the fair sex. In the present day, when love is but an episode, rather than the great subject of life, a lady's man of the time of Anne, or George the First would be regarded as a sort of *lusus naturæ;* but the following features grouped together from the various sketches of the period, will convey an idea of a numerous class of human beings, now happily extinct.

"From ten to twelve o'clock the fashionable beau received visits in bed, where he lay in state, his periwig superbly powdered, lying beside him on the sheets, while his dressing table was sprinkled with a few volumes of love poetry, a canister or two of Spanish or Lisbon snuff, a smelling bottle, and sundry fashionable trinkets. At twelve he rose, and managed to finish the business of the toilet by three o'clock. In this complicated process he perfumed his clothes; soaked his hands in washes to make

* Pictorial History of England.

them white and delicate; tinged his cheeks with carminative, so as to give them the gentle blush which nature had denied; arranged, perhaps, a few patches upon his face, to produce the effect of moles and dimples; dipped his handkerchief in rose-water, and powdered his linen, to banish from it the smell of soap. The tying of his cravat was also a weighty operation that occupied much time, as well as the adjustment of his wig, and the proper cock of his hat. After he had surveyed the whole arrangement in his looking-glass, it was necessary to practise before it the most becoming attitudes to give his finery its full effect, and study such smiles as would show the whiteness of his teeth to most effect. He then dined; after which he ordered a chair, and repaired at four to some coffee or chocolate house, where he endeavoured to exhibit his wit or his gallantry; the former by railing at the last publication, or giving mysterious hints that he had some hand in producing it; the latter by pulling out some tailor's or laundress's bill, and kissing it with great fervour, pretending that it was a billet doux from a celebrated toast or lady of high rank. The bar of a coffee house was generally superintended by some belle belonging to the establishment, whose charms were intended to draw customers to the place; and here the beau usually paid his devoirs, with his arms a-kimbo, and his nose within an inch of her face, while the poor damsel, who had no place of retreat, was compelled to give ear to his impertinences.

After spending an hour in this manner, it was time to repair to the theatre; upon which our spark re-adjusted his cravat and wig, sprinkled his face with snuff, to give himself a critical air, and repaired to the house: but there, instead of seating himself quietly, he shifted from seat to seat, and traversed alternately the boxes, pit, and gallery, to exhibit his attractions, and win attention. Amidst these vagaries, the "nice conduct of his clouded cane" was not forgotten, the frequent consequential tap upon his snuff-box lid, (garnished most commonly with some indecent picture,) or the graceful presentation of the pinch of snuff to his nose, so as to display to advantage the rich brilliant in his ring. It was shockingly vulgar to attend to the play, and therefore he turned his back upon the stage. From the play he repaired to the park, buzzing and fluttering from lady to lady, chattering to each a jargon of bad English, worse French, and worst Latin, and was rewarded with many a rap on the shoulders from their fans, and the epithet of "Mad fellow."—"Dear tormenting devil," &c., &c. When his lounge was ended he dropped into some fashionable party in Pall Mall, or St. James's Square, to spend two or three hours at ombre or tic-tac, where he chatted his empty nothings, and lost his money with an air of fashionable indifference.—This beau was ably matched by the assembled belles with their tower-like head-dresses, looking in their huge hoops as if they were enclosed in puncheons or go-carts."

Undoubtedly the beau of a later period was of a much more refined character than the one above pourtrayed; for how *ennuyeuse* soever may now appear to us the elaborate courtesy of a Grandisonian beau, he at least possessed that indispensable characteristic of a *gentleman* in all ages, an unfailing courtesy to women; a quality not, as we have seen, apparent in the beau of Queen Anne's day, and certainly not characteristic of the fashionable fop of our own.

And in appearance too, and equipment, how very superior was he!

Look at a beau of to-day, as he proceeds to make a morning call. About four o'clock in the afternoon he lounges out from his club enveloped in—what shall we call it? We were perfectly bewildered lately in an important domestic negotiation, by the conflicting merits of pilots, and chesterfields, and taglionis, and petershams. But,—the beau wears something similar to what a few years ago was called a "wrap-rascal," and it has a pocket on one breast for a pocket-handkerchief, and another pocket on another breast for a pocket-book, and a small pocket for a watch, and two pockets for the hands, and it has altogether a very rascally sort of look. Happily enveloped in this, the beau arrives at the lady's door, and taking one hand out of one pocket, inserts it into another for his card-case, and taking the other hand out of the other pocket removes his cigar from his mouth, and voids the superabundant saliva, ere

he can deliver his compliments, short though they be; and then replacing cigar, and card-case, and hands, he saunters on, leaving a much more gentlemanly looking person, (seen without Fashion's glass) to bow and close the door behind him.

The most widely celebrated Beau of the last century was Mr. Nash, who conferred, we think, lustre on the somewhat degrading title, and of whom we have spoken more fully elsewhere. *

A contemporary of his, in some measure, was the late Earl of Portmore, known in his early years by the title of Beau Colyear. He died in 1785, retaining, at upwards of eighty years of age, an unusual proportion of the personal graces which, combined with his refined manners, had obtained him the enviable epithet of Beau. His mother was the celebrated Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, the mistress of James the Second; his father Sir David Colyear, raised by William the Third to the Scottish peerage.

Of a later day, and of fame yet living, was Beau Brummell, born on the 7th of July, 1788.

He went to Eton, thence to Oxford, (having been distinguished even at school by the epithet Buck Brummell,) and was remarkable for quiet gentlemanly manners, ready wit, and excessive personal neatness; but not for scholarship. In June 1794, he obtained a cornetcy in the Tenth Huzzars (from which he shortly afterwards retired), then com-

* Chapter ix.

manded by the Prince of Wales; and at that time seems to have originated the intimacy with the Prince, which was *the* one great circumstance of Brummell's inutile life.

He appears to have been greatly admired as a social companion, being possessed of much ready wit and a collection of good stories: but of many of those recorded as his, and authenticated by his late biographer,* the wit is questionable, the vulgarity and often the gross rudeness undeniable. Brummell was fashionable, and his intimacy with the first man of the day, gave a tone and an importance to all he said and did—for the time: his dicta were supposed to be necessarily right, and therefore were not canvassed, and his apotheosis was easily attained; and, as has long ago been declared, by no slight authority,† Brummell was "no gentleman." No gentleman would have insulted a woman for the sake of perpetrating a jest.‡ No gentleman would

* In the compilation of this sketch we have been mainly indebted to Captain Jesse's recently published Life of the Beau.

† Bulwer.

‡ Mrs. Thompson, a lady in Grosvenor Square, gave a ball to which, the Prince of Wales being expected, Mr. Brummell could not be invited. (It was, of course, after their estrangement.) To her great surprise and disgust, however, he made his appearance, and she told him he was not invited. "Not invited, Madam! not invited!" said Brummell, in his blandest tones; "Surely there must be some mistake," and leisurely feeling in all his pockets to prolong the chance of the Prince's arrival, and therefore her misery (for His Royal Highness was momentarily expected) he at last drew forth an invitation card,

have thrown the blame of a *gaucherie* at a dinner table, on a young lady, in order to screen himself.* No gentleman would have indulged in a sarcastic allusion to the personal deformity of another, and to the person himself. No person having either the feelings or the heart of a gentleman, *could* ever have

and presented it to the incensed lady. She took it, and saw at a glance it was not her own card, and throwing it haughtily from her, in a climax of vexation, and anxiety to get rid of him, said, "That card, Sir, is a Mrs. Johnson's; my name is Thompson." "Is it, indeed?" replied Brummell, perfectly cool, and affecting the most innocent surprise, "Dear me, how very unfortunate!—really, Mrs. Johns—Thompson, I mean, I am very sorry for this mistake; but you know, Johnson and Thompson—and Thompson and Johnson, are really so much the same kind of thing.—Mrs. Thompson, I wish you a very good evening;" and making a profound bow, he slowly retired from the room amidst the suppressed anger of the bevy of intimates, the titter of his own friends, and the undisguised wrath of the lady.—"Captain Jesse's Life of Beau Brummell."

The author adds that this lady had not given Brummell any, the slightest ground of offence. The insult was therefore utterly unprovoked.

* One day, after dinner, Brummell upset a cup of coffee on the cloth. The bell was rung for the waiter to remove it, and on his appearing for that purpose he gave him to understand, with the most imperturbable gravity, that a young and graceful lady, the daughter of his friend, had committed this piece of *gaucherie*. Directly, however, he had left the room, the real delinquent hastened to apologize and soften the indignation of the innocent victim, or at least attempted to do so; adding drolly to a string of excuses, "You know it would never have done to let the world know that *I* was guilty of such awkwardness."—"Jesse's Life of Brummell."

The author adds, "This was not very chivalrous;" he might have said that it was selfish and ungentlemanly.

done these things inadvertently, and certainly never *would* have done them intentionally.* In fact his biographer at once gives up his hero's cause, by referring in innumerable passages of his book, to Brummell's "impudence," "his well known impudence," "his characteristic impudence."

Impudence is as far removed from the gay freedom and manly frankness of a gentleman as light is from darkness.

The writer of his life labours hard to disprove the fact of his being a dandy, or even a "beau" in any but the highest sense of the term. "He early determined" (writes Captain Jesse) "to be the best dressed man in London, as an auxiliary to his success in society;" and in this he appears to have succeeded. His great penchant seems to have been for *bijouterie;* he was curious in, and had a large collection of, snuff-boxes and canes; his love for buhl, china, and *recherché* furniture was excessive; and he was an adept in the knowledge of the table.

Can a man who spent a life in such pursuits

* One of his mischievous witticisms was on a military man who had been severely wounded in the face, and disfigured thereby. This gentleman called on Brummell at Calais one day to demand satisfaction for the Beau having said of him "That he was not a retired officer, that he never held a commission; and that he was nothing more nor less than a retired hatter." Brummell who would at any time eat his own words sooner than fight, replied immediately, that "There was not a word of truth in the report. For," added he, "now I think of it, I never in my life dealt with a hatter without a nose."—"Jesse's Life of Brummell."

and such only—who did not read—who did not course nor hunt, nor follow any manly exercise—who would not fight—who, though unmanly enough insolently to provoke others, was cowardly enough to hurry into an apology, even a *lying* one, sooner than accept a challenge—and who did not redeem the insignificant tenor of his life by one generous self-denying act—has such a man a title to any higher appellation than that of a beau? to whom "the mere probability of rain was alarming," and who never took off his hat even to a lady, lest it should not be replaced to the very hair; and who was content to live in luxury for years upon the gifts of his former acquaintance, rather than attempt, like a man, to earn his livelihood.

His manners were peculiarly elegant, and his deportment striking: "He attracted the attention of passers by as much as the Prince of Wales himself." His taste in dress was perfect; his general rule, that safest of all, to shun all particularity, and avoid everything marked.

He was not deficient in lighter accomplishments: he drew well, had some knowledge of music, sang agreeably, danced beautifully, and wrote graceful *vers de société*. He had a vein of humour which rendered him an amusing companion, and he seems not to have been wanting in the affectation and childish minauderie which were proper to a beau, a fop, or a coxcomb.*

* As for instance, an acquaintance inquiring with great per-

He had poetical talents, or at least possessed a faculty in throwing off verses, which education, combined with application, might have elevated far above mediocrity. The well known pretty stanzas called "The Butterfly's Funeral," (once attributed to the Princess Elizabeth,) were written by him; and the following *jeu d'esprit* is given as his by his biographer.*

THE CONTENTS OF A LADY'S TOILETTE TABLE DRAWER.

"Some ribbon, two combs, and one with a tail,
Soda powders, a compass, and lace for a veil;
Some patterns of *broderie*, relics of hair,
A bow off a cap, a knob of a chair;
A white *pelerine*, and a collar of Tory's,†
A muzzle, a hair pin, and Miss Edgeworth's stories;

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tinacity which of the Lakes he preferred, he turned towards his valet, "Robinson," "Sir." "Which of the Lakes do I admire?" "Windermere, Sir." "Ah, yes,—Windermere, so it is—Windermere."

A lady at dinner observing that he did not take any vegetables, asked him whether such was his general habit, and if he never ate any? He replied, "Yes, madam, I once ate a pea."

Being asked one day how he happened to get such a severe cold? His reply was, "Why, do you know, I left my carriage yesterday evening, on my way to town from the Pavilion, and the infidel of a landlord put me into a room with a damp stranger."—"Life of Beau Brummell."

* Moore, in a parody on a letter from the Regent to the Duke of York, Feb. 1812, gives a well known *mot* of Brummell's:"

"Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
To mortal, except, now I think on't, Beau Brummell
Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut me, and bring the old King into fashion."

† A Conservative lapdog.

A piece of the fender all cover'd with rust,
A stay-lace, a pencil, a buckle, a crust;
Some cotton and pens, a shoe and a slipper;
A box with some pills for rousing the liver;
A medal of William the Fourth's coronation,
Black and white pins of every gradation;
A shoe horn of Grénier's,* he'll never get back;
Some écarté and whist cards, but not a whole pack;
A duster, a bill, a penknife, a whip;
A box with no lid, and some sugar for Gyp;†
An almanack, pencil-case, seals, and blue wax,
A glass box for *bonbons* with five or six cracks;
Some needles for darning, curl papers, and sand;
The *galope* of "Gustave," a bodkin, and band:
All this, and much more, with my own eyes I saw,
Taken out of a TIDY and fair lady's drawer!"

It is well known that his patron and friend, the Prince of Wales, became irreconcileably alienated from him, though the exact cause of the estrangement has never been accurately understood. This led to his ruin, as his habits were far beyond his means: but it was gaming that beggared him at last, and drove him to the Continent, whither, taking such precautions to elude and deceive his creditors, as are usual in like circumstances, he retired in 1816. From this period until 1830, when he was appointed Consul at Caen, he lived at Calais in the most extravagant manner, in costly apartments fitted up in a superb style of elegance, and crowded with expensive and useless elegancies, entirely on the benefaction of his early friends—a convincing

* The Melnotte of Caen.
† Another lapdog.

proof that he was utterly devoid of that chief ornament of man, an independent mind.

Some idea of his tastes may be formed from his Sèvres china, which was magnificent: George the Fourth gave 200 guineas for one tea-set, and a pair of vases was sold for £300.

But so completely had his extravagancies outrun even the noble benefactions of his friends, that he was only permitted by his creditors to assume his new office by the sacrifice of three-fourths of the stipend towards the liquidation of his debts. The remainder was meagre indeed, and even of this he was deprived in the space of two years, by the abrogation of the office of Consul. He hoped for some other appointment, but in vain.

Reckless and devoid of principle as he showed himself to be in the incurring of debts, it must be accorded to him that he always evinced an earnest and laudable readiness to appropriate money towards their liquidation whenever he received it.

It is painful to trace his career further, and unnecessary to the purpose of these pages, for he was no longer a star of fashion. His life was prolonged until 1840, until which time he subsisted entirely on the bounties of his English friends. Two miserable months and seventeen days of this period were passed in prison for debt,—he had paralytic attacks,—his intellect began to fail,—and, finally, squalid and miserable, in rags and drivelling, he was conveyed to the Bon Sauveur Hospital, for insane people, and died there on the 30th of March, 1840.

The "most amiable of the Beaux," and the last of that constellation which glittered in the orbit of the Prince of Wales,—the royal exemplar of beau-ism and king of dandies, whose portrait graces this volume — the last of this circle, still lives. Sir Lumley Skeffington succeeded to the estates and honours of his family in 1815, but immediately after he entered the arena of high life, he became not only one of its chief ornaments, but also one of its most popular members. His talents were not of sufficient calibre to command general attention, but his untiring good nature, his pleasing address, and a turn for light poetry, made him a universal favourite, and obtained for him the appellation to which we have referred—the most amiable of the Beaux. No one received more marked attention from Queen Charlotte than did Mr. Skeffington; and to the exquisite propriety of his manners her Majesty paid the highest possible compliment, by saying that he was one of the few gentlemen whom she *wished* the Princesses her daughters to dance with. He was a proficient in the minuet, that test of grace and elegance, so trying to the nerves of our grandfathers. He is recorded as having danced one at Court, on the birthday of Queen Charlotte, in 1800. This dance was then so completely on the decline, that the only persons who adventured its solemn mazes on this occasion were, the Dukes of York and Cumberland, Prince William, the Earl of Morton, and, as we have intimated, Mr. Skeffington.

His taste in dress was peculiar, and by no means so unquestionable as that which obtained for Brummell his fame.

Sir Lumley Skeffington was distinguished in early life by his taste for the drama, and we believe by some skill in its enactment when private theatricals were the fashion. He was a frequent visitor at the seat of the late Margravine of Anspach, who had a private theatre at Benham. But it was not merely as a patron and exponent of the drama that Sir Lumley was known: he was the author of several comedies. "The Word of Honour" produced at Covent Garden, in 1802; the "High Road to Marriage" brought out at Drury Lane, in 1803: a comedy entitled "Maids and Bachelors," and a showy and successful melodrame, founded on the old fairy tale of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood." He was a frequent contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine.

We quote the following ballad from his melodrame of the "Sleeping Beauty:"

BALLAD.

"One hundred years ago
As well as in these times,
The world had specious show
And just as many crimes.

"The courtier's ready smile
Could then false hopes bestow,
Nay beauty could beguile
One hundred years ago.

"Men breathed the artful vow,
And maids that vow received,
They flattered e'en as now
And were as well believed.

"Young hearts were often sold,
For if estates were low
They bartered love for gold
One hundred years ago."

Sir Lumley Skeffington's career of fashion was cut short in the meridian of life by pecuniary embarrassments, which have overshadowed many subsequent years: but these embarrassments were caused, it is said, by his high and honourable determination to liquidate his father's debts. In fashionable life his name has hardly been heard for many years, but his occasional presence at the theatres, and his constant haunting of old book-shops, in search of some antiquated play, or quaint book, evidences the continuance of the ruling passion even in extreme old age.

Of the three Beaux to whom in history that title has been more especially appropriated, and of whom notices as full as were consistent with the general tenor of the work, have been given in these pages—Beau Fielding, Beau Nash, and Beau Brummell—Beau Nash takes far, by far the highest ground. The term Beau is usually supposed to convey in its very sound, the idea of unrelieved foppery and effeminacy. Beaux are considered to be merely

"Forgers of ogle, grin, and sigh,
Artificers of leers,
In fiction's whole artillery,
Expertest engineers.

"Framers of falsehoods, hints, and sneers,
Proud, dull, and melancholy,
Of modes and fashions arbiters,
The volunteers of folly.

"With perfect legs and feet, strange choice!
They limp instead of walk;
Without the least defect in voice,
They lisp instead of talk.

"Sure sent to solve the mystery,
To make the Bible clear;
Eyes have they—yet they do not see,
Ears—yet they do not hear."

If such be the unfailing characteristics of a Beau it is unjust thus, and thus only, to designate Mr. Nash. Not so Fielding and Brummell. Almost the only redeeming trait in the character of the latter, was his undeviating kindness to animals and to birds, a sure proof that he was not so utterly encased in selfishness as his conduct to his *fellow men* would lead us to suppose. But in the character of Beau Fielding there was not even this relieving characteristic: there was none: his idol was self, and his handsome person made the fortune which at the same time his selfishness and utter want of principle had rendered unavailing.

Surely it is doing Mr. Nash injustice to class him with these. We do not contend for any lofty or elevated position for him—the act that his life

was the life of a professed gamester, and his old age unhappy and querulous, the consequence of such a life—utterly prevents this; but he was not encased in hard-hearted selfishness like Fielding, nor exclusively occupied in personal fopperies, personal cares, and personal enjoyments like Brummell. He exercised a prevailing and most beneficial influence over the manners of his age: he taught haughty Duchesses manners, and made proud Aristocrats feel that their inferiors in rank were not to be brow-beaten with impunity.

In the most celebrated and most beautiful watering-place of England — indebted very mainly to *his* personal exertions both for its celebrity and its beauty—the influence of Mr. Nash was unbounded; and the multitude annually assembling there of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, all yielded implicitly to his sway, and all felt the advantage of so doing. His rules—which were immutable and implicitly obeyed, though characterised only as rules of etiquette, had, *in effect,* a much wider scope, and a much higher influence—they taught the great courtesy to those beneath, the little due deference to those above them, and thus diffused a spirit of harmony, and brought all classes for the time within the bands of social charity and forbearance. By the young and unfriended of both sexes, he was looked up to as a guardian and friend, and fully approved himself worthy of the title. His assistance was always ready, his advice was always disinterested.

To the sick poor, who congregated at Bath for the benefit of its healing waters, he was a generous and unfailing benefactor, if not in his own person, for he had seldom money to give, by his personal exertions and his great influence with others. He was the main engine in the erection of an hospital free to the poor of all England, who required the Bath waters.

Surely this man should not descend to posterity as a mere Beau—the peer only of Fielding and Brummell!

It can hardly be irrelevant to quote in this place two admirable pictures of a man of fashion of the early part of this century; the one written about 1806–7, by Goede, in his "Stranger in England;" the other, which originally appeared about the same period, has been reprinted in a late number of Blackwood's Magazine:

"I will attempt to sketch the day of a young man of fashion; and of such a one, a single day describes the whole life.

"He thinks of rising about eleven in the morning, and having taken a slight breakfast, he puts on his riding coat and repairs to his stables.

"Having inspected his horses, asked a hundred questions of his coachmen and grooms, and given as many orders, he either rides on horseback, or in his curricle, attended by two grooms, dashing through all the fashionable streets into Hyde Park. If however the weather is unfavourable, he

takes his chariot, and visits the shops of the most noted coachmakers and saddlers, who never fail to receive him with profound respect. After bespeaking something or other here, he repairs to Tattersall's, where he meets all his friends seriously engaged in studying the pedigree or merits of the horses to be sold; or in discussing the invaluable properties of a pointer, setter, courser, or other sporting dog.

"He then drives from one exhibition to another, stops at the caricature shops, and about three, drives to a fashionable hotel. Here he takes his lunch, reads the papers, arranges his parties for the evening, and at five strolls home.

"His toilet he finds prepared, and his valet waiting. He looks at the cards which have been left for him in the course of the morning, and gives his orders accordingly. At seven he is dressed; and either goes to some party to dinner, or returns to the hotel where he had previously arranged with some friends the *order of the day.*

"At nine he goes to the play: not to see it, which would be a shocking infringement on the laws of fashionable decorum; but to flirt from box to box; to look at ladies whom he knows, and to show himself to others whom he does not; to lounge about the lobbies, take a review of the frail beauties in the coffee-room, and saunter back to his carriage. He then drives to a rout, a ball, or the faro-bank of some lady of distinction, who

conceals her own poverty by displaying the full purses of others.

"About four in the morning, exhausted with fatigue, he returns home: to recommence, the next morning, the follies of the day past."

The following refers to the same period:—

"About twelve he (the man of fashion) rises, lolls upon a sofa, skims the newspaper, and curses its stupidity. He is particularly angry if he does not find in it a paragraph which he sent to the agent of a fashionable newspaper, generally the *Morning Post*, who lives by procuring such sort of intelligence, containing an account of his having dined at some titled man's table the day before, with whom, if he has no rank himself, he is particularly anxious to mingle. After swallowing several cups of tea and cocoa, and slices of foreign sausages and fowls, he assumes his riding coat, and sallies out to his stables to inspect his horses, and chat with his coachman and grooms.

"Having finished this review and audience, he orders his curricle, and followed by a couple of grooms, he dashes through most of the principal streets, and calls upon the most celebrated coach and harness makers; at the latter he is shown several new bits for his approbation. He then proceeds to his breeches-maker, thence to Tattersall's, where he is sure to meet a great number of friends, with whom he kills another hour in discussing the merits

* Goede, vol. i. pp. 88—90.

of the different animals he meets with there. These important duties being done, he strolls to an exhibition, or to a print-shop, and looks over a portfolio of caricatures; then he keeps moving on to a fashionable hotel, to take white spruce-beer and sandwiches; here, after arranging his parties for the evening, he returns home to dress. After looking over the cards which have been left for him, he proceeds to his *toilette* with his valet, and is dressed about seven, when his chariot is at the door; and he drives either to some family to dinner, or to the hotel he visited in the morning, when he perhaps formed a party of four. At ten o'clock he enters the opera, and like a butterfly moves from box to box, thence behind the scenes; after which he proceeds to one or two routs, or some fashionable gaming house, and about four is in bed, to recruit himself for a repetition of the same course the next day.

"These loungers have a phraseology peculiar to themselves. A short time since, if one of them was asked how he was, the answer would have been 'we are in for it to day;' if his wife was inquired after, 'she is in high preservation;' if asked how often he had been at the opera, 'it is my *second* opera.' They also say, perhaps speaking of some illustrious hero, 'he's a fine brave fellow, but he ties his handkerchief most shockingly.' I also remember being one day in Hyde Park, when a gentleman rode up to one of these loungers, and

after exchanging salutations, the former said to the latter, I wish much to have the pleasure of seeing you ;—are you engaged next Wednesday ? upon which the other turned round to a little half-starved groom, and said, ' John, am I engaged next Wednesday ?' "

"The women of fashion," observes this writer, "are just as great and as insipid idlers, in their way, as are the male triflers. They seldom walk in the streets, but are almost always cooped up in their carriages, driving about the streets, and leaving their cards at the houses of their friends, whom they never think of seeing, although they may be at home at the time ; thence they proceed to the most expensive jewellers, where they order a piece of plate, or a trinket ; thence to some fashionable milliner."

CHAPTER XII.

COSTUME.—PART I.

"And now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white,
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux,
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care:
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown:
And Betty's praised for labours not her own."

Rape of the Lock.

DRESS—well selected dress—is to beauty what

harmony is to melody,—a most beguiling accompaniment, or rather an exquisite illustration; for, as the power and pathos of the melody are heightened by an under current of flowing harmony, so certainly a beautiful face and form receive a finishing grace from the shading and softening accompaniments of well-chosen decoration. But, if they be not well chosen, if they be ill-fitting, or incongruous, or bizarre,—if fashion alone, not fitness, be the guide, then is beauty marred by what was intended for ornament, as the impression which a beautiful melody ought to make will be utterly spoiled by the effect of an accompaniment either out of tune, or unsuitable in its nature to the rhythm or feeling of the melody which it accompanies. Fitness, indeed, is the essence of beauty.

"Demandez," says Voltaire, "demandez à un crapaud ce que c'est la beauté, le grand beau, le τὸ καλον? Il vous repondra que c'est sa crapaude avec deux gros yeux rond sortant de sa petite tête, une queue large et plate, un ventre jaune, un dos brun."

Nobody can doubt the perfect propriety, as well as gallantry, of the toad's taste; yet who would think of judging by his estimate of beauty anything but a toad? And by what standard of propriety shall we estimate costume—English costume? for, little as we are disposed to censure ourselves, England has always stood pre-eminent

for her fickleness in the matter of attire, a circumstance which has often drawn upon us the ridicule of other countries, and which led to the caricature, which Harrison perpetuated three centuries ago, of an Englishman standing naked whilst he deliberated of what shape to cut his cloth. At present, the standard of propriety with regard to a lady's dress is that her skirt shall have eight or nine breadths of silk in its basis, on which are arranged as many again in flounces; her form, however slight, cannot, with any regard to decency, be enveloped in a less flowing garment. Thirty years ago, the skimping scutting robe, which it was alone proper to wear,—and which alone was worn—was plaited, gored, and folded to the shape, till the gentle inclination of the stomach and the swelling of the hips were accurately outlined through its scanty clinging folds. Now, a fashionable gown is almost immediately spoiled by the bursting of the elbows through their tight envelope: not long ago, a lady might, without very great inconvenience, have stowed away a baby in each sleeve.

Nor are the lords of creation less indeterminate as to their standard of propriety. Whether they have imitated the fair sex, or whether the ladies have imitated them, matters not; the fact is the same: the make and shape of their garments have been as varying as those of the women, and they have quite as readily given in to the absurdities

of fashion. A lady writes to the Spectator in 1710:

"We find you men secretly approve our practice by imitating our pyramidical form. The skirt of your fashionable coats forms as large a circumference as our petticoats; as these are set out with whalebone, so are those with wire, to increase and sustain the bunch of fold that hangs down on each side; and the hat, I perceive, is decreased in just proportion to our head-dresses."

In imitating this fashion, the lords of creation, the "nobler gender" (according to Murray) gave their absolute sanction; not, indeed, to the crowning absurdity—for that was the *tête*—but to the most prevailing absurdity of the last century, an absurdity which seems not unlikely again to obtain, if the "professional aids" afforded to ladies, not by the dentist, not by the *coiffeur*, not by the perfumer,—but by the corset-maker (and yet they are not corsets either), should maintain their ascendancy, and, according to precedent and rule, "increase and multiply."

The whaleboned and wired buckram dress-supporter, which now forms a necessary basis to a fashionable lady's petticoat, bears no inapt resemblance to the modest *commode** of Queen Anne's early days, before the barbarous and more ex-

* The term "commode" is usually applied to the head-dress; but seems also to have referred to the bustle, or incipient hoop.—See Mrs. Thompson's "Duchess of Marlborough."

panding hoop had emerged from the womb of time, or the prolific chambers of Mrs. Selby's brain. The monstrous fardingale of Queen Elizabeth's days had disappeared before the good taste of Henrietta Maria, and would indeed have been a most inconvenient appendage to the yielding goddesses whom Lely's canvas portrays;* but no very long time elapsed before a projecting support to the petticoat became fashionable, and, consequently requisite. Whether this innovation came from France, we cannot positively say: but we should think not, taking into consideration the political relations of the countries at that time.

And yet, all our variations of fashion in dress are said to have been derived from the French, and certainly the original of many may be traced there. It is sufficiently evident, at least, to afford a rich theme to the satirists.

"O FRANCE, whose edicts govern dress and meat,
Thy victor, BRITAIN, bends beneath thy feet!
Strange! that pert grasshoppers should lions lead,
And teach to hop, and chirp, across the mead:
Of fleets and laurel'd chiefs let others boast,
Thy honours are to bow, dance, boil and roast.
Let ITALY give mimick canvass fire,
Carve rock to life, or tune the lulling lyre;

* They fully dressed up to the earnest description of the poet, urged beyond his patience by the monstrous fardingale.

"Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me."

Catherine of Braganza's fardingale almost cost her her popularity.

For gold let rich Potosi be renown'd,
Be balmy-breathing gums in India found;
'Tis thine for slaves to teach the shantiest cuts,
Give empty coxcombs more important struts,
Prescribe new rules for knots, hoops, manteaus, wigs,
Shoes, soups, complexions, coaches, farces, jigs."

At a somewhat later period, a gentleman very seriously and earnestly appeals to Mr. Urban:*

"It is amazing to me at a time when we are or ought to be seriously engaged in a war with France; at a time, when not only our own immediate safety, but the liberties of Europe are at stake, that we are giving the French all the encouragement we can, by consuming their commodities, affecting their dress, and speaking their language."

Even Lord Chesterfield, who had been complimented by the French as being almost one of themselves, writes, "I behold with indignation the sturdy conquerors of France shrunk and dwindled into the imperfect mimics, or ridiculous caricatures, of all its levity. The travesty is universal; poor England produces nothing fit to eat, or drink, or wear." †

About the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, a reverend gentleman wrote a treatise called "A Farewell to French Kicks." The author of it

* All our lady readers may not be aware that under this title the editor of the very influential Gentleman's Magazine disguised his identity.

† Common Sense: Nov. 11th, 1738.

dissuades his countrymen from the use of French fashions, since we have a right, power, and genius to supply ourselves. "The imitation of modes," he says, "is a tribute paid to some virtue; as to valour, beauty, or a superior skill in arts and sciences. As to valour, the French claimed no pre-eminence over us, the victories we had obtained at that time being too fresh in their memories. The Britons have distinguished themselves in this particular. We used the ruff and fardingale while the Spaniards were highest in reputation; and when France, by our assistance, prevailed over them, we very complaisantly pursued the French through many extravagant varieties; but when a war became necessary with France, we disused their exotic modes, and our fashions were commodious and graceful."

This writer, however, in using the terms "commodious" and "graceful," can hardly refer to the petticoat, which in 1709 had attained such an enormous size, that the Tatler advertises the humble petition of William Jingle, coach-maker and chair-maker, of the liberty of Westminster, which showeth,

"That upon the late invention of Mrs. Catherine Crossditch, mantua-maker, the petticoats of ladies were too wide for entering into any coach or chair which was in use before the said invention.

"That for the service of the said ladies, your Petitioner has built a round chair, in the form of

a lantern, six yards and a half in circumference, with a stool in the centre of it; the said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle, and closing mathematically when she is seated.

"That your Petitioner has also invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top.

"That the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony, and drawn up again by pullies, to the great satisfaction of her lady, and all who beheld her."

The Tatler, the great censor of the morals and manners of the day, considers this petticoat of importance enough, as well as size sufficient to call for his personal surveillance. He even establishes a court for the especial consideration of it, and summons a jury of matrons to assist his deliberations with their experience. On the 5th of January, 1709, the first case was brought under his cognisance, and the proceedings of the court were detailed in the following report:—

"The Court being prepared for proceeding on the cause of the petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal who was taken up as she went out of the puppet-show about three nights ago, and was now standing in the street with a great concourse of people about her. Word was brought me, that she had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in,

but could not do it by reason of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the jury of matrons, who stood at my right hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons, I issued out an order forthwith, that the criminal should be stripped of her incumbrances, until she became little enough to enter my house. I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself like the top of an umbrella, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to show the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment, for before it was half unfolded it described so immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair of judicature. I then inquired for the person who belonged to the petticoat, and, to my great surprise, was directed to a very

beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little crock at my left hand. "My pretty maid," said I, "do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?" The girl I found had good sense, and told me with a smile, that notwithstanding it was her own petticoat, she should be very glad to see an example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her quality; that she had kept out of it as long as she could, and until she began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintance; that if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women. I always gave great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of my pretty criminal. I then ordered the vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a pulley to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction as I sat under the shadow of it."

We cannot detail in full the arguments for and against the petticoat, nor the examinations of the

witnesses produced on either side; suffice it to say that Mr. Bickerstaff for "sundry reasons," pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture, but to show that he did not make that judgment from interested motives, he sent it as a present to a widow lady with five daughters, desiring she would make *each of them a petticoat* of it, whilst the remainder was to be sent back to him, to be cut into "stomachers, caps, facings for waistcoat, sleeves," &c.

In his celebrated poem, "The Rape of the Lock," Pope assigns no fewer than fifty sylphs to the care of Belinda's petticoat alone; a pretty direct hit at the fashion of his times.

"To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat;
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around."

The observations of the Tatler, are the commencement of a long continuing series of satires, remonstrances, and invectives on the petticoat, now fast advancing to the dignity of a hoop; for as yet hoops, real *bonâ fide* hoops, if invented, were certainly not much worn; but the petticoat, stretched out on whalebone, was sustained on a commode, bustel, or "dress supporter," called by the very expressive and unmistakable name of "a pair of hips." In 1710, a lady whose maid has run away (taking with her some of the *recherché* articles of her mistress's wardrobe,) advertises the truant and the

stolen goods, and amongst other articles—as four pairs of silk stockings, "curiously darned," three pairs of fashionable eye-brows, two sets of ivory teeth, and one pair of box for common use, especially names, "two pair of hips of the newest fashion." But these quickly gave way to the all-prevailing hoop.

The Weekly Journal for January, 1717, announces the death of the celebrated mantua-maker, Mrs. Selby, who invented the hoop petticoat.*

And is this all? Can no more be said of her whose inventive genius influenced the empire for well-nigh a century? who by the potency of a rim of whalebone, upheld the universal realm of fashion against the censures of the press, the admonitions of the pulpit, and the common sense of the whole nation. Is this all?

How we yearn to know something more of Mrs. Selby: her personal appearance, her whereabouts, her habits, her thoughts, ay, her thoughts! Had phrenology, that subtle and dangerous plaything of inexperienced young gentlemen and ladies, been invented then, how would her various "developments" have been anxiously scrutinized by her fair customers! how, after she was lost to the world, would her skull have been surreptitiously obtained by some embryo philosopher, and how would he have discovered therein, "most strikingly developed," a hoop-ed organ of vast circumference!

* So Malcome states: we have looked through the original papers for the notice, but have not succeeded in finding it.

How one longs to see her; a portrait, or something to give one an idea of her! Mrs. Tempest, the Milliner, had her portrait taken by Kent, and painted on the staircase at Kensington Palace; and what was Mrs. Tempest that her lineaments should be preserved, whilst those of Mrs. Selby, the inventor of the hoop, are suffered to sink into oblivion. Her name, however, will not now die: we embalm it.

And yet—and yet—what 's in a name? Nothing: at least nothing satisfactory in the present instance. The agonised inquisitor after "The Stout Gentleman," had at least the satisfaction to behold the rear of a capacious pair of breeches; but of Mrs. Selby we have not seen even the fold of a *sacque*, or the hem of a *négligée*. Really it is hard.

What was Mrs. Selby like? what was her personal appearance? Was she a good figure? No—for why then hide it under a hoop? Was she a bad one? Decidedly not: for then she might have hooped herself for an age, ere her well-shaped customers would have copied the fashion from her. Did Mrs. Selby wear a hoop at all? Really it is very likely she did not. History and tradition are alike silent as to her personal characteristics. She was "a celebrated mantua-maker," and she "invented the hooped petticoat:" invented—not wore. Most probably she did not wear it—at least not until it was very generally worn. Mrs. Selby, of immortal memory, had too much good taste to

adopt the common and very vulgar error of displaying on her own person the new and *recherché* article which she wished her fashionable customers to adopt. No, she did not wear—she invented it.

And why? Reader, shall we tell you? To conceal the frailty of a fair and highborn patroness, was the hooped petticoat invented. 'Tis no un-common origin for fashions. The *robe battante* of Madame de Montespan, the haughty mistress of Louis XIV., was originally adopted to conceal her "interesting situation," yet was so habitually and periodically resumed, that at length it fully revealed to the public what it was originally meant to hide,* yet all *fashionable* people wore it when she did. So the English hooped petticoat, originally invented by the accommodating milliner, to hide the shame of a fair customer from prying eyes, became the glory of the whole nation of Englishwomen! If report speak sooth, the most ridiculous and disfiguring short waists of thirty or forty years ago

* It was Madame de Montespan who invented the *robes battantes* to conceal her pregnancy. But when she wore them it was precisely as if she had publicly announced what she affected to conceal; as people said, "Madame de Montespan has put on her *robe battante*, therefore she must be pregnant."—"Duchess of Orleans, Mem. under Montespan."

"Madame de Montespan when *enceinte* invented the prevailing fashion to hide her condition. It was a short waistcoat, not unlike a man's, reaching only to the waist, where, pulling out some part of the shift, they made it sit in as large puffs as they could upon the petticoat, and so served to hide the shape."—"Memoirs of Madame de Montespan."

were adapted from a similar motive, and with reference to no insignificant personage.*

But Fashion reconciles everything. "Great," it was said, "was Diana of the Ephesians," but how immeasurably greater is that modern deity, Fashion, whose supremacy is acknowledged over the wide earth.

Hail to thee, Fashion! bright Enchantress, hail! Thou ever glistening, ever fleeting phantom of delight, hail! undefinable is thine essence, unapproachable is thine abode! yet regal is thy state, lofty is thy rule, potential is thy will, irresistible thy power, and universal is thy command.

Bright genius, aërial sylph, beautiful vision, brilliant phantom, glittering shadow, roseate semblance, exquisite nothing, hail!

* Were all prevailing fashions traced to their origin, that origin would often be found to be degrading; not infrequently disgusting. Of this we have given some marked instances in our chapter on costume in the first volume. The origin of the fashionable colour called "Isabella," is not less illustrative of our assertion. When Ostend was besieged by the Spaniards, under the command of the famous Spinola, the Infanta, Isabella of Spain, animated with a most heroic zeal for her native country, made a solemn vow not to change her linen till the town should be taken. The besieged either not hearing of this vow, or too rebellious to regard it, held out till time, which sullies everything, and possibly some sweat, (if Princesses sweat,) which is apt to affect linen, brought her Royal Highness to a colour which wanted a name. In a person of that rank it could not be dirty; it was, therefore, called Isabella; it became the fashionable loyal colour; was worn with honour by all, and with great convenience by many.—*Gents. Mag.*

Thou holdest thy court in the viewless air; thy throne is spread on the shifting winds; the ever-changing waves roll not to oblivion so swiftly as thy decrees; fleeting, as shadows, are thy commands; thine existence is change; novelty is thy prime minister: fickleness thy high priest; instability thy type; uncertainty thy law.

Yet think not, writes a critic of 172—

> "Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
> One form of dress prescrib'd, can suit with all;"

but how inutile his vaticination. Obvious as is the truth of the remark to everybody, nobody regards it; and let a fashion be ever so bizarre, ever so unbecoming, it is adopted with avidity by those to whose form and features it is even more bizarre, even more unbecoming, than it is to the original inventor. The fair-complexioned and the brown adopt precisely the same colours; the long-visaged, and the round-faced, wear a head-tie, the tall form, and the squat figure, assume robes of exactly the same shape and cut, in defiance of all propriety, taste, and harmony. So it has been in our country as long as we can trace fashions, so it is now, and so probably it ever will be.

This identical costume for brown and fair, for tall and short, is in defiance of all rules of good taste and harmonious proportion; but when it is adopted indifferently by young and old—when a mother bedecks her hair with the self-same flowers as her daughter, and paints her cheek to rival that

youthful daughter's bloom—or when a dowager, long indebted to "professional aids," for teeth, hair, form and complexion, not contented with a pleasing propriety in her decoration, attempts juvenility; and how often and disgustingly this is the case let our opera circles show—then a higher principle than good taste is infringed. Propriety is outraged, and propriety is sentinel to virtue, truth, and honour. But fashion reconciles impropriety almost as easily as inconsistency: pity it is that it also closes the ear to the whisper of truth:

"Tell me, Dorinda, why so gay,
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dresses find a way
To *stop the approaches of decay,*
And mend a ruined face." *

In this all important matter,—fitness,—it would appear from contemporary writers that our prototypes of fashion, the French, were infinitely more chary, correct, and tasteful than their imitators, ourselves.

"Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are made in the *mode.* A Frenchwoman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with gothic ignorance,

* By Lord Dorset.

mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion, only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty."*

Nothing can be more absurd, *petit maitre*ish and *bizarre*, than the costumes which from time to time it has pleased our *amour propre* to exhibit on the stage and elsewhere, as portraitures of "Mounseer Frog" and his lady, but these have been for the most part exaggerated even to caricature: and very perfect indeed must be that national costume which will bear to be transferred to another soil, another climate, another people, and *yet* maintain its perfect fitness. It is indeed an impossibility. At this very moment, when France and England have been for so many years united in an intercourse so friendly as to induce more than the usual degree of similarity in general pursuits and manners; even now, the very attire which will assimilate so easily to a Frenchwoman as to pass unnoticed, would look striking on an Englishwoman, and very possibly not becoming.

It is natural it should be so,—it *must* inevitably be so. So long as the characteristics of the two nations remain as diverse as they are now,—so long as form, feature, complexion, and above all, expression, are so dissimilar, it is not possible that the same attire can be equally becoming to both. The

* The Bee.

public censors of a hundred years ago saw this discrepancy very plainly, and very plainly commented upon it: their censures would be equally applicable now. They tried to win on the self-love of their countrywomen by reminding them that they were allowed to be the handsomest women in Europe,—still an indisputable fact,—and by pointing out the absurdity of their doing away (to the utmost of their power,) this advantage, by blindly adopting a costume which a nation of much inferior personal appearance, and very different complexion, had chosen as suitable to that.—But all in vain.

Fashions were sent then from Paris,—as we believe they often are now,—on dolls. A correspondent of the Spectator overheard a lady, in the next pew at church, whisper another that at the Seven Stars, in King Street, Covent Garden, there was a *Mademoiselle*, completely dressed, just come from Paris. But the silent gentleman is soon officially informed of this important arrival, and hastens to the house of Mrs. Cross-stitch, in King Street, Covent Garden, to view the "French baby for the year 1712." The reader will find his judgment thereon in his 277th paper.

In the year 1727 Lady Lansdowne, then at Paris, sends a doll to Mrs. Howard,* "I have sent you a little young lady, dressed in the Court dress, which I desire you would show to the Queen,

* Correspondence of the Countess of Suffolk.

and when she has done with it, let Mrs. Tempest* have it. She was dressed by the person that dresses all the Princesses here."

In 1751 several small dolls, made in St. James's Street, and dressed in all the varieties of English fashionable costume, were sent to the Czarina for her amusement, or it might be, imitation.

The "Reveur," quoted in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1738, gives a few axioms which are worthy of being emblazoned in gold and diamonds on the most conspicuous pillar of the Temple of Fashion.

"Everything which alters or disguises Nature, proceeds from a false taste."

"Everything which forces Nature beyond its due bounds, proceeds from a bad taste."

"Everything which eclipses the beauties, or exposes the defects of Nature, proceeds from a want of taste."

"Everything which constrains Nature, or hinders the freedom of action, proceeds from a depraved taste."

"Everything which loads Nature with superfluous ornament, proceeds from an affectation of taste."

And lastly,

"Everything which is out of character is certainly out of taste: and though the fashion can never influence taste, yet taste should always influence the fashion."

* Mrs. Tempest, a celebrated milliner, see page 375.

To leave however the wild imaginations of one who, in attempting to guide fashion by taste and reason, is rightly called a "Reveur," and to return to the Hoop Petticoat.

In 1745 a pamphlet was published entitled "The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop Petticoat," by which it appears this garment had become of so enormous a circumference that it could not be longer endured. Yet the ladies thought otherwise, and *did* endure it, though truly it must have been outrageous in appearance, and we should think very trying to the patience of the wearer. Heretofore it had projected all round like a wheel, but at the time this pamphlet made its appearance, it was flattened in front, but projected further than ever at the sides. The writer says the whole sex are become a nuisance: (owing solely, ladies! to the hoop,) but especially so the young persons. His ire seems to have been particularly excited by seeing "a girl of seventeen taking up *the whole side of a street* with her hollow standing petticoat; neither can he approve of a young lady, after having received the Sacrament, walking down the wide middle aisle of the church, "one corner of her petticoat touching the pews on the right hand, the other those on the left."

Habit reconciles everything: it appears to us an absurdity that could appertain alone to the "dark ages," that the doors of the French Queen's palace should have to be made both wider and higher, to

admit the head-dresses of herself and her ladies;* yet could it not be more absurd than the entrance a hundred years ago, of a fashionable lady into her drawing-room. Listen to our author:—

"Suppose the fine lady coming into a room, the graceful manner of doing which, which was formerly reckoned no small part of female education and good breeding. First enters wriggling, and sideling, and edging in by degrees two yards and a half of hoop; for as yet you see nothing else. Some time after appears the inhabitant of the garment herself; not with a full face, but in profile; the face being turned to, or from the company, according as they happen to be situated. Next, in due time, follows two yards and a half of hoop more; and now her whole person, with all its appurtenances, is actually arrived, fully and completely in the room, where we are in the next place to consider her.

"She sits down: if it be upon a couch, or squab, though the couch or squab be five yards long, her hoop takes up every inch of it, from one end to the other. If upon a chair, it is the same in effect; only the hoop is suspended in the air, without anything else to rest upon. But now enter two, or three, or four more, with cooperage of equal dimensions, &c."†

* Isabel of Bavaria, when she kept her court at Vincennes A.D., 1416, during the reign of the horned head-dresses.

† "The enormous abomination of the hoop petticoat as the fashion now is, &c., 1745."

It gives one no inapt idea of the ponderous solidity of these fashionable appendages to find the fabricators of them perpetually spoken of as "women's COOPERS."

As we have before said, the strictures of the press on this "abomination" were unceasing. In the Whitehall Evening Post, 1747, appeared a "Plea for and against Hoop Petticoats," so humorously written, that we are tempted to make a considerable extract from it.

"In a full assembly of ladies, where there was a mixture of several ages, the conveniences and inconveniences of the hoop petticoat happened to be canvassed with great freedom of conversation. There were only four gentlemen present; two of whom spoke earnestly in the debate, one against the other: FLORIO, a mettled spark of great volubility of speech, employed his wit in defence of the *mode;* SOPHRONIO, of riper years, and fewer words, reasoned against the extravagancy of the fashion. The opinions of the assembly were much divided. In order, therefore, to come to a fair determination, the ladies laid their injunctions upon the two champions, to consider the subject maturely, and to be ready, by that day seven-night, to deliver their sentiments upon the merits of the cause; at which time, they engaged themselves to give them a hearing at nine in the evening. The appointed hour being come, the company ranged themselves on either hand, according to their

different inclinations. On the right sat the grave matrons, and on the left shone the blooming virgins, both parties equally assured of success, and equally confiding in the abilities of their orator. The damask settee was placed in the centre, at a convenient distance from the audience; when FLORIO, observing a profound silence, and an impatience in the looks of his sprightly patronesses, made his reverences, and mounting the silken rostrum, harangued the assembly in the following manner:—

"'Ladies and Gentlemen,

"'I congratulate my good fortune, in that I have the honour to speak before so polite an audience, upon a theme whose diameter and circumference afford so large a scope to eloquence. Were I to handle it inch by inch, my speech would swell in proportion to the amplitude of my subject, and I should find myself encompassed with a luxuriant circle of tropes and figures, round and magnificent as the hoop I attempt to praise.

"'I have inquired at the most flourishing warehouses, and consulted the most knowing coopers of the female sex; but I cannot distinctly learn to whose extensive genius the ladies are indebted for this invention of the hoop-petticoat. The learned writers of antiquity are silent upon the occasion; which makes me conjecture, that the glory of this pompous piece of elegancy is due to the moderns. M. TOURNEFORT, in his voyage through the Levant,

gives the description and figure of a very magnificent petticoat worn by the ladies of *Myconia* (fair islanders like yourselves,) which may, probably, have been the original of yours: that indeed is full of plaits, and quilled from top to bottom; whereas yours are plain, which is after the grand gusto in structures of every kind.

"'When I consider the clinging drapery of our grandmothers, and compare it with the spreading coats of this assembly, I do not so much wonder at the rudeness of the former, as I am astonished at the politeness of the present age. They crept along, as it were, in fetters; and a woman with her head peeping out of a sack, could hardly be more confined, or make a more grotesque figure. On the other hand, the capula-coat allows all the freedom of motion, the graceful walk, and the majestic step; not to mention the beauty and splendour of the foot, which plays visibly within the circle, and ravishes the eyes of the watchful beholder.

"'When I survey the structure of this silken dome, and contemplate the convex or concave of the building, I am struck with admiration at the ingenuity of mankind: a fabric so ample, and withal so portable, is stupendous! And after ages, who, perhaps, may see this contrivance only in the paintings of some great masters, shall with pain believe what the justice of the pencil represents.

"'Were I to enumerate the conveniences and ornaments which accrue to the sex from the use of

the hoop, the tapers would require snuffing before my speech could draw to an end; therefore I shall only touch upon two observations. The first is, that the compass of the coat serves to keep the men at a decent distance, and appropriates to every lady a spacious verge, sacred to herself. In the next place, the compliment, allowed in all times, of comparing a beauty to a star, will now quadrate in every respect, when it may properly be said of every fair female, that she moves in her orb, and shines in her sphere, in proportion to a star of the first magnitude.

"'I might here mention the vast benefit the public reaps from this dress, and take notice of the great number of hands employed in building and repairing these beautiful edifices, were it not too well known to my hearers. I cannot, however, pass over in silence the particular encouragement this mode has given in whale-fishing, no inconsiderable branch of the British commerce.

"'Go on, then, adorable creatures! to cherish and improve an ornament every way praiseworthy. Suffer not yourselves to be persuaded to your downfall, by those who would undermine your main support. Suspect the artifices of such as would narrow your foundation, and resolve to maintain the establishment of your charms upon a wide-spreading bottom to the last.'"

Perhaps we shall be accused of giving too wide a scope even to the hoop-petticoat, if we detail

the arguments of *Sophronio* against it, at the same length as we have done those for it — more especially as the advocates for the curtailment of the hoop were totally and entirely worsted. We will give but a short extract:

"I believe it would puzzle the quickest invention to find out one tolerable conveniency in these machines. I appeal to the sincerity of the ladies, whether they are not a great incumbrance upon all occasions (vanity apart), both at home and abroad. What skill and management is required to reduce one of these circles within the limits of a chair, or to find a space for two in a chariot? And what precautions must a modish female take, even to enter the door of a private family, without obstruction! Then a vivacious damsel cannot turn herself round in a room, a little inconsiderately, without oversetting everything like a whirlwind. Stands, and tea-tables, flower-pots, china jars, and basons, innumerable, perish daily by this spreading mischief; which, (like a comet,) spares nothing that comes within its sweep.

"'Neither is this fashion more ornamental than convenient. Nothing can be imagined more unnatural, and, consequently, less agreeable. When a slender virgin stands upon a basis so exorbitantly wide, she resembles a tunnel—a figure of no great elegancy. And I have seen many fine ladies of a low stature, who, when they sail in their hoops about an apartment, look like little children in go-carts.'"

The following poetical recipe for a lady's dress gives a most graphic and accurate picture of the prevailing fashions of 1753:

"Hang a small bugle cap on, as big as a crown,
Snout it off with a flow'r, vulgo dict, a pompoon;
Let your powder be grey, and braid up your hair,
Like the mane of a colt to be sold at a fair.
A short pair of jumps, half an ell from your chin,
To make you appear like one just lying-in;
Before, for your breast, pin a stomacher bib on,
Ragout it with curlets of silver and ribbon.
Your neck and your shoulders both naked should be,
Was it not for Vandyke, blown with cheveux-de-frize.
Let your gown be a sack, blue, yellow, or green,
And frizzle your elbows with ruffles sixteen;
Furl off your lawn apron with flounces in rows,
Puff and pucker up knots on your arms and your toes;
Make your petticoats short, that a hoop eight yards wide,
May decently show how your garters are ty'd;
With fringes of knotting your dicky cabob,
On slippers of velvet, set gold à-la-daube.
But mount on French heels, when you go to a ball;
'Tis the fashion to totter, and show you can fall;
Throw modesty out from your manners and face,
A-la-mode de Francois, you're a bit for his Grace."

"Your neck and shoulders both naked should be," intimates a glaring and censurable impropriety of the day, and the lines,

"Make your petticoats short, that a hoop eight yards wide,
May decently show how your garters are ty'd,"

was literally the custom of the time, and called forth severe and frequent animadversion. But the glaring indecency was no sooner rectified, than *fashion* went to the other extreme: decency cried aloud for the ankles to be covered, yet scarcely

was this achieved, ere fashion introduced the sweeping, useless, and inconvenient train. "What chiefly distinguishes the sex at present" (says the Chinese philosopher, 1760-2), "is the train. As a lady's quality or fashion was once determined here by the circumference of her hoop, both are now measured by the length of her tail. Women of moderate fortunes are contented with tails moderately long; but ladies of true taste and distinction set no bounds to their ambition in this particular. I am told the Lady Mayoress, on days of ceremony, carries one longer than a bell-wether of Bantam, whose tail you know, is trundled along in a wheelbarrow.

"Sun of China, what contradictions do we find in this strange world?

"Head of Confucius! to view a human being crippling herself with a great unwieldy tail for our diversion; backward she cannot go, forward she must move but slowly; and if ever she attempts to turn round, it must be in a circle not smaller than that described by the wheeling crocodile, when it would face an assailant. And yet, to think that all this confers importance and majesty! to think that a lady acquires additional respect from fifteen yards of trailing taffety! I cannot contain—ha! ha! ha!"

But having now arrived at the fullest flow of the hoop, the zenith of its popularity, the meridian height of its splendour, we will retrace our steps

to notice some of the minuter and less prominent fashions of the earlier half of the century.

Our readers are no doubt aware, that in former times, when London, though the metropolis, was not the great emporium of the kingdom, when railroads were unimagined, and high roads were not dreamt of, when people lived at home, and were contented to let their home be wherever their lot had been cast; when Bond Street, Cheapside, nay, all shops and warehouses themselves were unknown; then each noble mansion had its own stores, not merely household edibles, but of linen, cloth, grogram, velvet, or brocade, and other wearing apparel, which were served out to the members of the household by order of its lord. This rule, they are aware, held in the noblest and even in Royal establishments, the Queen of England having to present an order to the Steward of the Wardrobe ere she could obtain material for a new gown. This they think very barbarous and so do we. But it will, perhaps, be new to many of them to learn, that when marts of fashion were actually established, when the New Exchange put forth tempting signals, and Paternoster Row, now the paradise of bookworms, was the great emporium for fashionable silks,* this routine was not at once

* Pepys. And also for other materials, unless, as probably was the case, the term stuffe here is used in a generic sense: the occasion was a marriage:

Servant. "Sir, there 's a man out of Pater Noster Row with stuffs." Mulberry Garden.—Sedley.

abrogated; and that, even to a much later period, to a comparatively recent date, the most rigid order and rule have been observed in the management of Royal wardrobes; and that the family of George II. had a programme of attire in which the number and price of each article of dress are rigidly specified. From this we find that each of the Princesses was allowed eighteen day shifts in two years, and that the linen of which they were made was ten shillings per ell: they were also allowed for the same period eighteen night-shifts, at eight shillings per ell, trimmed with lace at ten shillings per yard. Twelve pairs of thread stockings, and two dozen cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, seem rather short allowance if they were also meant to be renewed only once in two years. Sixteen dozen pairs of gloves yearly, and a pair of shoes a week, would at least preserve the digital and pedal extremities of the Royal Roses of England, from the inclemency of the season. But we will quote the whole memorandum, which is really entertaining; and our readers can draw their own conclusions from it.

DETAILS OF ROYAL WARDROBES

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(FOUND AMONGST LADY SUFFOLK'S PAPERS.)

WINTER CLOTHES.

What was delivered yearly for each Princess.

Two rich coats, embroider'd, trim'd, or rich stuff.

One velvet, or rich silk.

Three coats, brocaded or damask.

A damask nightgown.
Two silk under petticoats, trim'd with gold or silver.

SUMMER CLOTHES.

Three flower'd coats, one of them with silver.
Three plain or striped lustrings.
One nightgown; four silk hoops.

The taylor had 2*l.* for making each coat, and finding all other necessarys.

Shoes, a pair every week, 6*s.* 6*d.* per pair; raised to 7*s.* before I left St. James's.

Gloves, sixteen dozen in the year, 18*s.* per dozen.

Fans, no allowance; but I find they did not exceed 8*l.* 8*s.* per annum.

No certain allowance for ribbons or artificial flowers; but I find these were very trifling articles in my time, which are not so now.

The pryses of all silks are much higher than they were formerly: two of the coats were much finer than the other. Damasks or satins from 12*s.* to 14*s.* per yard; plain lustrings 6*s.* 6*d.* per yard; Persian 20*d.* per yard; ducapes, or armozins, 8*s.* or 9*s.* per yard.

I find by my bills, I paid the tire-woman 12 guineas a year. I paid tuneing the harpsicord, food for their birds, and many other little things belonging to their Royal Highnesses, which was little, too trifling to mention, which, whilst the Duke (of Cumberland,) was with them, came to 50*l.* per annum.

I don't remember what the necessary-woman's sallary was, or whether she was under the Queen's necessary-woman.

The expenses for cleaning their Royal Highnesses apartment, 18*l.* a year, paid by me: making shifts 2*s.* 6*d.* each; combing clothes 1*s.* 6*d.* each; white petticoats, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per coat; silk petticoats, 2*s.* per coat; nightcap and hood 1*s.* 6*d.*; a drest sute of linen 20*s.*, if the bib was all lace; muslines and lawnes were bought as wanted, and no settled price.

Six pair of sheets, six pillow-bears, at 3*s.* per ell; a pair of sheets at 4*s.* per ell: this linnen was not given away (as a perquisite to the attendants) till absolutely necessary. Napkins,

towels, and table linnen were deliver'd every week from his Majesty's house laundress.

Coffee, tea, chocolate and sugar, what was wanted, sent from her Majesty's back-stair room.

Fire and candles of all sorts from the King's offices.

Their Royal Highnesses had each a Page of Honour, and Gentleman Usher, at 100*l.* salary.

Each, one dresser at 50*l.*, and one chambermaid, I don't know at what sallary.

One Page of the back stairs.

The Princess used the Queen's coaches, footmen, and grooms.

Their Royal Highnesses, Princess Mary, and Princess Louisa's Linnen, delivered every two years for each Princess.

QUANTITIES.	PRICE.
Eighteen day shifts, ...	10*s.* per ell.
Eighteen nightshifts, trimmed,	8*s.* per ell: the lace 10*s.* per yard.
Eighteen fine petticats, five dimity, or Indian quilting, computed at half-yard wide	7*s.* per yard: making 2*s.* each.
Twelve pairs of thread stockens,	7*s.* 6*d.* per pair.
Twelve nightcaps, laced, ...	10*s.* per yard.
Twelve hoods, cambrick Holand, ...	14*s.* per yard; making 1*s.* 6*d.* a suit.
Six petticoats, over-hoops, Indian quilting, about	3*l.* 3*s.* per petticoat: making 12*s.*
Two dozen pocket handkerchiefs, cambrick, ...	4*l.* 4*s.* per piece; making 1*s.* 6*d.*
Whilst their Royal Highnesses were in bibs and aprons, they had six suits of broad lace for aprons, but the caps and ruffles were much narrower; they came to about	20*l.* the suit; making 10*s.*
It must be remembered they had for birthdays very fine entire lace suits, which came to, ...	50*l.* or 60*l.* per suit.

Their fine laces were not given away (as perquisites) every two years.

When any of their Royal Highnesses was under wet nurse, dry nurse, and rocker's care they had no dresser or chamber-maid, nor man servant, belonging to the cradle nursery, except it was a footman.

The clothes and linnen, for the cradle nursery, was under a different regulation at that time. There were no perquisites, but linnen and clothes were bought when necessary.

(The following memorandum seems to be the account of the expenses of the Queen and Princesses' wardrobe for two quarters.)

June y^e^ 24th, 1729.

Queen	£847 12
Princess	366 15
	£1214 7

September y^e^ 29th.

Queen	£308 07 02
Princess	216 19 10
	£525 07 0

Stockens twelve pairs 7*s.* 6*d.* per pair.

Shoes, plain, 6*s.* 6*d.*

Shifts, three dozen day, 10*s.*; night, 3*s.*

Gloves, sixteen dozen, 13*s.* per dozen.

Little petticoats 12*s.*; fine dimity, or Indian quilting.

Washing.—The Duke and two Princesses 90*l.* per annum; includes the laces, band-boxes, maydew, brushes, patches, combs, quilted caps, pins, powder, paper, wax, and several odd things, deliver'd to their Royal Highness' appartments, I find came to about 40*l.*; paste for hands and pomatum came from the apothecary, Mr. Jagar's, and was not in my bills.

PRICES FOR HER MAJESTY.

Slipers, with Gold, 24*s.*; with silver 21*s.*

Persians 20*d.*

Plain Gloves 30*d.*

Stays, 2*s.* the pair.
Petticoats 10*s.*; 3*s.* allowed for ribbon.
Nightgowns 3*s.*
Girdles, silver, 23*s.*; gold 25*s.* 8*d.*
Hollands, for shifts, 10*s.* 6*d.*; for handkerchiefs, 11*s.*; cambric Hollands 24*s.*; dimitys about 3*s.*

PRICES FOR THE PRINCE.

Duke stars 15*s.*
Gloves 18*s.*
Making coats 25*s.*
Duke's shoes 5*s.* 5*d.*
Bath ribbon 4*l.* 15*s.* per piece.
Hats 1*l.* 1*s.*; feathers, white, 1*l.* 1*s.*
Other colours 1*l.* 4*s.*
Hollands no settled price.*

From the same work we quote the following letter, as being not inapplicable to our subject, and in itself a curious illustration of the decorum, or, to speak more correctly, the etiquette of a Royal toilette. It seems to be a reply to one written by Lady Suffolk (then Mrs. Howard) to obtain from Mrs. Masham, Queen Anne's favourite, such information as might facilitate her own (Mrs. Howard's) arrangements as bed-chamber woman to Queen Caroline.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MRS. HOWARD.

"London, May, 1728.

"MADAM,

"In obedience to your commands, I write this to inform you of some things you desired me to ask Lady Masham, and what follows is dictated by her ladyship.

* Appendix to Letters to and from the Countess of Suffolk.

"The bedchamber *woman* came into waiting before the Queen's prayers, which was before her Majesty was dressed. The Queen often shifted in a morning: if her Majesty shifted at noon, the bedchamber *lady* being by, the bedchamber *woman* gave the shift to the lady without any ceremony, and the *lady* put it on. Sometimes, likewise, the bedchamber woman gave the fan to the *lady* in the same manner; and this was all that the bedchamber *lady* did about the Queen at her dressing.

"When the Queen washed her hands, the page of the back-stairs brought and set down upon a side-table the basin and ewer; then the bedchamber woman set it before the Queen, and knelt on the other side the table over against the Queen, the bedchamber lady only looking on. The bedchamber woman poured the water out of the ewer upon the Queen's hands.

"The bedchamber woman pulled on the Queen's gloves, when she could not do it herself.

"The page of the back-stairs was called in to put on the Queen's shoes.

"When the Queen dined in public, the page reached the glass to the bedchamber woman, and she to the lady in waiting.

"The bedchamber woman brought the chocolate, and gave it without kneeling.

"In general, the bedchamber woman had no dependence on the lady of the bedchamber.

"If you have the curiosity to be informed of

anything else, you shall have what information Lady Masham can give you; for I must tell you from myself that you have quite charmed her."

The first intimation we have of that disfiguring garment which was worn during the whole of Anne's reign, and for a considerable period afterwards, called a saque, is in Pepys' Diary of the 2nd of March, 1668-9. "My wife this day put on her first French gown, called a sac, which becomes her very well." It was a most inelegant garment, though sanctified by the highest fashion. It was not inaptly named; with the exception of a little shaping from the neck to the shoulder, it appeared to have no shape in it; and, as was remarked by a censor during the height of its supremacy, in such a dress there was no difference between the "cleanest limbed body and the most clumsy shape." It was the parent of another loose kind of dress called a négligée, which was worn still later in the century. Indeed, Mrs. Siddons uses the terms synonymously; for, in 1783 (or thereabouts), when called to read before the Queen, she says she could not appear before her Majesty except in "a saque, or négligée," a dress, she adds, not then elsewhere worn. With this a hood was used, of any colour the wearer fancied, but gay colours were most in vogue; towards the middle of the century, these hoods, somewhat altered in form, were called capuchins.

Aprons, sometimes long, sometimes short, some-

times flounced in rows high up, sometimes merely bordered with rich Flanders lace, frequently curiously embroidered, were an indispensable appendage to full dress for a long time. Afterwards, they were banished from the assembly and ball-room, though some ladies strongly adhered to the fashion of wearing them. Amongst these was the Duchess of Queensberry, who persisted in appearing in one in the Evening Rooms at Bath after the master of the ceremonies, Beau Nash, had pronounced them inadmissible. The eccentric Peeress struggled hard to retain her apron; but, at length, finding the Beau peremptory, yielded with a good grace.*

Shoes with very high heels, mostly red heels, were "the go," and awkward they must have been to go in. But as to dancing!—and yet there is an advertisement in the Tatler, that dancing-shoes, not exceeding "four inches height in the heel," and *periwigs*, not exceeding "three feet in length," were carried in a certain coach gratis to the dancing-master's door. Periwigs and stilted shoes for dancing! Toe of Terpsichore, thou wert in piteous case!

The scarlet-heeled shoes of the beau, and the "fine-wrought" ones of the belle, were rendered more *piquant* by stockings of all imaginable colours

* We are told, in Mr. Jesse's Memoir of Beau Fielding, that his first offering to the lady he wished to marry was "a gold apron, stuck with green."

except white or black, often having the clocks embroidered in different colours, or gold, or silver. The adoption of white stockings seems almost to have raised a hue and cry. In 1737, a writer in the Universal Spectator addresses "the ladies who affect wearing white stockings," in a strain of warm rebuke and earnest deprecation; he feels his own morals endangered, his fortitude shaken by the display. "A lady's leg," he says, "is a dangerous sight, in whatever colour it appears; but, when it is enclosed in white, it makes an irresistible attack upon us." In a subsequent number is a very eloquent defence of white stockings.

The evident aim of the first paper is reprehension of the indelicate shortness of the petticoat at that time; the white stocking—then, if not quite a new, at least a newly-revived fashion—would render the impropriety more glaring than a dark one. The extreme indelicacy of dress in other respects is also frequently commented on at this period.

White, however, continued to be worn, and to be worn even in the deepest mourning, until 1778. English cotton stockings became so admired, that the Empress Josephine petitioned our government for six pairs, which were forwarded to her. The beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Damer, the daughter of Marshal Conway, Horace Walpole's friend, was the first who introduced black silk stockings as usual wear in England. These were

probably, nay, doubtless, woven, for Queen Elizabeth wore black knitted silk.

But, far more extraordinary than the domestic attire, was the riding costume of the ladies of those times. They wore habits, or jackets, made as much in the form of a horseman's coat as possible, hats and periwigs. In 1712, the Spectator thus exposes this unbecoming fashion, which, he says, was derived from France:

"Among the several female extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground. I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat, and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or ribbon, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. As in my yesterday's paper I gave an account of the mixture of two sexes in one commonwealth, I shall here take notice of this mixture of two sexes in one person. I have already shown my dislike of this immodest custom more than once; but in contempt of everything I have hitherto said, I am informed that the highways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers.

"I remember when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared on the plains which lay at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so

strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the country fellow replied, 'Tis a gentlewoman, saving your worship's presence, in a coat and hat.' This produced a great deal of mirth at the knight's house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants, who meeting this gentlemanlike-lady on the highway, was asked by her whether that was Coverley Hall; the honest man seeing only the male part of the querist, replied, 'Yes, sir;' but upon the second question, whether Sir Roger de Coverley was a married man, having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into 'No, madam.'

"Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist? He would have represented her in a riding-habit, as a greater monster than the Centaur. He would have called for sacrifices, or purifying waters to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia or Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves.

"For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair sex. When I see them singular in any part of their dress, I conclude it is not without some evil intention, and therefore question not but the design of this strange fashion is to smite more effectually their male beholders. Now,

to set them right in this particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such a one as we may see every day in our glasses; or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horseback, in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the same time dressed up in a commode and night-rail.

"I must observe that this fashion was first of all brought to us from France, a country which has infected all the nations of Europe with its levity."*

But Mr. Addison's castigation had no effect, at least no permanent one. In 1720 we have sufficient testimony of the fashion being still countenanced by the highest in the land, from a notice in the Whitehall Evening Post, of August 17th, that the Princesses went to Richmond in riding-habits, with hats, feathers, and periwigs. Eleven years later the following appeared in the London Journal:—

"As to the ladies' riding-habit, the waistcoat and petticoat are convenient and becoming, that is, the *feminine* waistcoat, not the *masculine*. Thalestris, in her riding-habit, is hardly known from a very pretty fellow. Saw her lately at a gaming-table, with her hair, in a soldierly manner, turned under her cock-aded hat, her jacket resembled a man's coat, and

* Spectator, No. 435.

she frequently sat bare-headed. The ladies must have odd opinions of the men, to think they can be most agreeable when they most resemble the male sex. How would they like a young fellow making love to them in a suit of pinners, a pair of stays, and a mantua? The reason of disgust holds good on both sides."

The young fellows did not indeed wear pinners and a mantua, but stays they frequently did.* The pinners themselves of the ladies could hardly have been more effeminate than many of the puerilities in costume which were characteristic of the fashionable beau of Queen Anne's time. In 1709 the Tatler advertises amongst the property of a gentleman deceased, the following:—

"A very rich tweezer-case, containing twelve instruments for the use of each hour in the day.

"Four pounds of scented snuff, with three gilt snuff-boxes, one of them with an invisible hinge, and a looking-glass in the lid.

"Two more of ivory, with the portraitures on their lids of two ladies of the town; the originals to be seen every night in the side-boxes at the playhouse.

* Though not perhaps to the absurd excess which has been characteristic of a dandy at a later period. Swinburn, in his letters, gives us the following anecdote of a right royal one; that is of George the Fourth, when Regent, and Lady H—d. The latter is said to have dropped her handkerchief, when she had a bad cold. Neither being dressed for stooping, and her ladyship's nose requiring assistance, the bell was obliged to be rung, and a fresh kerchief asked for.

"A sword with a steel diamond hilt, never drawn but once at May-Fair.

"Six clean packs of cards, a quart of orange-flower water, a pair of French scissors, a toothpick-case, and an eyebrow-brush.

"A large glass case containing the linen and clothes of the deceased; among which are, two embroidered suits, a pocket perspective, a dozen pair of red-heeled shoes, three pairs of red silk stockings, and an amber-headed cane.

"The strong box of the deceased, wherein were found five billet-doux, a Bath shilling, a crooked sixpence, a silk garter, a lock of hair, and three broken fans.

"There will be added to these goods, to make a complete auction, a collection of gold snuff-boxes and clouded canes, which are to continue in fashion for three months after the sale."*

Clouded canes with amber heads, looped with silk tassels, were indispensable appendages to a beau, and they were usually suspended by the silken loop on a button of his coat, in order that by no imaginable blunder might any one suppose that from any natural weakness or deformity he could have any possible occasion to use it. They are described as dangling and often bobbing in a very awkward manner against the knees, but—they were the fashion. At a somewhat later period, he wore also a small muff. Dec. 1765, Walpole writes

* Tatler, No. 113.

to Montagu: "I send you a decent smallish muff, that you may put in your pocket, and it costs but fourteen shillings."

The country beau thus describes himself when modernized at the emporium of fashion, Bath.

"Thank Heaven! of late, my dear mother, my face is
Not a little regarded at all public places;
For I ride in a chair, with my hands in a muff,
And have bought a silk coat, and embroidered the cuff;
But the weather was cold, and the coat it was thin,
So the tailor advised me to line it with skin;
But what with my Nivernois' hat can compare,*
Bag wig, and laced ruffles, and black solitaire?
And what can a man of true fashion denote,
Like an ell of good ribbon tied under the throat?
My buckles and box are in exquisite taste,
The one is of paper, the other of paste:
And sure no camaieu was ever yet seen,
Like that which I purchas'd at Wickstead's machine:
My stockings, of silk, are just come from the hosier—"

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* The Duke of Nivernois was an ambassador from France to England. The "Nivernois hat" probably owed its title to the political flattery of some aspiring and fashionable hatter.

CHAPTER XIII.

COSTUME.—PART II.

"What! he is enamour'd of the fashion, is he?"
Ben Jonson.

From the same satirical but graphic poem, which we quoted at the conclusion of our last chapter, we learn some of the requisites for a lady's toilet at that period, of which one of the most important appears to be the "essence-pot." We have remarked in a former part of this work, the extensive and free use made of scents and essences in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the necessity of them at that period is immediately understood by a reference to the comparatively half-civilized usages of the day, the rushed and littered floors, the accumulations of *débris*, the ill-managed conveniences, or to speak more plainly, the utter want of those decent conveniences, which now the peasant, in the muddiest hovel, considers indispensable.* In the

* See Sir John Harrington's Metamorphosis of Ajax; a work which, however called for, lost him the favour of his god-mother, the Queen: and see, a century and a half later, Dean Swift's "Lines on a Lady's Dressing Room," a poem illustrative of general usages which cannot here be more particularly referred to.

times of which we now treat, despite the vast progress in domestic architecture, the vast accumulation of domestic conveniences, many lingering habits remained, which now we should consider filthy in the extreme; and many personal habits were introduced, which would have disgusted the comparatively unpolished maiden Queen. In the early part of the last century, it was the custom at Bath, then fast becoming the focus of every thing refined and fashionable, never to wash the floors of the apartments, at least never to wash the dirt off them; but they were occasionally smeared over with a mixture of soot and small beer, which hid or at any rate clouded, all unsightly accumulations; if our readers are of our opinion, that the remedy was almost as bad as the grievance, they will not wonder at strong and pungent perfumes being freely called for.

But if we may trust to indications from usage, often backed by pretty plain intimations of the writers of the day, attention to the person was confined chiefly to outward appearance, and that first requisite to refinement, strict personal purity, and cleanliness, was not a general characteristic of the day.* How could it be? it would have been death to a lady who used paint, red and white, in

* That this now indispensable requisite in civilized society, personal cleanliness, was not then the habit of the time amongst men, but was considered rather a sign of effeminacy, may be inferred from the following remark of a writer in the Gentleman's

the quantities in which the ladies of the last century did apply it, to use water freely; and the very circumstance which thus called for additional cleanliness, was in fact a bar against it. Several deaths amongst fashionable ladies from the too free use of paint are recorded, and it is reasonable to suppose that many occurred, which are not referred to the same cause. Lady Fortrose, Lord Harrington's daughter, killed herself by it.

Then the "têtes," the filthy "heads," enormous accumulations of horsehair, stiffened with pomatum, and filled with powder, imbibing, inevitably, considerable accumulations of animal exuviæ, perspiration, &c; and, however regularly arranged externally, certainly not combed through too often, and rarely indeed, perhaps if ever, thoroughly cleansed. Can we wonder that the "essence-pot," not the delicately hinted odour of the present day; but strong, expressive nose-filling perfumes were in constant request ?*

Magazine for 1741: "From my love of *appearing clean*, and conversing with the ladies, I am what people call a Beau." vol. ii. p. 541.

* We have an intimation, in 1754, of the first introduction of the now universal, and often most elegant, shield for the bouquet. It was French; and first adopted in this country by the graceful and elegant Lady Hervey. "Nov. 1754. I know nothing more but a new fashion which my Lady Hervey has brought from Paris. It is a tin funnel, covered with green ribbon, and holds water, which the ladies wear to keep their bouquets fresh."—Walpole, iii. 81.

We now give the lines which have induced such a lengthened exordium :—

"Bring, O bring! thy essence pot,
Amber, musk, and bergamot,
Eau de chipre, eau de luce,
Sanspareil, and citron juice;
Nor thy bandbox leave behind,
Filled with stores of every kind;
All th' enraptur'd bard supposes,
Who to Fancy odes composes;
All that Fancy's self has feigned,
In a bandbox is contained:
Printed lawns and checker'd shades,
Crape shawls worn by lovelorn maids,
Water'd tabbies, flower'd brocades,
Violets, pinks, Italian posies,
Myrtles, jessamine, and roses,
Aprons, caps, and kerchiefs clean,
Straw-built hats, and bonnets green,
Catguts, gauzes, tippets, ruffs,
Fans, and hoods, and feather'd muffs,
Stomachers, and Paris nets,
Ear-rings, necklaces, aigrets,
Fringes, blonds, and mignionets.
Fine vermilion for the cheek,
Velvet patches à la Grecque."*

The "velvet patches à la Grecque," remind us of another distinguishing characteristic of the fashionable female dress of the last century. Patches on the face, for ornaments, (see vol. i. chap. viii.) seem to have been first introduced, in the reign of Charles the Second; and Pepys, the arbiter elegantiarum of his time, thought them "mighty becoming." But

* Anstey's new Bath Guide.

the belligerent belles of Queen Anne's day, though by no means indifferent to them, as heighteners of beauty, yet turned them to an important political account. They were models and patterns to politicians of all times, were the ladies of those days; there was no skulking, no evasion, no sailing under false colours; all was open, visible and declared.

"About the middle of last winter," says the Spectator, "I went to see the Opera at the theatre in the Haymarket, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party signals, to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention, but to see the opera. Upon enquiry, I found that the body of amazons on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my left, Tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes, were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. The censorious say, that the men, whose hearts are

aimed at, are very often the occasions, that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good, so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage articles, a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases."*

When patches ceased to be an indispensable part of dress we cannot exactly tell; in 1766, they were still absolutely requisite as ornamental appendages, but as political tokens they had long been in disrepute; and undoubtedly the fair ones of this time, though they know better than to disfigure themselves with a crowd of patches, are by no means unaware of the piquante effect of one placed near some critical dimple.

The airy and elegant bijouterie, with which it

* Spectator, No. 81.

is the fashion to attach the watch to the waist-band, bear a very feeble and faint analogy to the etui-cases which garnished the zones of the fair a century ago. These were, indeed, infinitely more ponderous, and less elegant than the modern châtelain, and amid the somewhat bizarre ornaments of lilliputian bird-cages, eggs, anchors, &c., in gold and enamel, bore in addition to golden beetles filled with thieves' vinegar, and bottles of bergamotte, the very useful, notable, and now unthought of appendages of thimble and scissars. We have one at this moment before us, which belonged to a very aged relative, who has only lately paid the debt of nature, and by whom it had doubtless been treasured as a memorial of her days of beauty and triumph, for she had been a most beautiful woman. The ornament itself is very ponderous: the hook which attaches it to the girdle, would almost sustain a joint in the larder; this is of some common metal, gilt; but the etui-case itself, and all its appendages are gold richly chased. It is somewhat in the shape, but larger than an old-fashioned shagreen spectacle case, and contains in neat compartments, scissars, knife, pencil, tooth-picks, ivory tablets about half-an-inch wide, and three or four inches long, and tweezers. Attached to the smaller pendants are two boxes, of the same style and material as the larger case, one for the thimble, the other for aromatic vinegar. The multitude of ornamental "petits riens," which formed

a sort of relief to the heavy mass, baskets, bird-cages, &c., are lost.

It was to such an "equipage," that Lady M. W. Montagu referred in the person of Cardelia.

"Behold this *equipage*, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'orth !) bought.
See on the toothpick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissars shine;
The metal, and the workmanship divine!"

Against which Smilinda stakes another indispensable accompaniment to the lady of the last century:

"This SNUFF-BOX, once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *snuff-box*—on the hinge see brilliants shine:
This *snuff-box* will I stake, the prize is mine." *

It was in vain that Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff intimates that he compelled or persuaded his sister, Mrs. Jenny, to "resign her snuff-box for ever," on her marriage;† for all men and women, high and low, young and old, were inveterate snuff-takers during the last century; and, indeed, this dirty habit has only lately subsided, being upheld in the highest fashion by the practice and example of Queen Charlotte, and her son, King George IV. At one

* Town Eclogues. The Bassette Table.

† Tatler, No. 79.

time the same necessity which led to the adoption of strong perfumes, might justify the use of snuff; otherwise, fashion itself would hardly seem to account for its very general and excessive consumption. Of course the form and garniture of the snuff-box itself became a point of importance to the critically dressed leader of ton, and on nothing has a greater profusion of taste, fancy, expense, and skill been lavished than on the snuff-box. They became an article of virtù, critically assorted by collectors; and a choice and *recherché* offering of compliment in every possible way, as much so as the Spanish embroidered gloves of Elizabeth's day. The freedom of cities was given in a snuff-box, the donations of the charitable were handed in a snuff-box, the portrait of Majesty was bestowed on a snuff-box, and the right hand of fellowship was extended with a snuff-box. A snuff-box erst-while, has been a fatal gift.

The fair one who was proof against a jewelled necklace, could not resist a diamond snuff-box; nor could a patriot resist the conviction which flashed before his eyes on opening for nasal refreshment, the "slight token of regard," which bore his Royal master's portrait enamelled and jewelled on the lid.

Edward Wortley Montagu, the eccentric son of Lady Mary, is said to have possessed more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with a hundred noses, a collection which perhaps was

never equalled unless by that of King George IV., who was not less extravagant and *recherché* in snuff and snuff-boxes, than in other things.

Frederick the Great of Prussia had a magnificent collection of snuff-boxes: he carried one of enormous size, and took it, not by pinches, but by handfuls. It was difficult to approach him without sneezing; and it was said that the perquisites that came to the valets-de-chambre from the snuff they got from drying his handkerchiefs, was considerable.*

Beau Brummell had a remarkable collection of snuff-boxes.† He and his Royal patron were both remarkable for a peculiar and graceful manner of opening the snuff-box with one hand only, the left. Probably in these latter days, when perfect repose and quietude are the essence of good breeding, any display with the snuff-box farther than a very slight "illustration" of the jewelled finger in raising the lid of the box might be considered as *trop prononcé* for elegance; but such was not the idea of our great-great grandmothers, and grandfathers. They seem to have displayed it most actively and elaborately, if we

* Diaries and Correspondence of the Earl of Malmesbury.

† Lord P—'s cellar of snuff, not wine, is said by tobacconists to be worth 3000*l.*—"Life of Beau Brummell." The initials here are understood to refer to Lord Petersham, the present Earl of Harrington.

"1774, July. A snuff-box maker at Paris has got a fortune by a lucky device. He made some boxes, which he called *consolation-dans-le-chagrin*. They are made of shagreen, and have the portrait of his Majesty at top."—*Gent's. Mag.* xliv. 331.

may judge from a satirical advertisement which appeared in the Spectator:

"The exercise of the snuff-box, according to the most fashionable airs and motions, in opposition to the exercise of the fan, will be taught with the best plain or perfumed snuff, at Charles Lillie's, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand; and attendance given for the benefit of the young merchants about the Exchange for two hours every day at noon, except Saturdays, at a Toyshop, near Garraway's Coffee House. There will be likewise taught the ceremony of the Snuff-box, or rules for offering snuff to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degrees of familiarity or distance; with an explanation of the careless, the scornful, the politic, and the surly pinch, and the gestures proper to each of them.

"N.B. The undertaker does not question but in a short time to have formed a body of regular snuff-boxes ready to meet and make head against all the regiment of fans which have been lately disciplined, and are now in motion."*

A marvellous and spirit-stirring sight our grandmothers must have presented, with the fans which are represented as doing so much execution, and which were of a size to do execution, being often not less than a yard wide. The Spectator informs us, that "women are armed with fans as men with swords;" and we almost think it must

* Spectator, 138.

have been so too, from the accounts we read of the various exercises and evolutions they performed with them, and the execution dire that was sometimes perpetrated by their means. The most effective exercise of the fan, as well as the most difficult to learn, for, according to the Spectator, its acquisition took three months, was the flutter of the fan; as this flutter was capable of expressing any emotion which might agitate the bosom of the fair holder at the moment. There was "the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter." Nay, the Spectator declares that he could tell by merely seeing the fan of a disciplined lady, whether she were laughing, frowning, or blushing at the moment. It was in truth "a wondrous engine," and well might the careful guardian

> "his lonely charge remind
> Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
> Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
> A toy at once display'd for use and pride,
> A wond'rous engine, that by magick charms,
> Cools your own breast, and every other's warms.
> What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell,
> The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
> What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
> Its numerous uses, motions, charms, and arts?
> Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
> Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
> When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
> If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill:

Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?"

Very different were the fans of this day from the wavering group of feathers, with its jewelled handle, which Queen Elizabeth and her fair attendants fluttered. The Duchess of Portsmouth, King Charles's French mistress, wore a fan not unlike those of later times in shape. Madame de Maintenon had a most interesting one, on which her own apartment was represented to the life. The King appeared employed at his desk; Madame de Maintenon spinning; the Duchess of Burgundy at play; Mademoiselle d'Aubigny, niece to Madame de Maintenon, at her collation.* Those of the Spectator's day were large, substantial, elaborate affairs, and like some fashionable claptraps of the present time, quite "pictorial." At the time of Sacheverell's trial nothing was seen on the fans of the high-church ladies but "pictorial" representations of Westminster Hall at the time of trial, with the meek and interesting "victim" at the bar. When Gulliver's Travels appeared, all the fans at the church and the opera testified the delight of the fashionable world in that production. One was sent as a present from a great person here to Lady Bolingbroke,†

* Mdme. de Maintenon's Letters.

† The second: niece of Mdme de Maintenon.

with all the principal scenes from that celebrated work painted on both sides of the fan. When the Beggar's Opera was the rage, all the favourite songs in it were painted on the ladies' fans.

Political emblems were so rife in those belligerent days, that a lady's opinions were known as well by her fan as by her patches. Fashionable women never appeared without their fans. They would as soon, perhaps sooner, have gone without their gowns. From the time of their rising in the morning to that of their retiring at night, at church or at market, in the crowded assembly or the solitary sick room,—everywhere, suspended from her wrist, the fashionable woman carried her fan.

There can be nothing wrong *per se* in a woman occasionally having recourse to the refreshing zephyrs of a fan in an overheated church: but their *universal* use there, and that without reference to their invigorating properties, led at times to scenes of which the *appearance* at least was indecorous and inappropriate. One such display caused the following severe reprehension in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1753; and as the month was May, and the churches then were not, like ours, ameliorated by stoves and hot flues, it is no uncharitable inference to suppose that *fashion*, not refreshment, led to the display of their fans.

"Mr. Urban,

"In the course of the controversy now on foot

concerning the expedience of a review of our Liturgy, &c., it is surprising that no mention has been made of some ceremonies introduced from time to time into our public worship, by certain polite persons of both sexes, who, if they may not be styled the *pillars*, have an undoubted right to be called the *ornaments* of the Church of *England*. Of this kind is the *snuff-box*, the use and circulation of which may very well be allowed to obviate some part of the objection to the length of our service, as it precludes the drowsy members of the congregation from any subterfuge in the excuse of Horace,

"Opere in longo, fas est obrepere somnum."

"But postponing for the present the consideration of what the gentlemen have done for us in this behalf, it seems quite necessary to do a piece of justice to the ladies who have lately contrived to improve the service of the Church, of which they have the happiness to be *daughters*, by so inconsiderable an implement as a *fan mount;* for reflecting that some of the other sex may probably come to church chiefly on their account, and that the devotion of these their brethren might cool by having the immediate object of it withdrawn from their view, during the tedious intervals of prayer, they have been so charitable as to supply them with some edifying subject of contemplation, depicted on the very cloud which intercepts the beatific vision.

"That I may at once exhibit an instance of the

taste and discretion of these fair votaries, in a matter of this consequence, I shall here subjoin a list of a dozen designs elegantly executed, which, at a late celebration of the communion, in a certain church of this metropolis, were actually displayed by way of screens to so many pretty faces, disposed in a semicircular arrangement about the holy table.

"1. Darby and Joan with their attributes.
"2. Harlequin, Pierrot, and Columbine.
"3. The Prodigal Son with his harlots, copied from the Rake's Progress.
"4. A rural dance, with a band of music, consisting of a fiddle, a bag-pipe, and a Welch harp.
"5. The taking of Porto Bello.
"6. The solemnities of a filiation.
"7. Joseph and his mistress.
"8. The humours of Change Alley.
"9. Silenus, with his proper symbols and supporters.
"10. The first interview of Isaac and Rebecca.
"11. The Judgment of Paris.
"12. Vauxhall Gardens, with the decorations and company."

It need hardly be said that fan-making was, in the last century, an extensive and important business, and called into requisition the talents of the highest painters and the first rate mechanicians. If they yielded in grace and elegance to those of Elizabeth's day, they did not in richness and magnificence. The handles were often splendidly mounted in diamonds, and inlaid with jewels,* the fans

* In 1680, Lady Sunderland speaks of a fan, sent as a gift to her daughter, "with diamonds upon the sticks, that cost fifty pistoles." At this period fans were often made of Flanders lace.

exquisitely painted by first-rate artists. Many celebrated artists of fifty years since began life as fan painters. Miss Burney mentions several beautiful fans which she saw at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, painted on *leather* by Poggi from designs of West, Reynolds, Cipriani, and others, which she says "were more delightful than can well be imagined." One was bespoken by the Duchess of Devonshire, as a gift to be sent abroad. This is by no means a solitary instance of fans of English manufacture being sent abroad as presents, yet it often appears that the Parisian ones were preferred in England. Walpole frequently writes to friends abroad, and when on the Continent himself is usually commissioned, to procure fans for his friends. The Duchess of York soon after her arrival in this country displayed a splendid fan, "entirely of diamonds, with an ivory mounting, the sticks pierced and set with brilliants in a mosaic pattern; but the outside ones were set with a single row of diamonds, while very large brilliants fastened the fan at bottom."

About this period a new and really attractive sort of opera fan was advertised in "The World:"—

"These Fans, calculated to present, at one view, both the number of boxes, including the additional ones, names of subscribers, &c., have been carefully compared with the plan of the house, as kept at the office; and the neatest and most elegant in finishing, and some now ready for sale, only

at the oldest established Fan-shop in England. China Shop, No. 2, St. James's Street."

The fan, though dwindled immeasurably from the magnificence of its predecessors, dwarfed in size and

"Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from its high estate."

as an accredited instrument of coquetry,—the fan,—"all that remained of it," as Curran said of himself, when obliged to plead without his wig,—the fan, such as it was, was used, not elaborately, not conspicuously, not *avec prétension* as in the good old times—but still sleepily and languidly it was used even in this century. For many years it has been extinct, but appears now to be reviving. Some very beautiful ones have of late been exhibited by our caterers in *virtù*, and they are beginning to peep between the folds of satin and of the intricacies of lace in some of our aristocratic shops. What may this portend? Should the fan revive, may we hope that a new Spectator will arise phœnix-like to teach us its *exercise!* *

* Perhaps some of our readers may not consider the following pleasing stanzas misplaced here. They appeared in the Gent.'s. Mag. for March 1750:—

To Mira with a painted Fan.

On one side an old woman reading with spectacles, her crutch standing by her; on the reverse, Virtue in a rich wrought, but loose robe, looking upward, and giving alms, in an inclining posture, to a beggar on the ground.

"'Mira! take this painted fan,
Of it make the most you can,

It now remains only for us to notice that twin abomination of the last century,

> " The pride of the topping, delight of all eyes!
> That *tête* which attempted to rival the skies;
> Whence Cupid, the god, and destroyer of hearts,
> With rancour dancing the keenest of darts,
> Sat smiling in ambush:"

The tête indeed was a fitting accompaniment to the Hoop; in fact, the one required the other. At the time when the hoop attained its greatest magnitude, a head the natural size would have appeared

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When it rises full display'd,
To supply the cooling shade,
Read these maxims, there exprest!
Shade for man is *sometimes* best!
Life would yield but small delight,
Where the scene *for ever* bright.
When the cheering breeze it sends,
Think on whom your breath depends!
Think, that bliss and life would fail,
But for Providence's gale!
If to mock the *starer's* eyes,
And conceal a blush it rise,
Thus reflect behind the scene,
Will my actions need a screen,
When display'd to *every* eye?
Or will heav'n a screen supply?
In that aged face you 'll see
What 'ere long your *own* may be:
Learn, from ev'ry wrinkle there,
Time's a foe to all that's *fair*.
By those spectacles you 'll read,
What *your* orbs may *one day* need.
From that crutch this hint pursue,
I may need supporting too!

inconsistent, too minute for the enormous figure; and *vice versa*, when head-dresses with their superstructures of feathers, flowers, gauze, &c., not to mention the still more absurd ornaments of bunches of vegetables, became so large, that women of fashion were compelled to ride with their heads out of their carriage-windows, or kneel down in the carriage to accommodate them within,—why then the most expanding hoop seemed to be only in fit proportion to the astonishing head.

We have mentioned in our first volume, that

Turn it then to *Virtue's* side,
View her form, (but stretch it wide,)
Virtue if she 's painted right,
Best appears when *most in sight.*
Rich her robe ! and this implies,
Wealth is *sometimes* Virtue's prize.
All with curious foliage wrought,
Hence, her *industry* be taught;
Loosely flowing to express
Negligence of mode and dress;
Yet, though loosely, flows the vest
Clasp'd, with care, across her breast!
Mira wants not to be told,
Virtue's *free* but never *bold.*
Think that placid smile reveals
Joys which Virtue only feels;
Think that easy, open air
Speaks the *unaffected* fair.
See ! she drops her alms *inclin'd*;
This denotes her *humble* mind;
Upwards that she turns her eye,
Hints her portion in the sky.
Show, by folding the machine,
Virtue *may* exist *unseen.* J. G.

in the time of Charles II., the falling and graceful ringlets of the "beauties" were exchanged for stiff frizzled tiers of curls; which, becoming still stiffer, more elaborate, and more artificial, were at length manufactured into the tower or commode of 1687. Why the term commode has been applied to all sorts of *in*conveniences we cannot imagine; but nothing could be more appropriate than the word *tower* to the style of head-dress which it represents. By the aid of true hair and false hair, of cushions and rolls, and other supporting scaffolds, crowned by gauze and ribbons, a piece of architecture was achieved which was piled—to speak classically—like a Pelion on Ossa on the heads of the fair fashionables of the times of Mary and Anne. This made fine hair a very valuable and saleable commodity. Malcolm gives an anecdote of a young country-girl coming to London, and selling her hair for fifty pounds, thereby realizing the fortune which her lover's flinty-hearted father required ere he would consent to their marriage. At a later period, the celebrated Mrs. Howard (Lady Suffolk) sold her own beautiful hair in order to enable her husband (then in very narrow circumstances) to give a dinner of policy to a great man.

The Duchess of Marlborough was noted for her beautiful hair, which, fortunately, she was not compelled to sell; though the circumstance of her cutting it off to spite the husband, who was affectionate and gallant enough greatly to admire it,

is well known. Her daughter, Lady Sunderland, had equally beautiful hair, and was equally well aware of the circumstance; but, instead of parting with it in a fit of ill-temper, she tenderly cherished it, and was most peculiarly assiduous in combing, curling, and decorating it in the presence of those gentlemen whose political influence she wished to gain, and who were always courteously welcomed at her toilette.

The Spectator says, "Sempronia is at present the most professed admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execution upon all the male standers by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants! What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pincushion! How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels by a message to her footman! and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch!"

To return to the towers.

Queen Anne's good taste led her, after a while, to discontinue them, and to resume a more simple and natural coiffure. The Spectator thus alludes to the change:

"There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress: within my own memory I have known it rise and fall within thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that *we appeared as grasshoppers before them.* At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into for-

midable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and, indeed, I very much admire, that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble: sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple."*

The gentlemen's wigs had all this time been enormous. Queen Anne was quite a patroness of full-bottomed wigs; and when the "Ramillies-tie" came into fashion, by which the long waving curl, or to speak more accurately, the monstrous tail or fleece, was gathered together by a riband behind, and one of her officers appeared at Court in it, she said to a lady in waiting, "I suppose that presently gentlemen will come to Court in their jack-boots."†

* Spectator, No. 98.

† Gents. Mag. 60, 680—1790.

The large wigs were enormously expensive, costing as much, some of them, as forty guineas each. Of course, they were as much in request amongst light-fingered gentry as a gentleman's watch; and, incredible as it may appear, gentlemen were almost as easily deprived of them. We read in the Weekly Journal for March 30, 1717, that the thieves have got such a villanous way now of robbing gentlemen, that they cut holes through the backs of hackney-coaches, and take away their wigs, or fine head-dresses of gentlewomen. So a gentleman was served last Sunday in Tooley Street, and another but last Tuesday in Fenchurch Street; wherefore this may serve for a caution to gentlemen or gentlewomen that ride single in the night time, to sit on the fore-seat, which will prevent that way of robbing.

A most ingenious mode was for a thief to carry on his head a sharp boy in a covered basket, who, in passing through a crowd, would dexterously seize and conceal the most attractive looking periwig.

We have frequently alluded to the "villanous" origin of favourite fashions: the widely-spread and long-continuing use of powder originated in the fancy of a French mountebank, who dredged his head with flour in order to give a more imposing effect to his fooleries.* Several causes have been assigned for the introduction of the peruke; amongst

* Gent's. Mag. 1733.

others, the following was given by an historian of the Low Countries :*

"Philip, Duke of Burgundy, set the example, though involuntarily. A tedious distemper had made his hair fall off; upon which, by the advice of his physicians, he covered himself with an artificial head of hair. His courtiers, upon this, were so complaisant, that five hundred gentlemen in the single town of Brussels followed his example. From that time, convenience and an air of grandeur contributed to make it a fashion."

The becoming head-dress introduced by Queen Anne continued to be worn some time, not perhaps *precisely* in the same fashion, but still small and simple, and usually surmounted by a cap of tiny dimensions. But, by that requisite assimilation, to which we have referred a page or two back, as the hoops increased so did the head-dresses tower or widen. Towards the middle of the century, they were most extravagant and absurd in style (though not even yet in the extreme of absurdity), and are thus satirized. They were called pompons.

"ON THE FASHIONABLE POMPONS WITH CHARIOTS, POST-CHAISES, &c.

"How dull the age, when ladies must express
Each darling wish in emblematic dress!
See how the wheels in various colours roll,
Speaking the hope of ev'ry female soul.

* Fr. van Mieris, Hist. of Low Countries.

"O let a windmill decorate the hair;
A windmill, apter emblem of the fair!
As ev'ry blast of air impels the vane,
So ev'ry blast of folly whirls their brain."

Ten years later, the head-dresses had assumed the expressive and enduring appellation of *têtes*, and are thus described by the author of the New Bath Guide:—

"And first at her porcupine head he begins
To fumble and poke with his irons and pins,
Then fires all his crackers with horrid grimace,
And puffs his vile rocambol breath in her face,
Discharging a steam that the devil would choke,
From paper, pomatum, from powder and smoke;
The patient submits, and with due resignation,
Prepares for her fate in the next operation.
When lo! on a sudden, a monster appears,
A horrible monster, to cover her ears;
What sign of the zodiac is it he bears?
Is it Taurus's tail, or the *tête de mouton*,
Or the beard of the goat, that he dares to put on?
'Tis a wig *en vergette*, that from Paris was brought.
Une tête comme il faut, that the varlet has bought
Of a beggar, whose head he has shaved for a groat.
Now fixed to her head, does he frizzle and dab it;
'Tis a fore-top no more—'tis the skin of a rabbit—
'Tis a muff—'tis a thing that by all is confest,
Is in colour and shape like a chaffinch's nest."

The excessive use of powder was indispensable in the construction of these head-dresses: how, without its blinding powers, could all the unsightly accumulations, and all the unattractive *matériel* of the head-dress have been concealed! It was worn of various colours; and we read of one votary of

fashion who slowly paced his powdering room, while, in every corner a valet being stationed, wafted his powder-puff as his master passed. Each valet having a different colour, or shade of powder, the mingling of the whole formed a soft and beautiful amalgamation on the head of the fashionist.

At one time *grey* powder was adopted even by young persons.

"But what hast thou done to thy hair, child!" said I; "is it blue? is that painted too by the same eminent hand that coloured thy cheeks?"

"Indeed, papa!" answered the girl; "as I told you before, there is no painting in the case; but what gives my hair that bluish cast is the grey powder, which has always that effect upon dark-coloured hair, and sets off the complexion wonderfully."

"Grey powder, child!" said I with some surprise; "grey hairs I knew were venerable; but till this moment I never knew they were genteel."

"Extremely so with some complexions," said my wife; "but it does not suit with mine, and I never use it."

"You are much in the right, my dear," replied I, "not to play with edge tools. Leave it to the girl." *

About 1775, the head-dress was perhaps at its greatest extension, both in width and height, for it was then usually surmounted with a plume of

* The World, May 3, 1753. By Lord Chesterfield.

ostrich feathers. The celebrated Duchess of Devonshire wore an ostrich feather above an ell long, which had been presented to her by Lord Stormont; and, as she reigned supremely over the fashion, the rage for towering feathers was universal. A Latin letter appeared on the subject in the Cologne Gazette, which has been translated as follows:

"London, April 15.

"It is become a general fashion with the women to wear large feathers on their heads, which often hinder their entrance into their apartment; and which fashion now so increases, that we may truly call them not the feminine but the feathered sex. The Queen, the example of her sex in every virtue, has forbidden any of the plume-headed ladies to appear at Court."

The example and admonitions of the excellent, but unfashionable Queen Charlotte, were in this case of no avail.

In ridicule of this fashion, Mr. Foote appeared at the little theatre in the Haymarket, (their Majesties being present) in the character of Lady Pentweazle, with a head-dress stuck full of feathers in the utmost extravagance of *mode*, being at least a yard wide. Their Majesties laughed immoderately; and, to heighten the ridicule, the whole fabric of feathers, hair, and wool, dropped off as Foote waddled off the stage, which continued the roar for some time.

Yet even this was less ridiculous and less disgusting than a fashion which immediately followed it, of piling garden stuff on the head. At a very elegant masquerade, given by a lady at Richmond, among other first-rate characters, a gentleman appeared in woman's clothes, with a head-dress four feet high, composed of greens and garden-stuff, and crowned with tufts of endive nicely blanched. As the force of the ridicule was felt by some of the ladies, the mixture of mirth and gravity it produced presented a very laughable contrast to bystanders, and contributed not a little to the diversion of the night.

> "Sing her daub'd with white and red,
> Sing her large terrific head,
> Nor the many things disguise
> That produce its mighty size;
> And let nothing be forgot,
> Carrots, turnips, and what not,
> Curls and cushions for *imprimis*,
> Wool and powder for the *finis*;
> Lace and lappets, many a flag,
> Many a party-coloured rag,
> Pendent from the head behind,
> Floats and wantons in the wind."

These lines give an unexaggerated description of the fashionable female coiffure; and that of the more manly sex, though wanting the

> "Carrots, turnips, and what not,"

was hardly less ridiculous. If we may believe the prints of the time, the head-dress of the Maccaronies

—as the elegant extracts of fashion were then called—was amply provided with

"Curls and powder for the *finis*;"

and, as far as we can judge from appearances, rejoiced in

"Wool and cushions for *imprimis*,"

for the toupee, from the forehead to the apex, far exceeded in depth the face from the forehead to the chin. It was flanked by large roll curls, and a magnificent tail descended to the shoulders, clubbed at the end, and tied by a flowing ribbon.

But now,

"Farewell the plumed head—the cushioned *tête*,
That takes the cushion from its proper seat!"

Caricature might do something, but not much. Fashion in her panoply of triple steel is proof against ridicule.

There can be little doubt that the disuse of powder contributed more than any other circumstance to the reduction of head-dresses, and the return to the quantity of covering which nature has deemed sufficient for the head. Political feelings did what nothing else could have done; and Mr. Pitt's powder tax had an effect widely different from what he had anticipated. Those to whom the imposition of one tax, or of twenty, could be of no possible moment in a pecuniary view, at once resolved on the bold and heretofore unimagined expedient of going without powder, to display more unequivo-

cally their opposition to the Minister and his views. It seems, however, not to have been done without considerable deliberation, and a kind of stipulation to keep each other in countenance. The biographer of Beau Brummell gives us the following amusing account of this important operation :—

"But though powder was still worn in the army when Brummell left the service (1798), it had been gradually falling into disuse in society in England since the tax had been laid upon it by Mr. Pitt, three years before; to evade this impost, many speculators brought forward powder made of other materials than flour; amongst them was Lord William Murray, a son of the Duke of Atholl, who took out a patent in 1796 for making starch from horse-chesnuts.——The fatal blow, however, was given to this custom by Francis Duke of Bedford, and his friends, who, in order more effectually to disappoint Mr. Pitt of the revenue that he very reasonably hoped to realize from an article so intimately connected with the vanities and fashions of the day, entered into an engagement to forfeit a certain sum of money, if any of them wore their hair tied and powdered within a certain period. Accordingly, in the September of 1795, a general cropping, washing, and curling of the hair took place at Woburn Abbey—probably in the powdering room; an apartment dedicated to the powder-puff, in the houses of most gentlemen in those days. Amongst the Absaloms present on this startling

occasion, this anti-pigtail plot, were the present Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Jersey, and Sir Harry Featherstone, the late Lord William Russell, Mr. Lambton, the father of the late Lord Durham, and Messrs. Anthony and Robert Lee, Trevers, Dalton, Day, and Vernon."

Sanctioned thus by example, more timid or less influential opponents of Mr. Pitt would of course be proud to display their independence; and by degrees, the advancing fashion, and the vast increase of cleanliness and comfort which the absence of powder induced, would lead to its disuse even among high Church Tories, stanch to the backbone. Yet many a sexagenarian of our own day has still lingeringly adhered to a *soupçon* of powder and a pigtail, as indissolubly connected in his own mind with "Pitt principles, and our stability in Church and State."

It was impossible, without powder, to adhere to the large head-dresses, as the powder afforded the only means of disguising the artificial aids which were indispensable to their construction; and their decline was accompanied by a general change in dress, which was in great measure caused, or at least completed, by political influences also. We mean the exchange, on the part of the gentlemen, from velvet suits glittering with gold and embroidery, to the plain and unshewy costume of later times.

In 1759, on the marriage of one of his relations,

Horace Walpole's wedding-suit, which was chosen by Lady Townshend, consisted of a white ground, with purple and green flowers; but thirty years later, in 1791, he writes, on a similar occasion, "Our wedding is over, very properly, though with little ceremony; for the men were *in frocks* and white waistcoats; most of the women in white, and no diamonds."

In 1761, Walpole writes to a friend, "I have chosen your coat, a claret colour, but I have fixed nothing about the lace. Barrett had none of gauze but what were as broad as the Irish Channel. Your tailor found a very reputable one at another place, but I would not determine rashly; it will be two or three and twenty shillings the yard; you might have a very substantial real lace, which would wear like your buffet, for twenty. The second order of gauzes are frippery, none above twelve shillings, and those tarnished, for the species is out of fashion."

Gaudy trimmings on gentlemen's suits were evidently now on the decline; but five years later we may imagine they were nearly, if not quite, exploded, as Viscount Bolingbroke, in 1766, commissions the celebrated George Selwyn to order him a suit of velvet clothes at Paris *plain*, that is, as he himself explains, "without gold or silver."

Foppery now seems to have been exhibited in the tightness of the sleeves, and the extreme length of the waist, as my Lord desires these "to be *outré*,

that he may exceed any Maccaronies now about town, and become the object of their envy."*

"The World" newspaper, of April 17th, 1787, gives us the following intimations as to the fashionable materials of the day:

RANELAGH DRESSES.

"The nobility and gentry are most respectfully informed that Archer's warehouse, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, is now fully assorted with light silky poplins, for ladies' spring and summer dresses.—Poplins are a wear of economy as well as elegance, for their remarkable durability, and answering to dye or clean better than any other manufacture; some of them that look very genteel made up, come only to 1*l.* 3*s.* the gown quantity, and are particularly calculated for ladies' summer great-coats, and travelling dresses, being light in wear, and save the trouble of washing," &c.—Strong plain and corded tabinets for gentlemen, as a proper medium for summer wear, between cloth and silk; are recommended for 'very handsome Ranelagh frock-coats, or full dress suits.'"

As we have before remarked, political circumstances contributed much to the decline of dress towards the close of the last century.† In France

* Selwyn and his Contemporaries.

† In 1782, Sir James Harris, (first Earl of Malmesbury) names a severe reform in the dress of the ladies of St. Peters-

an utter disregard of the decencies of dress was a characteristic mark of the disastrous revolution, and in England the adopters of revolutionary principles thought fit to display their approval of them by a negligence of attire which, until now, had not been known. Charles Fox was the leader of this party in England, and he, who heretofore had been a martinet in dress, who had been not only a Macaroni, but had exceeded the wont of the Maccaronies themselves, in the resumption of *red-heeled shoes*,—he was the one to lead the way to the very contrary extreme, and to the adoption of a style of dress which, though it might seem nothing remarkable now, was then, as contrasted with the usages of the day, both slovenly and unbecoming. Walpole writes, 1791, "I live so little in the world, that I do not know the present generation by sight; for though I pass by them in the streets, the hats with valences, the folds above the chin of the ladies, and the dirty shirts and shaggy hair of the young men, who have levelled nobility almost as much as the mobility in France have, have confounded all individuality."

The celebrated Beau Brummell's love for dress

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burgh, commanded by the Empress, in opposition to the French fashions recently introduced by the Grand Duchess, who had arranged a correspondence with Madame Bertin, and who at that moment had no less than two hundred boxes arrived from France, filled with gauzes, pompons, and "various designs for preposterous head-dresses."—Diaries and Correspondence of the Earl of Malmesbury.

and exquisite taste in it, combined with his high fashion as a favourite companion of the Prince of Wales, was certainly a great means, as his biographer intimates, of reviving and improving the taste for dress in England.* But from the time of its decline, as specified above, it has been merely varied in shape and cut, in the length of a waist or the fold of a collar. The days of velvet and embroidery were irrecoverably flown, though it *may be* that the present fashion of enduing counter-jumpers, butlers, and waiters, with the unpretending and most unalterably genteel costume of black coat and white cravat, may lead hereafter to the assumption, by their masters, of lace and scarlet.

Not yet, however. At present the dress of men of fashion is, we are told "peculiar, and not less characteristic than their manner." Their clothes, like their lives, are usually of a neutral tint; staring colours they studiously eschew, and are never seen with elaborate gradations of under-waistcoats. They would as soon appear out of doors *in cuerpo*, as in

* "The Prince of Wales was the Mecænas of tailors; and perhaps no King of England ever devoted so much time to the details of his own dress, or devising alterations in that of his troops. The sale of his wardrobe amounted to 15,000*l.*; and if we are to judge by the price of a cloak purchased by Lord Chesterfield for 220*l.*, the sable lining alone having originally cost 800*l.*, it is scarcely straining the point to suppose that this collection of Royal garments had cost little less than 100,000*l.* The Athenæum of the day gives a list of the articles, and says, 'Wealth had done wonders, taste not much.'"—Life of Beau Brummell.

blue coats with gilt buttons, or braided military frocks, or any dress smacking of the professional. When they indulge in fancy colours and patterns, you will not fail to remark that these are not worn, although imitated by others. The moment a dressy man of fashion finds that anything he has patronized gets abroad, he drops the neckcloth, or vest, or whatever it may be, and condemns the tailor as an "unsafe" fellow. But it is not often that even the most dressy of our men of fashion originate anything *outré*, or likely to attract attention; of late years their style has been plain, almost to scrupulosity.

"There is a harmony, a propriety, in the coat of a man of fashion an unstudied ease, a graceful symmetry, a delicacy of expression, that has always filled us with the profoundest admiration of the genius of the artist.

"Vain, very vain is it for the pretender to fashion, to go swelling into the *atelier* of a first-rate coat architect, with his ready money in his hand to order such a coat! *Order* such a coat, forsooth! order a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, an epic poem. Such a coat—we say it with the generous indignation of a free Briton, is one of the exclusive privileges reserved by unjust laws to a selfish aristocracy!

"The aristocratic trowser-cutter, too, deserves our unlimited approbation. Nothing more distinguishes the nineteenth century, in which those who can

manage it, have the happiness to live, than the precision we have attained in trowser-cutting. While yet the barbarism of the age, or poverty of customers, *vested* the office of trowser-cutter and coat architect in the same functionary, coats were without *soul*, and 'inexpressibles' inexpressibly bad; or, as Coleridge would have said, 'ridiculous exceedingly.' In our day, on the contrary, we have attained to such a pitch of excellence, that the trowser-cutter who fails to give an expression to his works, is hunted into the provinces, and condemned for life to manufacture nether garments for clergymen and country-gentlemen."*

The same period which witnessed the abolition of the gentlemen's embroideries, and the downfall of the ladies' heads, saw also a very marked change in female attire generally. The hoop, though worn at Court until a late period, and abolished at last, we believe through the influence and good taste of King George IV., was quite disused in private life; and instead of the full flowing and stiff petticoat which had been usual, limber draperies, scanty in material, and for the most part slight in texture, were worn clinging closely and ungracefully to the form, and girdled at what was called the waist, close under the arm-pits. This style of dress, derived from republican France, must be familiar to all, since it is still perpetually before our eyes in paintings and engravings.

* Blackwood's Magazine.

The fashionable dress of the period was called the aerial, not merely from its texture being of clear white muslin, but also from the extreme indelicacy of its arrangement. Nothing could exceed its *outré* character, nor its indecent form. The beauties of Lely and Charles the Second looked like *sœurs de la charité*, in comparison with these modern Graces, the perfection of whose toilette appeared to consist in "displaying what they seemed to hide." Paramount as is fashion in our day, tyrannical as are her behests, they do not thus war with propriety, grace, and womanly modesty.

It was, we fancy, about the same period that no man of fashion could be presentable in a morning, but in buckskin breeches. The following amusing reference to this mania, was published, we believe, in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

"Those who are old enough to remember the buckskin mania, will readily allow, that man, in his middle region, is in a much more rational condition than formerly. This article of apparel was made to fit so close to the person, that the maker and a couple of assistants were usually required to assist at the ceremony of trying it on. In some instances it was found necessary to suspend it from the ceiling by machinery; the wearer then descended into it, and endeavoured, partly through the influence of his natural gravity, and partly by the pullings and haulings of those around him, to get home into

the shell prepared for him. The effect of three hours' work of this kind in warm weather may be imagined. "And when by a horse power or two," says a late writer, "the argument was at length indued, then began the tug for motion. The victim of fashion walked as if some of his joints were anchylosed, and others tightly bandaged on account of recent dislocation. From the waist downward there was less pliability in him than in the limbs of a centenarian, or a gourmand stiffened by chronic gout. Nor was this all. His blood being denied a free passage in a downward direction, like that of the Plantagenets mounted upward, made his neck and his face swell, and his eyes protrude, and turned his cheeks as red as the gills of a fish. This inquisition work, long persisted in, could not fail to be productive of mischief. The whole, however, being an act of homage at the shrine of fashion, the dandy submitted to it with the devotion of a new made saint, and the imperturbable firmness of a martyr; and to test to the uttermost his truth and constancy, getting out of his trammels was sometimes a more awful trial than getting into them."

It is so inalienably the propensity of human nature to extol its own peculiar modes and fashions, that we fear we should only be exposing ourselves to the satirical shafts of some future chronicler, if we were to say explicitly that we consider our modern style of dress infinitely superior

to the collective wisdom of our ancestors, as exhibited in their attire from the time of Elizabeth.

On reading consecutively the chapters in these volumes, which are dedicated to a survey of fashionable manners, it will probably excite surprise in the minds of many that they should seem an almost unbroken record of folly, dissipation, and profligacy, tinctured frequently, and not slightly, with immorality; and some will think perhaps, that these manners are painted partially, and in a disparaging spirit. Such is not the case: the record is taken entirely from books, and the writer could but detail what came before her. No unfair selections have been made; every available book connected with the subject has been looked into; and if the life they pourtray have all one tendency, that only could be displayed.

We cannot, however, be too careful in remembering, that in one important circumstance the Chronicles of Fashion resemble those of kingdoms. History has been called a record of vice and crime, of war and robbery, and to a considerable extent this assertion is true; for it is only those whose actions distinguish them from the mass of mankind who are there recorded. An ambitious monarch carries war and tumult into the heart of other countries, and makes a noise in the world; a peaceable one, who devotes his energies to promote the

internal welfare of his own country, leaves no such salient points for the pen of the historian. The name of a murderer is perpetuated: the thousand unoffending persons among whom his lot is cast, leave no record of their names. Virtue, of whatever station or rank, is ever retiring, unassuming, and too often unmarked in its progress.

If this be the case in the important events of history, it is equally so in the minor details of fashion. It is those, and those only, who render themselves conspicuous, that have a chance—even a chance of commemoration—of living beyond the passing hour. Therefore, when we read these records of fashionable manners, fashionable errors, fashionable fooleries or crimes, we shall do well, we shall only do justice, to remember, that thousands of persons in the highest circles of society have moved in the realm of fashion, untainted by its errors, unsullied by its vices, undegraded by its influence. Those only who made themselves prominently conspicuous, who, if not absolutely revelling in wrong, did yet proceed to the utmost verge of right—such, and such only, caught the notice of the writers of their day, and were "damned to fame." Unassuming propriety was held sacred, even by the licensed pen of a professional scribbler.

Yet there is one point in which those excellent in every other circumstance of life—unspoiled by indulgence, uncorrupted by prosperity, unsullied by vice, untainted by wrong,—pure even in the very

arena of voluptuous enjoyment, amid all the blandishments of society, and all the enervating influences of rank, and power, and station, and wealth—there is one point in which even they, habitually, unthinkingly, and universally, make a sacrifice of every lofty and generous principle at the shrine of Fashion. And this for the sake of dress! for the paltry, the pitiful gratification of appearing a few hours earlier than their associates in the novelties of *ton!*

The tocsin has been loudly sounded of late; Parliamentary investigations have been accompanied by strong appeals from the press in every variety of form; but with what result? Is the unfriended milliner's apprentice relieved from her frightful toil? are her long hours shortened, her labours relaxed, her comforts attended to?

When, some little time ago, the writer of these pages ventured on an appeal in behalf of her suffering countrywomen,* she previously wrote to a lady who had no personal interest in the question, but who was fully and admirably qualified to give her the authentic information she sought. The reply of this lady was, "I fear, unless you can give *consideration* to the higher ranks, you will be unable to work any reform in the hours of business."

Is it not sad? Is it not monstrous? Is it not a flagrant sin, that the health, the comfort, and not

* The Young Milliner; by Mrs. Stone.—Cunningham and Mortimer, 1842.

infrequently the lives of hundreds of the young and unprotected of the feebler sex, should be sacrificed to the want of *consideration* in the higher classes?

One says, "It is not I," and another says, "It is not I;" and thus the evil remains unmitigated: but, more or less, it is all.

How much of this misery is caused by the merest thoughtlessness! a lady orders her robe, and fixes her time to have it.

"I must have this on Saturday night."

"I fear, Ma'am, it will be impossible: I have already undertaken as much work as I can possibly get through this week."

"No matter: I *must* have it; so if you cannot promise it, I must go elsewhere."

What is to be done? the *modiste* cannot afford to lose one of her best customers, and the dress is promised. Perhaps she tries to get additional aid in her workroom, and cannot obtain it; or *perhaps she does not try*, but more work is heaped on the groaning table, round which are assembled her heavy-eyed "young ladies."

Saturday evening comes, but not your dress, and much surprised and angry, you send to Madame Q——, who sends her respects by your messenger, and information that "the last trimmings are being put on your gown, and it will be sent home in an hour or two."

So you stir your fire, resettle yourself on your

bergère, and resume your novel. The dress comes not, but the hour of rest does; and though vexed and annoyed, there seems to be no remedy; and you retire to bed and *sleep*. But as you are preparing your toilette for church next morning, the milliner's apprentice arrives with the dress, and a multitude of apologies, which, in your pleasant surprise you kindly cut short. You array yourself and repair to a fashionable church, impressed with a deep sense of the comforts of religion.

And whither went the pale apprentice who turned from your hall-door, just as your carriage drove up to it?

"Went she to church?"

Alas! no, no: how could she go to church, how could she? From early morning to late evening, from Monday morning to Saturday night—and then perhaps all night—has she been toiling at needlework: not the needlework which in a social party is such a recreation *for an hour or two:* not the needlework which fashionable ladies pursue because it is fashionable; but hopeless drudgery —endless toil—which stultifies the faculties, dims the sight, and ruins the health.

Goes she to church? No. It may be that she spends the bright and prayerful hours of Sunday morning in bed, to recover some of her lost rest: or it may be that she spends them in the needlework requisite to keep her own spare wardrobe in decent order, and for which she has no other time:

or it may be—it often is—it may be that weary, dejected, hopeless—she yields to the temptations by which she is assailed, to the betrayer, who, in this wilderness of crime, is ever on the watch for prey.

Pity her indeed, she calls for pity; but beware how ye blame, for the blame is not with her.

Who shall blame her? Ye who revel in a luxurious home, who know nor hunger, nor thirst, nor privation? Do ye blame one whose utmost toil could scarce secure her daily bread—who remembered nought but privation, who looked forward to nought but misery?

Ye whose minds have been strengthened by judicious culture, purified by religious training, encouraged by good example—and who, thus fortified, might even yet not have resisted temptation had it assailed you—will ye blame one whose natural weakness *no* culture has nerved?

Blame her ye who know not either the pang of privation, the power of temptation, or the enervating influence of decaying health, of a sinking frame?—blame her if ye dare.

And yet sin and blame there are somewhere.

The factory child is protected by law, the factory girl is now educated, and has time and opportunities for relaxation, for pleasure—nay Lyceums are built for her. But is there no law to lighten the galling chain of the milliner's apprentice?

There is—there may be: if those who have the power, accord the energetic will also.

Women of England! with you this power rests: with you it remains to decide whether still, without care and without remorse, the young and friendless of your own sex and your own country, shall continue to be sacrificed to the demon—Fashion.

THE END

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